













LANDOR'S  
IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.



**I** MAGINARY CONVERSATIONS  
BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR  
WITH BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND EX-  
PLANATORY NOTES BY CHARLES  
G. CRUMP

IN SIX VOLUMES



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DIALOGUES OF LITERARY MEN.





## DIALOGUES OF LITERARY MEN.



### XXVI. ALFIERI AND METASTASIO.<sup>1</sup>

*Metastasio.* The Contessa di Albani has conferred on me the long-desired honor of presentation to your Excellency.

*Alfieri.* I rejoice in her goodness thus anticipating my wishes. As you are journeying toward Rome, Signor Abbate, I fear I may enjoy but too few opportunities of conversing with so justly celebrated a personage. Already the company begins to assemble round about us, especially the English; eager, no doubt, to derive a little pure Italian from so high a source: such, in the estimation of all, is that of the Abbate Metastasio, Poeta Cesareo.

*Metastasio.* I bow, not indeed, as too frequently is the case, in acknowledgment and acceptance, but in humility and confusion. Proud, however, am I that our own Italy—

*Alfieri.* Ours? ours? No, sir! but, by Heaven! it shall

[<sup>1</sup> "During my stay at Vienna, I could easily have known intimately the celebrated poet Metastasio, in whose house our minister, the Count Di Canate, passed many hours of the evening, in the chosen company of a few other literary men. . . . That gentleman, who was fond of me and pitied my unoccupied condition, often offered to introduce me. But my natural shyness restrained me, and, moreover, I was still plunged in the French errors and despised every Italian author and every Italian book. Besides, I had seen Metastasio in the gardens at Schönbrunn, making to Maria Theresa the usual reverences with an expression so servilely pleased and flattering, that I, with Plutarch in my head, could not think of knowing a man hired and sold to a despotic authority so hotly abhorred by me." At that time "I was a being at once original and ridiculous," Alfieri's Autobiography. The two men never came nearer meeting; at the time of the Conversation Metastasio was dead, as Landor

be! Let us descend into the library. France, perhaps, after the imminent war with Austria, may barter one piece of robbery for another. Already she has seduced the affections of Savoy, and is reminding the Venetians that, flourishing and happy as they have continued for a thousand years, it is shameful to owe any happiness or prosperity to nobles. Either by fraud or force, on the humiliation of Austria Venice may be thrown to her, like a stranded weed with empty shells upon it.

*Metastasio.* Austria ever have Venice! Are there no powers to prevent it? If no virtues, are there no jealousies? God help us! we have calamities enough already.

*Alfieri.* No, Abbate, we have *not* enough: we must have more, many more, much greater. Then, and then only, will nations spring up from apathy to despair, and smash the bloody idol. We shall be free before the French will.

*Metastasio.* Since your Excellency hath resolved to leave your native Piedmont, I know not where you could have settled more comfortably than here in Tuscany.

*Alfieri.* It is something to be unmolested. The prince, I hear, is tolerant; the people, I find, are civil: a few are intellectual; most of them acute. If the Jews lost ten tribes, they may recover nine in this country.

*Metastasio.* By what indication?

*Alfieri.* Such as the cut of the eye, the sallowness of complexion, the low stature, the love of gain, the importunity of selling, and the shibboleth.

*Metastasio.*<sup>2</sup> In what instances?

seems to have been aware. Alfieri's hatred of the French was, in part, due to the fact that, after the outbreak of the Revolution, a bookseller in Paris published a pirated edition of his works from sheets destined for an edition stopped by the Revolution. For the Countess of Albany, the wife of the young Pretender, and her life with Alfieri, see Mr Hayward's essay. The literary order mentioned in the Conversation seems to be a misunderstanding of Landor's. At the age of forty-six, Alfieri determined to learn Greek, and having mastered the language, to reward his industry, he devised a decoration for himself. This was a collar engraved with the names of twenty-three poets. A cameo portrait of Homer was fixed to it. Alfieri styled himself Chevalier of the order of Homer. The collar is in the Museum at Montpellier. (Fraser, April, 1876. Works, v., 1876.) ]

[<sup>2</sup> From "*Metastasio*" to "*Alfieri*" (3 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Alfieri.* In the pronunciation of *Cicero* and *Cesar*,—words among the Romans neither sibilant nor dental; nor do I believe they had any such guttural as you hear in *cocomero*.

*Metastasio.* I would rather institute a comparison between their respective merits. The Jews alone, of all Eastern nations, were great in poetry and music. I would not compare, as many scholars have done, the *Psalms of David* with the *Odes of Pindar*; nor do I readily believe that, musician as he was, his symphonies were equal to Handel's. There are various men who think it a duty to uphold it; and scholars, too, catch the enthusiasm.

*Alfieri.* Weak minds, like weak liquors, soon effervesce; and sound scholars have not always strong heads.

*Metastasio.* Permit me to remark one signal difference between the Jews and Tuscans: the Jews were always more morose than any other people; the Tuscans less.

*Alfieri.* Dante may be called morose by the inconsiderate. To be morose is one thing; to be indignant is another. He saw crimes in high places which the vulgar thought inaccessible; but he scaled the eminence, and dragged out Cacus from his fastness. The Italians are tied to the stake at home; the Jews are scattered abroad. Which fate is the worse of the two? Both evils will pass away: men will be men again. They will abstain from roasting one another: royal feasts will employ less numerous and less expensive cooks, and be served up in lighter dishes. Human fat will be no longer the approved medicament for deafness and debility. The lover of Beatrice,—he who shed tears over Francesca, he whose stout heart so failed him that he fainted at the recital of her sorrows,—could never have been morose. Glory to him, everlasting glory! I envy his tears; I share his indignation.

*Metastasio.* There is somewhat of the Englishman in his austerity and sternness; and he is not over delicate in expressing what he feels.

*Alfieri.* The English are innately vulgar, with some few exceptions. Noblemen, suspicious and invidious of untitled gentlemen, whose families are more ancient and more honorable than theirs, and who perhaps lost their fortunes and their station by the wars of the Plantagenets, have no reluctance or dislike to

walk and converse with jockeys and boxers. From these they gather the flowers of their phraseology. A new word springs up monthly, and is usually what they call *slang*. I will give you an example: a few days before I left England, there had been a duel; on this occasion the younger, a man of rank and modesty, was declared by my informant to have shown *pluck*.<sup>8</sup> You will suppose that by this expression he meant courage: he did so. We Italians would have said *spirit*, or *heart*, which comes nearest. But the meaning of *pluck*, until this year, had always been the *entrails of animals, torn out of them, and the vilest part of them*. The Romans were content with *cor* and *pectus*; we, with their contents. *Animo* and *coraggio* suffice us: what is ejected from a beast is to an Englishman the coronal of glory.

*Metastasio*. We shall owe, in great measure, the consummation of ours to the departed whose remains are around us.

*Alfieri*. In greater measure, to those who are *not* departed, if we follow the right leaders. But what are leaders without soldiers, or soldiers without arms?

*Metastasio*. Ah! ah! how grateful to the senses is the odor of these volumes in *bulguro*!\* Signor Conte, the most splendid of them best deserves its splendor.

*Alfieri*. Rarely the case in any thing.

*Metastasio*. *Vittorio Alfieri, Tragedie. Opere di Vittorio Alfieri*. Pardon me, is this richly embroidered ribbon, with a crown pendant from it, the pattern for that *Order of Merit* which it is reported your Excellency is about to institute?

*Alfieri*. No, indeed: the ribbon is none of mine.

*Metastasio*. May not possibly the investiture be displeasing to potentates?

*Alfieri*. Are any of those people, then, potentates in literature? Shall the most ignorant of mortals presume to decide on the merits of literary men? Shall ministers of State be

[<sup>8</sup> "That utterance of Landor did my heart good. Indeed the first of those two imaginary conversations is really as good as anything I ever saw from Landor. Do you think the grand old Pagan wrote that piece just now? The sound of it is like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians. An unsubduable old Roman! Make my loyal respects to him the first time you write." Letter of Carlyle's to Foster; Life, 256.]

\* Bulguro, *Russia leather*.

appointed as presidents, or even admitted as members, of societies formed for the promotion of arts and sciences? Keep these men to their places, while they have any; but never let them get into ours.

*Metastasio.* Will your Order include others besides Italians?

*Alfieri.* As many as are worthy of it and will receive it. Some, perhaps the most part, will be kept away from the acceptance by timidity and baseness.

*Metastasio.* In some measure, it might be an impediment to their advancement. The glory of the decoration, in the generality of cases, would be posthumous: the whole number would occupy but a small bench in a narrow chamber. There are forty in France! Were there ever ten at one period in the world? Should you beat the drum for recruits, how many would enlist who must be rejected as below the standard height? Poets and philosophers and critics, I am told, there are more in Germany, and better too, than in the rest of Europe.

*Alfieri.* I know nothing of their language; what I have read translated from it pleases me; the best, as being the most classical, is Stolberg's *Theseus*. Heroes, in my eyes, look more advantageously with brazen helmets on their heads than with black triangular feltry. I would rather see Helen in sandal or slipper, than supported by high-heeled, red morocco shoes with diamond buckles on them. Being timorous, whenever I pass the porter's lodge of surly Graff Pyrrhus, I whistle my dog away, first saluting the gamekeeper in green jacket. Eteocles and Polinices are in the field above, models of gentlemen, quite correct in lifting up their beavers to each other before they make their passes with the rapier.

*Metastasio.* It must, indeed, be confessed that whatever is far removed from fashionable life and changeable manners is best adapted to the higher poetry. We are glad and righteously proud to possess two worlds,—the one at present under our feet, producing beef and mutton; the other, on which have passed before us gods, demigods, heroes, the Fates, the Furies, and all the numerous progeny of never-dying, never-aging, eternally-parturient Imagination. Great is the privilege of crossing at will the rivers of bitterness, of tears, of fire, and to wander and converse among the shades.

*Alfieri.* Great, indeed : and few incommode us in the ferry-boat ; but we must pay for it.

*Metastasio.* You ridicule French tragedy ; yet there may be noble sentiments under ostrich feathers, and the tender heart may beat as truly under blonde lace as under woollen, spun by Penelope herself.

*Alfieri.* It may be : only let them try the woollen on ; I will allow them a narrow ornamental fringe. At present, I believe there is no poet in France.

*Metastasio.* In England you left a few deserving your notice.

*Alfieri.* Cowper is worthy of his succession to Goldsmith ; more animated, more energetic, more diversified. Sometimes he is playful, oftener serious ; and you go with him in either path with equal satisfaction. Sometimes he turns short round, and reproves with dignified and authoritative austerity. This is not his nature, but his office, his duty, his *call*, as he would term it. There is a gentleness, a suavity about him, more Italian than English. The milk of Eve was not blander to her firstborn.

*Metastasio.* I had always thought that the English were more remarkable for the breed of their satirists and their bulldogs.

*Alfieri.* So they are ; but they have silk-eared spaniels also, and of pure blood. Whoever wants to see a worshipper of wealth and title, let him visit England.

*Metastasio.* The celebrated Dr Johnson was dead, I think, before you arrived in that country : he was not very silken.

*Alfieri.* That heavy paw, however, if sometimes a crusher, was oftener a protector. Johnson was coarse in manners, and was arrogant and captious by the indulgence of his dry-nurses in the club-room. His sight was distorted by the refraction of politics ; his temper was irritable, his sensibility was morbid, but his heart was sound. I see much to pity, and no little to admire and love, in him.

*Metastasio.* Then, Signor Conte, he must be a man of rare merit indeed.

*Alfieri.* Bow again, my good Abbate ; you do it gracefully.

*Metastasio.* Pardon ! pardon ! if I am under the calamity of offending.

*Alfieri.* Do I look or speak like one offended? Destitute as all my friends agree I am in wit and humor, I enjoy them occasionally in another. You speak naturally and justly: you know me well already.

*Metastasio.* Signor Conte, my very good *padrone*! I feel at ease again. Now your Excellency has given me an insight into the character of the late poets and moralists of England, might I presume so far as to push my inquiries into their celebrated historians?

*Alfieri.* I would speak more confidently of them were I more a master of the language. But, although an author's style may lose somewhat by transmission, it loses little in prose if it is good for any thing: not so in poetry. Cicero and Machiavelli will always be masters of their own domain.

*Metastasio.* How different!

*Alfieri.* No translator can make them alike: the dress may be soiled a little, yet we recognize the wearer. I venture to assert that no work in prose, since the time of Titus Livius, is equal to Gibbon's *History*. There is somewhat of palatial magnitude and of Oriental splendor in it: nothing disorderly, nothing overcharged. Hume and the others are hardly to be noticed for discrimination of character, for reflection, or for research. Hume, among many trifling essays, has written one upon *Miracles*, worth reading. Critic,—I doubt whether at this time in Italy there is a worse than he?

*Metastasio.* He was thought a free-thinker: was he one?

*Alfieri.* Quite the contrary. A narrow ribbon tied him, neck and heels, to the hinder-quarters of a broken throne. If you mean religion, I believe he was addicted to no formulary. His life was indolently and innocently Epicurean.

*Metastasio.* Doubtless he called it equanimity.

*Alfieri.* Equanimity is a virtue in philosophers: it is denounced as a crime in theologians. They, in their peculiar phraseology, call it *lukewarmness*; and lukewarmness in divinity they hold to be almost as insufferable as in venison.

*Metastasio.* Sects, we understand, are springing up daily in the British isles, which ebullitions may serve ultimately as a counter-poison to the venom now polluting the atmosphere. Strange stories are reported of one Wesley, who is permitted by the authorities to preach in the open fields.



*Alfieri.* Were not those whom you most venerate permitted by the Pagan authorities to preach both in the fields and in the cities? Wesley gave out no new commandments: he opened before the eyes of assembled thousands the small volume which contains them, and cried aloud, "*Read! read!*" I know an Italian who would have spoken to them words of far different import in their own vernacular, and have said, "*If you dare to read, go and be damned.*" I am not highly fanatical; but I do bear veneration toward this saintly man, commanding by meekness and humility. He found the members of the Anglican Church putrescent, as Luther found the Papal: he used no knife or cautery.

*Metastasio.* Every wall of that church is cracked in twenty places.

*Alfieri.* Sound foundations are better than ornamental buttresses. We see all things *in pejus ruere et retro sublapsa referri*. Our efforts are thus rendered the more necessary to climb up and surmount the cliffs that eternally crumble under us. We shall presently have more than shadows to contend against. The monkey-tiger is about to spring over the Alps.

*Metastasio.* Revolutionists invite it.

*Alfieri.* Rapid revolutions turn men giddy and blind. Did ever good come from that quarter? You will be cheated, robbed, plundered, torn piecemeal, and devoured. Mark my words: a century of misfortunes will confirm them. Wherever there are priests subordinate solely to a priest leader, there are snares and chains for all beyond the circle. If Piedmont falls, Italy falls; Venice will be what Naples is; and Rome will call Attila himself a beatific vision. Unhappy land of breathless hope! of enchanted heroism! of consecrated lies!

*Metastasio.* Attilas and worse barbarians—if worse be any—may invade us; but I never will fear their violence. The gates of Hell, we are assured, shall not prevail against the chair of Saint Peter.

*Alfieri.* The gates of Hell will never try, if they know their own interest. They will stand wide-open as the gates on which the Roman artificer, in his jewelled slippers and three-storied bonnet, so cleverly modelled them.

*Metastasio.* Excuse me, Signor Conte! but is your Excel-

lency quite so happy in the indulging of these asperities as you would be in the smoothing of them?

*Alfieri.* I doubt it. And now it is my turn to ask a question : ought I to be satisfied if a road-maker fills the road with mud, then mends it up with thorns and brushwood, and ultimately sets up a turnpike at the end of it, and swings the gate in my face unless I pay him to let me pass through? We must not always think of what will make us most happy : we must excite the best energies of men, and control the worst. I have no pleasure in spurring or whipping my horse ; yet my horse must occasionally be whipped and spurred.

*Metastasio.* Yes, Signor Conte ; but men are our fellow-creatures.

*Alfieri.* Not mine yet : I will do my best to make them so.

*Metastasio.* Religion alone can effect it ; and I am afraid that the Anglican, although much sterner than the Roman Catholic, and consequently more congenial with your nature, has failed in its few attractions. Well, Signor Conte, we all have our opinions ; some shut up in the closet, and some lying on the dressing-table. Mine I keep to myself, as I received them in baptism ; and I am informed by my superiors that no discussion of them is profitable or pardonable.

*Alfieri.* There are no better judges of pardons and profits. If men do not know their own children, who upon earth shall point them out?

*Metastasio.* When a boon is bestowed on me, I ask no questions.

*Alfieri.* Before I accept one, I inquire whether it came fairly and honestly into the donor's hands ; and it is not of the donor I ask the question.

*Metastasio.* The turbulence of France, now dangerous to the world, arises from irreligion.

*Alfieri.* And irreligion from false religion. Men are patient in the process of a cheat, impatient in the discovery ; fools are refractory when they find themselves befooled ; they shy at the first sparkle on the roadside, and swerve abruptly, and throw the rider out of the saddle.

*Metastasio.* Infallibility alone can show us distinctly what is false religion.

*Alfieri.* I think I myself have enough of infallibility for this demonstration. A harlot goes parading the streets at nightfall ; invites you blandly to her embraces ; shows you her house, in which every chamber has lighted lamps : if you enter, she makes you drunk and picks your pocket ; if you refuse, she has a brawny bully in readiness, who knocks you down and drags you through the gutter.

*Metastasio.* Ah, Signor Conte ! you have surely brought back with you from England some few prejudices. Nobody could ever have thought that your Excellency would become so strenuous a stickler for those vulgar men who call themselves Methodists.

*Alfieri.* I care little about them personally, and would have willingly dropped the conversation relating to them. Surely, if any man is impartial in regard to creeds, I am. I have no son to be educated for the Church. But I should gladly have taken a walk with you in those fields where thousands were assembled around the Methodist preacher. His enthusiasm warmed my heart ; his eye lighted mine, from afar.

*Metastasio.* It rejoices me to hear that the stray sheep are entering the fold again.

*Alfieri.* May it be so ! The apostles were pure and upright men ; but they were more quarrelsome and less discreet than Wesley.

*Metastasio.* Oh, fie !

*Alfieri.* I did not venture to say so, although I have their own words in confirmation of the fact. However, they who were ready to lay down their lives for their consciences are worthy of veneration : not so the impostors who assume their name and counterfeit their signature ; who, instead of obeying the constituted laws, seize them into their own hands, and threaten with degradation the rulers of the people. Until these audacious upstarts, these revellers and rioters, are colliared, stripped of their mask and domino, and compelled to gain their bread honestly, revolutions will never cease.

*Metastasio.* Turbulence, if not revolution, must surely be the result of multitudinous and excited meetings.

*Alfieri.* Bees are the most turbulent while they are bringing honey to their cells. England seethes perpetually, but never boils, over. In the neighborhood of Bristol, and throughout the county

of Cornwall, thousands and hundreds of thousands have been brought into sobriety from habitual drunkenness by the persuasion of one unbeneficed clergyman.

*Metastasio.* Unless he preached the orthodox, he preached in vain.

*Alfieri.* Seeing he did not preach in vain, but to a good purpose, I presume he did preach the orthodox.

*Metastasio.* His hearers, Conte Alfieri, will soon grow weary and want support.

*Alfieri.* Probably enough. Knowing the convexity as well as the concavity of the world, I cannot be ignorant that men are liable to slip down it. Be comforted: the old shepherd will come back to them before a century is over. He has vigilant dogs, and powerful ones, some broken in for leading a sheep by the ear, and others for dragging it by the throat. Men are gradually tired of being good; every one hates to be told how much better was his father. The fragments of the cross will be venerated; but the most saintly would be horrified at the miracle which should recompose it and set it up again.

*Metastasio.* Alas! we are weak mortals.

*Alfieri.* And knaves and liars, too. If we have no opportunity of lying to another, we lie to ourselves; for lie we must. Detection is easy, but unsafe.

*Metastasio.* Trust in God.

*Alfieri.* In which? One says, *The kingdom of God is not of this world*; another says, *It is, and the crown is mine*. Let us hope that the afterpiece will be better than the serio-comic drama. The performers have been hissed off the stage, deservedly. The boards are loose, the scenery faded; but the manager will engage his company for next season, and the leader of the orchestra will wave his fiddlestick as authoritatively as ever. Be of good cheer, Abbate! •

*Metastasio.* I am somewhat slow in the apprehension of allusions: but as your Excellency now refers to that branch of literature on which I have long been exercising my poor abilities, let me profit by your judgment, and, as far as you may deem me worthy, be made cognizant of your projects; I mean in regard to the *Order of Literary Merit* you are about to institute. I am afraid our Italian band of poets is neither so brilliant nor so

numerous as you could wish. Casti is at the head of them. Philosophers and jurists are to be found both in the Neapolitan territory and in the Milanese ; nor are we so deficient in historians.

*Alfieri.* I would admit the artists in sculpture and painting, for these are literary men in a universal language.

*Metastasio.* Have we any now living ?

*Alfieri.* Painter, none ; but you who know Rome must know Canova. I have been favored by him with a sight of his designs. I know his Hebe, a graceful Italian girl ; his Venus is French, an inmate of the *Palace Royal* or its vicinity. From the same quarter is a well-grown dancing woman, with her knuckles stuck against her hips, and her elbows at equal distances on each side, protruding sharply, in the form of a knotting-needle. But there is a design for a lion so grand as would make antiquity envious, — such a lion as it is well for Hercules that he did not meet with at Nemæa : there would have been no Nemæan Games if he had.

*Metastasio.* Ah, Signor Conte ! you praise as earnestly as you condemn.

*Alfieri.* I wish I could as often. However, I have not done yet. Beside my friend Canova, there are two foreigners of great promise, — one a Dane, the other an Englishman.<sup>4</sup> If they should ever work in marble as ably as they design, they will get poisoned. I have seen no drawings, not even Raphael's, more pure and intellectual than theirs. I suspect their native countries will never be competent to form a just estimate of their merit. We may say of each, *utinam noster esses*.

*Metastasio.* The gentleman who acts as usher to the Countess was pointed out to me as the eminent portraitist who seems to have been ambitious and successful in regard to both. He has done justice to your Excellency.

*Alfieri.* And my Excellency will do justice to him. No buck-goat, no gang of buck-goats, driven through Calabria in the month of August, ever exhaled to such a distance so virulent an odor. We know that painters use Egyptian mummies in their colors : he seems to have fallen on some in the condiment of which there is but little of myrrh and spikenard. I detest the French.

[<sup>4</sup> Thorwaldsen and Gibson.]

*Metastasio.* Nothing more evident. The amiable Countess seems to harbor no such hostility: too gentle and generous for antipathies—

*Alfieri.* I recommended to her this Fabre.

*Metastasio.* Evidently, she feels the value of the recommendation. My visit, I fear, is too prolonged and grows tedious.

*Alfieri.* My dear Signor Abbate, what can possibly induce you to think it? Absence, as we call it, is among my failings. When I am alone I often speak aloud,—a habit which perhaps I contracted in framing the parts of my tragedies. Tell me honestly if any words escaped me; for I am quite unconscious of having uttered a single one. Now tell me; do, pray.

*Metastasio.* None was uttered; a few broke through the closed barriers of the teeth. Doubtless, they will find their proper place in the drama you are meditating. The thought is delicate.

*Alfieri.* Do not let me lose it then.

*Metastasio.* It was this, with a sigh and a sneer, *Her heart is too large for one occupant.*

*Alfieri.* Diavolo!

*Metastasio.* The character showed at one flash the indignant and the derisory.

*Alfieri.* We are all, more or less, somnambulists. Let us come upon our own ground again while our eyes are open and awake.

*Metastasio.* The Literary Order?

*Alfieri.* What think you of its practicability and success?

*Metastasio.* There is danger that the bench will be overturned by the scramble to reach the first seat. Every nation will rush forward with its own pretences. Latterly, the Germans have high claims upon us.

*Alfieri.* In Germany the clouds of mysticism and of metaphysics are conflicting. The fire of poetry will never issue from the collision; fume, vapor, and rattle may. Abbate, you and I must not leave on the roadside the heroes of antiquity. Let marketmen in shaggy waistcoats and shining buttons, with potatoes and turnips in their carts, pass them by irreverently: we remember them in their better days, and never will disdain to stop before them and to converse with them.

*Metastasio.* The great English dramatist has brought together all ages and all nations.

*Alferi.* He used the fragments of an old world in a new creation, and placed his own sun and stars above it.

*Metastasio.* Descending a little, do we not find Theseus a knight-errant, and Othello a negro?

*Alferi.* Theseus was a knight-errant in fact. If Shakspeare represented Othello as black, he was led into his error by the compound English word *blackamoor*. He thought that the Moors, being Africans, must be black; whereas the Moorish gentleman (and gentlemen the Moors were, superlatively) is of the same complexion as the Andalusian and Valencian. In like manner, Queen Cleopatra is turned into a gypsy, because she reigned in Egypt; yet probably there are few ladies in the room over our heads fairer than the lady of Macedonian descent and pure blood. Macedonians were highlanders; none dark, even of the men. Cleopatra, be sure, took care that her face should not be tanned. I doubt whether it ever was more exposed to the open air than when it was under the awning that Nymphs and Cupids held over her, casting a purple light on the Cydnus.

*Metastasio.* Shakspeare seems to have taken the character of Cleopatra in part from that boisterous termagant who resided at Windsor Castle, and in part from the vagrants in its forest. I doubt whether in any he was so wide of the mark. There is no truth, imaginary or real or conventional, no discrimination, no interest, in any personage of that drama. Elizabeth herself would never have kicked her *lords in waiting*, or have dragged them by the hair about the room. Even George the Hanoverian would have but thrown his wig at them. Acknowledge that the French have at least the merit of avoiding such irregularities.

*Alferi.* The French again! I thought we had thrown them overboard. I hate them for many things, and above the rest for making me a hater.

*Metastasio.* The malady is a grievous one; yet it is not quite incurable. Naturalists have taught us that the soil and climate in which are the worst poisons, animal and vegetable, bear also the plants that neutralize or assuage them. If I hated the French nation (God forbid that I should hate any!) I would run to Montaigne, to La Fontaine, to Molière: might not Montesquieu ransom the rest of his countrymen from you?

*Alfieri.* He thought as profoundly as Machiavelli,—more generously, more grandly,—and wrote perhaps as well. To sit in the quiet study of these men, is there any who would not willingly escape from the boys and adults playing at *hide-and-seek* in the grove of Academos, and pelting one another with handfuls of leaves and litter?

*Metastasio.* The style of both, as well as I can judge, is different from yours, although Machiavelli's comes nearest.

*Alfieri.* We do not want for common use what the ancients called eloquence: *non frons percussa, non femur*. To constitute a great writer, the qualities are adequate expression of just sentiments, plainness without vulgarity, elevation without pomp, sedateness without austerity, alertness without impetuosity; thoughts offered not abruptly, nor ungraciously, nor forced into us, nor stamped upon us: they must leave room for others to bring forward theirs, and help in suggesting them. Vigorous that appears to ordinary minds which attracts the vulgar by its curtneſs and violence; but coarse textures are not always the strongest, nor is the loudest voice always the most commanding.

*Metastasio.* Novels are the chief literature of the present age.

*Alfieri.* I do not regret it: they are the least tiresome kind of epic. They make us acquainted with many families which interest us; they bring neighbors to us who do not require us to return the visit, and who go away usually at a stated hour.

*Metastasio.* The English have lost many great novelists within a few years: Smollet, rich in broad humor; Sterne, excelling in purity of style, geniality, and pathos; Fielding, an easy gentleman in all society, requiring no affectation, and never asserting his superiority. Looking at such prominent and pliant muscles, the foremost, most self-confident, and most popular would decline a contest.

*Alfieri.* I would rather have lived a lifetime with him than have spent an evening with either of the others. You have not mentioned Richardson, author of *Grandison* and *Clarissa*. But I fear I have to apologize for interrupting you in your enumeration. *Grandison* might teach even Englishmen fine manners, and *Clarissa* might draw tears from them. But they think it manly to be rude, and womanly to be sensitive.



*Metastasio.* Italy will have her two great poets in her Roman afterbirth : England has had her two. The delightful are not always the great, else Ariosto and Tasso would be in the number.

*Alfieri.* True : neither of them is grand. Reduce the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into prose, and they yet retain their indomitable vigor ; but cut away the rhyme from Tasso and Ariosto, and the succulent plant bleeds and shrivels. The volatile salt evaporates from the porcelain vase ; and the roses, despite of the drugs kneaded into them, collapse.

*Metastasio.* The chalky cliffs of Albion contain but little moisture, and show none.

*Alfieri.* It is easier to get twenty oaths and curses from an Englishman than one tear ; but there are hot springs at the centre of his heart which bring forth perpetual fertility. He puts unhappiness down despotically, and will labor at doing good if you abstain from looking at him while he does it. Another English writer of novel or romance you might have mentioned ; but I think you spoke only of those who are deceased. Horace Walpole, son of a prime minister in the last reign, has written a romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, and a disquisition on Richard the Third, entitled *Historical Doubts*. I knew him slightly. He was called *finical* by the English, which means over-delicate. Whatever were his manners and pursuits, and however much he had lived in French society, he studiously avoided the lean larding of their language. The reddle, which no Italian lady uses, but with which both the English and French besmear their faces, they both alike call *rouge*. Walpole, I observe, calls it *red*. Generally to what is indelicate, and what it is desirable to conceal, the English, without any maliciousness in this particular, give the French name.

*Metastasio.* False delicacy is real indelicacy. Half-educated men employ the most frequently circumlocutions and ambiguities. The plain vulgar are not the most vulgar. If there are any words which ought to be out of use, what they designate ought to be out of sight. A French duchess would not hesitate about an expression which the daughter of a convict in America might reprehend. Talking of French duchesses, a story now recurs to me of a very beautiful and virtuous one, and it related also to a personage of a still higher rank, celebrated for courtly manners.

*Alfieri.* Let me hear it ; for truly I know little of that higher rank.

*Metastasio.* I heard it whispered at court (and every court is a whispering gallery) that His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, ventured on such discourse with the Duchess de Pienne, that she replied, "*Sir ! it is princes like you who make democrats.*"

*Alfieri.* The story is true : I myself heard it from her intimate and inseparable friend, the Duchess de Saux. He could act the polite man, but never without exaggeration : all was puffy and bloated in him, mind and body. For a time he was under the tuition of an actor ; I do not mean a clerical, but a scenic one.

*Metastasio.* Your Excellency must have known him personally.

*Alfieri.* Not at all ; I neither drink nor game. Sometimes I have met him in Hyde Park. My horses on such occasions always pranced and reared unmanageably, and galloped off. Once I was invited to Carlton House ; but quinsy, at my prayer, came to my aid, and held me in my bed until the air of Bath relieved me. He was gross no less to ladies than to men, among whom there was none of sufficient spirit to inflict due chastisement. A true gentlemen would rather shed his last blood than bring any, hot with painful blushes, into the cheek of a virtuous woman. Well, we have occupied too much of our time about this eider-down bandaged bolster. Let us revert to men who will be holden in honour when he (if he is fortunate) will be forgotten. I doubt whether you quite approve of forming the Society I suggest.

*Metastasio.* Indeed, on the contrary, I should be happy to see it formed : I fear the difficulties.

*Alfieri.* What are they ?

*Metastasio.* Flame attracts flame ; but not always in love, nor often in literature. The *Society* will not be so numerous as that of the Forty in France, although the whole of Europe is open to it, and although the arts and sciences take their appointed seats. The band, however small, will contain its mutineers. Nation will not fight against nation with so much rancor and pertinacity as a part against another part of the same. Jealousies are not created at a distance : the French are self-sufficient ; they will hold together contentedly ; so may the Italians : but the Germans will rush into our literary

domain as they have into our territorial; the English will join them against us. More of these are familiar with German than with Italian, and value that literature higher; for their estimation of authors is usually in proportion to the difficulty they have experienced in acquiring the language.

*Alferi.* True: we are apt to value many things for what they have cost us, before we take the trouble of calculating their intrinsic worth. I have seen a young lady in England, and she was not very young either, who preferred the *Sorrows of Werther* to the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

*Metastasio.* Perhaps your projected Society might produce the good effect of diverting men's minds in Italy from the arena of politics now saturated with blood in France. If they continue to cut off heads by the sackful, their forests will be insufficient for the supply of sawdust to absorb all that is streaming from the scaffold.

*Alferi.* Abbate, I enter into your feelings, and walk in gloom among them.

*Metastasio.* Unjustly have your enemies called you ferocious and sanguinary.

*Alferi.* No man is less so. Were I dictator or tribune, I would only give orders to lift up certain robes stiff with gold, and to inflict a few lashes, ten or a dozen, on what is too adipose for bloodshed. I know the value of able-bodied men, and the service I might render to their health by apportioning to them moderate work on the high-road. My native country, Piedmont, feeds more of such idlers than any other of the same dimensions: I would be the dancing-master of these dervishes. If we should ever have a prince of vigorous mind, he will be conscious of his power, and learn the character of his people. They are as hardy as the Switzers, and more active. No modern nation, not even Sweden, has sent into the field more scientific generals or braver soldiers. She has produced a Eugene: she may produce a Cromwell, or even a Washington. God grant it! The very idea at a distance makes me pray.

*Metastasio.* I hope you often do, Signor Conte.

*Alferi.* Thanksgiving is more devotional. How exultingly will I spring up for those matins!

*Metastasio.* Methinks I hear the company descending the

stairs, and carriages rolling by. It is time I should make my bow to the Countess, and take leave. Gladly would I have spent a few more days in Florence. To-morrow is scarcely left for my visit to Santa Croce.

*Alfieri.* Do not stand too long before the monument of Galileo : remember, *The earth moves.*

*Metastasio.* I may venture to express to you my belief in this fact.

*Alfieri.* What ! in defiance of Infallibility ?

*Metastasio.* Infallibility sometimes winks, although she never slumbers. After Galileo, in due order, stand Buonarrotti and Machiavelli. The next generation (may it be the oldest of it !) will contemplate in the same church the noble features of Vittorio Alfieri.

*Alfieri.* Rather would I rest among my ancestors at Asti ; but only when Piedmont is free. Neither in your time nor in mine can this happiness be expected. The French will render the name of freedom a mockery, evoking a phantom to frighten the prostrate earth. But the earth is heaving, and will not cease to heave. Italy, the most civilized, the most humane, the most inventive and enthusiastic, is not destined by Providence to be much longer subservient to Gaul or German. The bloom is upon the fruit while grubs are in the kernel, grubs generated and matured within the tree. Surely an end will be put to this before long. Have the laborious lived for the idle ? Were valiant hearts intended for nothing but the pavement of processions ? Some there are left unfallen.

*Metastasio.* I hope and trust you may see days more cheerful.

*Alfieri.* No, I shall never see the consummation of my soul's desire. My life is closing. Private griefs (Oh, shame ! shame !) press upon and overlay public with me. When you come again to Florence, ask the verger on which side of Santa Croce lie the remains of Vittorio Alfieri.\*

\* Metastasio died a few years before the French Revolution.

XXVII. MACHIAVELLI AND GUICCIARDINI.<sup>1</sup>

*Guicciardini.* It grieves me, Ser Niccolo, to learn by your letter that Fortune has been ungrateful and unjust to you. Hard is it that a statesman who hath served his country conscientiously and ably should be reduced so nearly to poverty.

*Machiavelli.* The hardship, my compassionate friend, lies chiefly in the necessity of entreating as a favor what I believe to be my due. Having served our Florence faithfully, I claim only a small remuneration from the Medici.

*Guicciardini.* Gratitude is not in the vocabulary of princes, and republics insist on every man's services, deeming him sufficiently paid for them by a place, however subordinate, in the government. You are become out of favour by writing what appears to be satirical in your *Prince*. Can you deny to me, who am your trusty and hearty friend, that, in this wise and profound work, you make it appear how such high functionaries, in order to acquire and retain their power, must act occasionally with violence and dishonesty.

*Machiavelli.* Is it not true?

*Guicciardini.* And, by being true, is it not the more dangerous to him who utters and promulgates it?

*Machiavelli.* I desired to show my countrymen what they must expect if they prefer an absolute prince to a free republic.

*Guicciardini.* All desires out of the domestic circle lead to disappointment; most of them, to grief. Are we less tranquil than under the late regimen?

[<sup>1</sup> The opinions attributed to the two characters in this dialogue cannot for the most part be traced in their writings. The conversation must be supposed to have taken place after the return of the Medici to Florence in 1512, which event excluded Machiavelli for a time from public employment, and shortly before 1525, in which year the invasion of Italy by the Germans brought him again into public life in the service of the Medici. It would appear that it was the publication of "The Art of War" which first attracted towards him the favorable notice of Pope Clement. Guicciardini was at the time high in favour, and Machiavelli and he bore the chief part in the attempt to organise a resistance to the invasion of the Germans. The allusions to the Spanish Armada and the wars in the Netherlands are anachronisms. See Villari's *Machiavelli*, Vols. iii., iv. (Athenæum, Oct. 12, 1861. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Machiavelli.* The sleeper is more tranquil than the wide-awake, and the dead even than he.

*Guicciardini.* It is somewhat for the generous, patriotic, and energetic to have escaped persecution. After your commentary on Livy, I feared you might, notwithstanding all your caution and prudence, take up Tacitus. Then might you, peradventure, have been accused of personalities: hemlock and hellebore and other simples, sedatives prescribed for the unruly, are to be gathered in Tuscany.

*Machiavelli.* Dante Alighieri, the glory of our country, dared openly to avow himself an innovator and reformer. He would have called in the Emperor of Germany to rule the whole of Italy.

*Guicciardini.* Were it practicable, it might have been well for us. The vilest and most ineradicable of vermin is that which generates in the skin: we can sweep away the outlying.

*Machiavelli.* No people can flourish where any man sets at defiance the magistrates and the laws. An appeal out of them is treason, and punishment should be summary and prompt. Beside a conclave of princes set over us by a priest, we, at present, lie ground between an upper and a nether millstone. Germany and France crush us into powder, and leave nothing but the husks. Better is it to be subject to the Emperor of Germany than to the King of France. For the German powers would encourage our commerce, through interest; the French, through jealousy, would repress it.

*Guicciardini.* It was impossible for the Emperor of Germany to become sovereign of Italy, as Alighieri wished and ventured to propose, unless by abolishing the temporal power of the Pope.

*Machiavelli.* Republican as I am, I would willingly see all Italy under one constitutional hereditary prince. At present, we have no choice between the bear and the wolf. The bear hugs to suffocation, breaks a few ribs, then, tearing out a mouthful, lies down; the wolf springs at the throat, strangles the animal, tears the heart out, and laps up the last drop of blood. Neither you nor I can speculate far into the future. Yet we both of us can see clearly what is about us and nigh. The French are incapable of freedom, and will never let others enjoy it. The Germans

have as much liberty as they want or know what to do with. They are a moral people, and sigh after the purity of religion. It appears to be an axiom with princes, that the more corruptions there are in it, the more easily are men governed. But, under a good government, a religion will gradually become good, and revolutions will be unnecessary. I do not believe that, during our lifetime, there will be any in this country. Yet who could have foreseen the prodigious one which has been lately almost accomplished in the Netherlands? There are now living many men, and not extremely old, who remember Spain the most powerful and the most prosperous of kingdoms. What is she now become? England crushed her armada, and left her scarcely enough of its timbers for an *auto-da-fé*. Nearer to ourselves than the scene where Spain sank, never to rise again, the Hollanders are cooking their fish to-day over the splinters they have broken off from the old fisherman's chair, while the banners of Castile and Leon droop in ignominy over the Knights of the Garter.

Now to the matter of union and consolidation.

England could unite to her discordant kingdoms and divers races, speaking different languages. Is it, indeed, going too far in speculation that the provinces of Italy, both on the Peninsula and on the Adriatic, living in harmony and speaking in the same mother tongue, may become united?

*Guicciardini*. On such a consummation you, a republican, hardly can dream.

*Machiavelli*. I do dream of it, and when I am most awake. My republicanism is for my country, not for my city. Florence was my cradle, Florence taught me my letters; but there were masters who made me hold up my head, and walk with them beyond the gates.

*Guicciardini*. The nurse had well nigh shaken thee out of the cradle, and the masters have brought thee among thorns. We all have our projects, and generally on things farthest from our reach. The most accredited of philosophers often tread upon unsound ground. Never was a scheme less practicable than Plato's Republic, redundant with whims and pureilities. Did no obstruction lie in your path on your road to the consolidation of Italy? Did never the two rival cities, Genoa and Venice, rise up before you? Both of them are opulent and powerful: both

would be more opulent and more powerful by going hand in hand.

But Venice, whose nobility is higher than any other in Europe, would never take the ring off her finger. She is queen of the Adriatic, and arbitress of the Levant. Remembering that she hath often set at defiance both Emperor and Pope, she would not receive any sovereign, and most unwillingly one from across the Alps.

*Machiavelli.* Never was any government so politic as hers hath continued to be from century to century; never any people so long contented. In other countries, the nobles are the worst of slaves, because they adulate the worst of masters. Flattery in Venice is no less exuberant; but the victorious admiral or the cherished maiden are the flattered. Ariosto breathes his spirit into the gondolier, by day and by night, and music swells above the ripple of the lagoon.

*Guicciardini.* Ser Niccolo, you are growing quite poetical.

*Machiavelli.* Venice herself is poetry, and creates a poet out of the dullest clay. Woe betide the wretch who desecrates and humiliates her! She may fall; but she shall rise again.

*Guicciardini.* Our hopes at the present time must rest contentedly. It was impossible for the Emperor of Germany to become sole sovereign of Italy, as Alighieri wished, abolishing the temporal power of the Pope. France and Spain are interested in maintaining it; that is, they are playing as partners, sitting on opposite sides of the table. If Italy is ever to be under one potentate, the only one eligible is the Duke of Savoy, he being already her guardian. Care, however, must be taken that his family never intermarry with the stranger. We have families in our own country more illustrious by exploits and wisdom than the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs; and if antiquity, as it seems to be, is considered a title to reverence, we have fifty more ancient. With other nations, if ours were united, we should require no alliances. They would only involve us in difficulties and wars.

Freedom of traffic is advantageous to all. When the seas are open, man's eyes will open. We want little from abroad, and we shall want less. Our wines are richer than those of Spain, which usually taste of the pigskin or goatskin; and the best of the French owe their odor and flavor to the root of that lily which grows profusely in the crevices and on the summits of our city-walls.



These roots we never use but for perfumery, and export them in quantities from Livorno. The wool of Taranto, celebrated by Virgil in his *Georgics*, is less deteriorated than every thing else in the Neapolitan territory. We might clothe our wealthier neighbors with it, as we do with our silks and velvets. Manufacturers of linen and lace would easily be tempted from the Netherlands. Sicily and Sardinia could produce not only a profusion of flax, but also of cotton. The island of Sardinia is scarcely a quarter peopled. Horace celebrates it "*segetes feraces*." There is in it a more extensive and a more fertile plain than perhaps in any other island.

*Machiavelli.* Nothing can be hoped for where priests and monks swarm in all seasons. Other grubs and insects die down : these never do. Even locusts, after they have consumed the grain and herbage, take flight or are swept away, and leave no living progeny on the ground behind them. The vermin between skin and flesh are ineradicable.

*Guicciardini.* What can we do with the religious ?

*Machiavelli.* Teach them religion. Teach them to earn by labor the bread they eat. Some confraternities work already ; make all to.

*Guicciardini.* Remember, there are aged and infirm in monasteries : to deprive them of a decent and comfortable subsistence, as was done in England, would be inhumane, not to them only, but also to the poor wretches who lived by them.

*Machiavelli.* It would be ; but such a case might be obviated, by stationing them in their native towns and villages where friends are living. The less afflicted may visit the sick and instruct the children : few of them can do more, or are willing to do so much. The bishops, out of their vast revenues, ought to supply whatever may yet be needful.

*Guicciardini.* Perhaps you would curtail their revenues and their number.

*Machiavelli.* Jesus Christ ordained twelve to preach His gospel to all nations. Surely twice the number is sufficient for Italy. I would allow a spacious house and garden to each, and 2000 crowns \* annually from the public treasury. Sardinia and wild Corsica might also have each of them four prelates.

\* 2000 crowns at that time were equal to 5000 now. The French bishops have about £700, with houses in their cities, not palaces.

*Guicciardini.* Sardinia in another century could be what she was under the old Romans.

*Macchiavelli.* Religion in their time was no cinderer of labor, no encourager of idleness, no mendicant in purple and fine linen and a jewelled bonnet three stories high.

Another generation will see better things ; another, but not the next.

*Guicciardini.* After the *Purgatorio*, we arrive at the *Paradiso* ! Vision ! vision !

*Macchiavelli.* Holy visions are at last accomplished.

## XXVIII. MILTON AND MARVEL.<sup>1</sup>

*Marvel.* Years have passed over our heads, friend Milton, since the first conversation we held together on the subject of poetry. It was mainly, I think, if not entirely on the dramatic. We will now exchange a few words, and more than a few if you are willing, on the other kinds of it. The desire was excited in me by your present of *Paradise Regained*, which I thanked you for by letter as soon as I had read it through ; and I now, in person, thank you for it again.

*Milton.* Parents are usually the most fond of their last offspring, especially if the fruit of their declining years : I was of mine ; I now hesitate.

*Marvel.* Be contented : you have fairly got the better of the Devil. There is little in either of your poems that the reader would wish out. This cannot be said of the great Italian.

[<sup>1</sup> Milton's escape at the Restoration is certainly a mystery. Andrew Marvel had a considerable share in saving his friend. I have not been able to find any authority for the story told by Landor, and it is not a likely one. There is a story that Milton had saved Davenant's life during the protectorate, and that Marvel succeeded by Davenant's help in keeping Milton's name out of the prescribed list. Clarendon cannot have been unfriendly ; a word from him would have sealed Milton's fate. See Masson "Life of Milton," vi., 184. There is a curious passage in which Landor speaks of Milton as *reading* Chaucer, despite his blindness. (Athenæum, May 18, 1862. Works, v., 1876.)]

Nearly all the characters in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* are wretches who excite no sympathy, and forward no action. Marking, page after page, the good, bad, and indifferent, I find scarcely a fifth part noted for reading a second time. This is not the case in the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, the *Paradise Lost*.

*Milton.* The great poet of Italy—for great he was by intensity of thought and comprehension—constructed a hell and a purgatory for the accommodation of popes, prelates, and other dignitaries. Daring as he was, he was afraid of nearer fires than those below; hence a compendious satire he entitled a divine comedy. Never was there so spacious a theatre with so many actors.

*Marvel.* Faith! it is a comedy in which the actors find no joke.

*Milton.* Alighieri wanted flexibility of muscle, and wore an iron mask; yet how warm are the tears which the lover of Beatrice shed over Francesca da Rimini, and over the children of Ugolino! I would rather have written two such scenes than twenty such poems as the *Faerie Queen*.

*Marvel.* Allegory grows tiresome: nevertheless, you have found, as I have heard you say, much to please you in Spenser. The heart, I confess it, is never touched by him; and he does not excite even a light emotion.

*Milton.* He leads us into no walks of Nature. A poet must do that, or forfeit his right to a seat in the upper-house.

*Marvel.* Grave as you are, and ever were, you have expressed to me your delight in the *Canterbury Tales*, and in him—

“ Who left untold  
The story of Cambuscan bold ”

*Milton.* Frequently do I read the *Canterbury Tales*, and with pleasure undiminished.\* They are full of character and of life. You would hardly expect in so early a stage of our language

\* A Bachelor of Arts, a Mr Pycroft, without any authority, classes W. S. Lander with Byron and Wordsworth, as holding Chaucer cheap. Let this *Conversation* indicate the contrary. There is one art—namely, the *ars poetica*—in which the Bachelor is unlikely to take his Master's degree.

such harmony as comes occasionally on the ear: it ceases with the verse; but we are grateful for it, shortly as it stays with us.

*Marvel.* Happily, you are now at leisure for a ramble in the open field of poetry, and to catch the Muses—

“Dancing in the checker’d shade.”

Think what a pleasure it is to have landed at last, after all the perils of a tempestuous sea.

*Milton.* I would rather be on a tempestuous ocean than on a pestilential marsh, knowing that the one will grow calm, and that the other will not grow salubrious.

Andrew! we are sold like sheep, and we must not even bleat.

*Marvel.* What you have done, both in poetry and prose, was enough to startle the salesmen. Into your prose an irruption was often made by your poetry.

*Milton.* This is wrong. We should keep them distinct, however impetuous may be the loftier and the stronger.

*Marvel.* If you could have done it, we should have lost the grandest piece of harmony that ever was uttered from the heart of man.

*Milton.* Where is that?

*Marvel.* In your dissertation on Prelaty; it is this:—

“When God commands to take the trumpet  
And blow a louder and a shriller blast,  
It rests not in Man’s will what he shall do  
Or what he shall forbear.”

Isaiah seems to be speaking.

*Milton.* The only resemblance is that Isaiah spoke also in vain.

The deafest man can hear praise, and is slow to think any an excess. Friendship may sometimes step a few paces in advance of truth; and who would check her? I had neither will nor power to break the imperious words that you cite, over-ruling my prose.

*Marvel.* Certainly they are not like the bleatings you have just now complained of. Your voice was never lowered to that key, my brave Milton.

*Milton.* I might not have retained what is left to me of it, were it not for your intercession.

*Marvel.* You over-rate my services. True, I did go to the Lord Chancellor, who knew me by name only, and who courteously said, "*Mr Marvel, I will see about it.*" You know what that phrase means, spoken by high officials. He went immediately, with feather in hat above his embroidered robes, to "see about" the house he is building, which is to over-top the Somersets and Northumberlands. Lucky dog, lawyer Hyde!

Neither much disappointed nor at all discomfited, but well knowing that no time was to be lost, I went forthwith to my Lord Rochester, who noticed me when he was a stripling. He never looked so grave as when he heard me mention the cause of my visit. He turned his peruke half-round, and said, "*My good Marvel, it is a ticklish thing.*" Without a moment's pause, I replied, "Do you mean the halter, my Lord?" The peruke was again in the first position, with a pleasant smile on each side of its exuberant curls. Patting me on the shoulder, he said, "Well, well, Marvel! I do like a hearty friend, even in a quondam stickler to the old rebel Nol. Hangmanship is not a craft I would patronize. But Master John Milton was bitter against us. He would even have set fire to the lawn sleeves, which I am in duty bound to reverence. 'But when the wicked man turneth away,'—you can go on with it; I may peradventure be at a fault. I hope our gracious King has forgotten the sad catastrophe of his father. If he has not, he may haply be reminded that John Milton had a hand in it; and then filial affection may, and indeed necessarily must, lead His Majesty toward the rope-walk. He hath so many cares of State, and is occupied in them so constantly and incessantly, that the occurrence in front of Whitehall shall have dropped out of his memory. Let us hope for the best." My reply was, "I will hope it, my Lord, from your known humanity and good temper. If my old friend receives no pardon from his most gracious sovereign, he will be the only blind man that a gracious sovereign ever helped to mount the gallows."

Whereat his lordship broke into a peal of laughter, which stopped suddenly, and he said, "Faith and troth! blind! stone blind! It would be too bad. Charley must keep the long

cap folded up, in readiness for some fellow whose eyes require it. You saw my coach at the door. I was going for a private audience. I will mention the matter the first thing I do." He did, and you know the result.

*Milton.* The Presbyterians are now more unfriendly to me than the Episcopalians are.

*Marvel.* Their tempers are sourer, and they are more exasperated by the persecutions they are suffering. You have become calmer and milder. The best apples, rough when they are first gathered, grow richer in flavor late. There are zealots who complain that you are lukewarm.

*Milton.* It is better to be lukewarm than to boil over. My opinions in theology have undergone a change. What they are will be known hereafter; I have written them in Latin, and I shall leave them behind me. For I would not anger any on this side of the grave. Resentment and controversy cool in the churchyard.

*Marvel.* There are temperate men in Italy, and perhaps elsewhere, so scandalized at the contests and cruelties of sects, that they almost doubt whether the death of the Emperor Julian was not a calamity to the world, and whether what we call "paganism" was ever so uncharitable—in other words, so un-Christian—as some exclusive creeds.

*Milton.* Physicians propose to cure the effect of one poison by administering another. Presbyterianism twisted back the neck of Prelaty, and poured a strong drastic down her throat. She kicked and screamed, and, when she got on her legs again, swore bitterly, and called her servants to kick the intruders down stairs.

*Marvel.* The old religions, on several accounts, are better than the later. They are less profuse of foul language, they domineer less, and they cost less; they withdraw none from agriculture or home. The priests exposed no wares for sale, and they kept to their own temples and their own houses. I am no customer of those chapmen whose glass and crockery are so brittle as to draw blood if you break it. I side neither with the cropped nor the periwigged. I will never deal with the dealers in damnation, while I can hear cursing and swearing gratis in the stable-yard.

*Milton.* Men's curses are stored up for them in heaven.

*Marvel.* Lucky fellows if they can get up there and find any thing better. May they not catch their own, tossed back to them, waiting below?

*Milton.* Andrew! in sooth thou art a merry-andrew. Methinks thou knowest more about the poets than about the divines. Curious name! as if the study and profession of what relates to divinity made the man himself divine, as the study and profession of physic entitles one, and justly, to be called a physician.

*Marvel.* Now then, having had enough of both, I am ready to be as disputatious as the worst of them. I am about to find fault with you on the score of poetry.

"Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit."

*Milton.* After the sweet, I am prepared for the bitter, which often happens in life; and it is only children who take the bitter first.

*Marvel.* Now for it. You were not a very young man when you wrote how—

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

After acknowledging the prettiness of the verses, I deny the propriety of the application. No poet was ever less a warbler of "wood-notes wild." In his earliest poems he was elaborate, and not exempt from stiff conceits,—the fault of the age, as exemplified by Spenser.

*Milton.* In his later, he takes wing over the world, beyond human sight, but heard above the clouds.

*Marvel.* His Muse, to be in the fashion of the day, wore a starched ruff about her neck.

You have fringed Jonson's "learned sock." I never had patience to go through, or, to speak more properly, to *undergo*, his tragedies. In coarse comedy he succeeds better; but comedy ought never to be coarse. Indelicate as was Aristophanes, there was an easy motion and an unaffected grace in every step he took. Plautus comes far behind, and Terence

not quite up to Plautus. Be not angry with me, if Molière is my delight.

*Milton.* He has written since I was a reader; and there is nobody in the house who can pronounce French intelligibly. My nephew reads Latin to me; and he reminded me one day that Sir Philip Sidney tried his hand at turning our English into Latin hexameters. Some of the Germans have done likewise. English and German hexameters sound as a heavy cart sounds bouncing over boulders.

*Marvel.* We often find in them a foot composed of two short syllables, instead of a spondee; and a trochee as often, which reminds us of a cripple, one of whose legs is shorter than the other, so that he cannot put it to the ground. I doubt whether in a hundred English hexameters there are three composed of dactyl and spondee.\*

*Milton.* I know not whether it has ever been observed that the final foot of the hexameter is a trochee. So it is, with only two or three exceptions, in Virgil where *mons*, and another monosyllable in another place, end the verse.

*Marvel.* Why cannot we be contented with our own measures, as established by law and custom? None in Latin or Greek are more harmonious than several of them.

*Milton.* Fond as I am of Latin, and many as are the verses I have written in it, never was I so rash and inconsiderate as to force its metres into our own language, which is infinitely more capable of stops and variations.

*Marvel.* Not even the verses of Homer himself have that diversity of cadence which enchants us in *Paradise Lost*. Who was the blockhead who invented the word *blank* for its verse? Never was any one less appropriate. The Latin hexameter, closing with a dissyllable or trisyllable, wants the variety of the Greek, and terminates too frequently with consonants,—*ant*, *unt*,

\* Ovid was the first who subjected a strange language to Latin measures; and he acknowledges that he was ashamed of doing it.

“*Ah pudet!* et Getico scripsi sermone libellum  
Aptaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.”

Yet how would the philologist rejoice at the recovery of this little book! For a book there was of it, and not only one composition. The Jesuits, clever at Latin versification, have not yet introduced it into China.



*am, um, or s.* To remove this obstruction from the sensitive ear, we have recourse to Homer and Milton.

*Milton.* Courtier! courtier! prythee hold thy tongue. Venerate one blind man, and continue to love the other.

## SECOND CONVERSATION.<sup>1</sup>

*Milton.* Happy am I to see you here again, after a travel of so many weeks, and through a country where the roads in many parts are deep and difficult.

*Marvel.* Truly, since our late unhappy war they have been but little mended, and less before. The armies required a few of them to be rendered commodious for cannon and trains. How these were brought so far as to Kington, and over Edge Hill, is wonderful.

*Milton.* Yet you went beyond, even to the Upper Severn. How was this feat performed?

*Marvel.* Pondering the difficulties on one side and the conveniences on the other, I bought a palfrey at Highgate. Wink as the dealer might at him and me, I really found him fairly worth the eight guineas he cost me. He carried me to Oxford by the next nightfall, or soon after. Both of us rose and rested early, and neither had to complain of our provender. At Oxford, we rested a whole day, it being the Sabbath.

*Milton.* Virtuously and religiously done! Whether men sit idle and morose for lack of amusement, or whether they enjoy the day in innocent pleasure among their children and friends, I do no longer censure them, as I did formerly.

*Marvel.* Some lose their sourness by time, others become austere and crabbed. You once appeared too sedate, but never uncongenial.

*Milton.* I have seen reason to change some of my old habits and some of my old opinions. I fear I am morose by nature: certain I am that the waters of Castalia are sweeter than the

[<sup>1</sup> *Athenæum*, Aug. 16, 1862. Works, v., 1876.]

waters of Styx, and that the study, not of philosophy alone, but equally of poetry, corrects our evil humors. Any interesting book overlays and blunts asperity. Music, in which I always have delighted, both calms and elevates.

What are you waiting for so seriously?

*Marvel.* To hear more truths from you.

*Milton.* You shall not, until you have reported to me somewhat more of your journey. As far as Edge Hill you have brought me and no farther. Had the battle there been lost to us, the castle at Warwick would have suffered like its neighbor of Kenilworth; for the valiant Earl was the fast friend of Cromwell. Lord Brooke, as you remember, was killed by a shot from Lichfield minster, by Dick Dyot, at the hall-door of Walter Noble in the close. His entrance had been watched, and this fatal missive intercepted his return from the representative of the city.

*Marvel.* We could have better spared another brave man. Brooke would never have betrayed us. Now, enough for politics, usually ending hopelessly, often dishonorably, where the sharper keeps the winning card under his ruffle.

You have endured my company as far as Oxford. Few walled cities are less capable of resisting a siege. It is commanded by Shotover Hill, and the Cherwell at a short distance is so narrow, and there are so many trees on its banks, that it might be bridged within sunset and sunrise, unperceived. I am certain that orders were given to abstain from bombarding the town, lest the colleges might suffer.

*Milton.* Cathedrals were also spared, at the urgent instance of the Protector, hateful as was their service to the people at large. Westminster Abbey was under his guardian eye; and the towers of Windsor were left, for their beauty and their innocence in evil days.

*Marvel.* I wish you could have seen with me those of Warwick, and the more graceful, though less august, of Kenilworth. Their roofs are indeed battered down, and the chambers of the whole edifice are now tenanted by owls and daws. However, the windows are intact. None are so beautiful as they. Had they been inserted in the castle at Warwick, it would be unequalled in beauty, as its towers are in magnificence.

*Milton.* Rous and Camden, and lately Dugdale, have rendered that country highly interesting. Yet rather would I see the chancel at Stratford than even the tower of Babel, had it been standing, or even the window of the Ark. Wretches so worthless as Dudley could erect the towers of Kenilworth. Who cares about him? What human heart hath he ever warmed or moved? Thousands will throb, age after age, at the very sound of our poet's name.

I might be glad to see these two castles, if sight were vouchsafed me; but neither of them, or any other, so gladly as Ludlow, now (like the more gorgeous of the two) dilapidated.

*Marvel.* I can easily believe it of you. It is an inheritance which you will bequeath to your country. The stones have fallen: but Comus stands above them, a warder who will never lose his office.

*Milton.* We look complacently on our earlier handiwork. The best sculptor might haply be glad to find in a corner some fragment of a clay model on which his fingers were employed before the knuckles were well knitten.

I am not dissatisfied, on the whole, with my *Mask of Comus*, yet there the scholar in his gown stood in the poet's way. I represented a boy talking like a philosopher, when he never could have heard even the name. I have often been too scholastic; yet I never brought Adam and Eve into the trim grove of Academus. It is almost as difficult to avoid faults in poetry as to reach beauties; faults being multitudinous and lying under our feet in that quarter, attainable beauties few and overhead.

Your palfrey did not carry you to Ludlow?

*Marvel.* No, I stopped short; yet I saw Sabrina before she had put her yellow cloak on for the fair at Bristow; I saw her where she met her brighter spouse Avon, fresh from watering the flowers under the chancel at Stratford. Pigheaded knaves have defaced the sacred image it contains. Who knows but in another age they may violate the tomb, fearless of the recorded curse denouncing such a sacrilege.

*Milton.* It grieved me to see places of worship harmed in any sort. In the last century abbeys and convents were demolished, as castles have been in ours. Never shall we or our children see such edifices as the abbeys of Evesham and Malms-

bury, and some others. More is remaining of the rites there celebrated, than of the walls under which bows and courtesies were made in bedizened frocks to dolls and candles. Puffy lawn is substituted for gold lace; but palaces and manors stand where they stood. The Church "mutavit dominos, et cedit in altera jura;" but milords are milords yet, and lawgivers and offerers up of prayers for the murderers of nations. Glorious Reformation!

Will there never be a sarctuary in every private house? Will there never be a time when every mother will be the priestess of her children and family? Our duties are simple and learned easily. No sunrise but awakens one or other of them into activity and growth. Boys are educated, girls are not; yet girls should be educated first, and taught the most impressively. These slender and graceful columns are not only the ornament, but also the support, of society. Men are the braver for the reverence they bear toward them, and in them do they find their reward. I would that our cathedrals were turned into school-rooms for the more advanced among the youths in age and study; and I would never grudge the bishops, then masters and ushers, a stipend of three or four hundred pounds a-year, with a commodious house and garden for each. I live comfortably within one hundred, and, after my decease, my children will not be reduced to starvation.

*Marvel.* God forbid! but they must not work for their bread?

*Milton.* Verily and indeed must they; and this, O Andrew, is among his other blessings. He taught me the rudiments of my craft; they have learned theirs. Those are happier who work for a family than those who work for a State. The poor have always their Commonwealth; we have lost even the name.

*Marvel.* Our most gracious King will take especial care that the people at large do not run riotous in wealth and be submerged in luxury. Perhaps, in the midst of his necessities, he may transfer the lawn sleeves to wearers on whom they would be more becoming, and of whom the most modest is a street-walking orange-girl.

*Milton.* Charles may properly be called a sapper and miner. He thinks our earlier Constitution is just as deserving of over-

*throw as our later. I know not whether he has sold his regalia; I only know that he has sold his country. What must we think of a King who barter his patrimony for protection, or who recurs to any but his own people for protection? Wherever the weak make an alliance with the strong, they are the strong's dependents. A prudent nation will not permit its ruler to form a marriage with a foreign potentate. There are daughters in England still worthy to wear a crown. A time there was, but it was a distant one, when feuds among the nobility would have exasperated the jealousy of most among them by the King's choice of a wife out of one baronial family. Such danger is now over. The heir to the throne is united to the daughter of a subject,—a subject of mean family and powerless connections.*

Such a peccage as is now patched up will never stand between king and people as the old barons did,—mainly, it is true, for their own ends. It grieves me that so many of their castles have been demolished. The ivy hath scarcely yet reached the basement of Ludlow, and its longest eventide shadows fall short of the Severn below them. Cromwell has been called the destroyer of the most magnificent edifices, unjustly: the Puritans were the carriers of this barbarous decree. The same ferocious men would have battered down the cathedrals. Our troopers did, indeed, stable their horses in some of them, ejecting idler and less serviceable cattle; and in several of them monuments were defaced. This was somewhat like tearing out a page from history,—not indeed an important one, yet the deed was wanton mischief. Yet what is this in the sight of wisdom and of our Creator, if we compare it with the bloodshed of thousands, in one place, in one hour? Men march into the field of battle in stately trim and after joyous music, and slay thousands to gratify one,—the only one whom it would be innocent to slay. He who commands them to break God's image should experience God's vengeance where he has committed the offence. War will never cease, or long subside, while such creatures are permitted to exist. If two men quarrel and fight in the highway, there are many who come up and interpose; can none be found to act likewise in a wider field? Are there to be no restrictions on sturdier disturbers of the peace?

*Marvel.* Here I am quite in accord with you. Every parish should unite and surround and hunt down the marauders, most Christian, Catholic, and Apostolic; cage them, and exhibit them in the market-place.

Italy has been parcelled out, bartered, and exchanged. I would treat them as they have treated the Italians, and as we do to other thieves and murderers; I would not draw and quarter them, but rather leave them whole in their deformity. Iron should hold what oaths could not. Italy, formed to be the Eden of the earth, is now torn to pieces by the bear and the monkey. In another age, the beautiful Venice, which has flourished for the greater part of a thousand years (which is longer than any city ever did before), may peradventure be the prey of one barbarian, and be sold to another. Her people, the best governed and the happiest, may be made discontented by some crowned Jack Cade, and then handcuffed by their deliverer.

*Milton.* No Demosthenes is living now.

*Marvel.* While England was England there existed one,—one only; let me grasp his hand.

*Milton.* Prythee, sit down; let me be proud, but never vain. Demosthenes was superlatively *μεγα κυδος Αχαιων*. Cicero was weaker in a weaker cause. He arraigned one powerful plunderer; but he left in his audience no few nearly as criminal. However, let not our admiration of so great a man fall off from him. He lived among and consorted with those, equally well educated as himself, who received a high gratification from the sight of their fellow-creatures torn piecemeal by wild beasts in the amphitheatre. The Romans were never quite civilized or quite humanized. Even at this day, the worship of a mother with an innocent babe, in her arms or at her breast, awakes no tenderness in them: they stab one another on the church-steps as they leave her. The wolf nurtured more than one couple.

*Marvel.* It is remarkable that the Northern nations are less cruel and sanguinary than the Southern. Where the air is keenest, it seems, the religion is purest.

*Milton.* Idleness looks toward easy gods and pardoners for pence. Popery will never flourish in Sweden and Norway, or

the gospel be preached openly, or even tolerated, in Rome. The followers of Christ must take refuge in the catacombs, among their elder brethren.

*Marvel.* Fashions change perpetually. I should not wonder if, in the next reign, a slip from the robe of the scarlet lady becomes the general wear, instead of the magpie plumage now fluttering in churches.

*Milton.* There may also be candles on what is called the *Communion Table* by Protestants and *Altar* by Papists, to commemorate the last supper of our Lord. Candles are unnecessary by daylight; and it was by daylight that our blessed Lord broke his last bread with his disciples. The principal meal, which the Romans called *cena*, was taken before nightfall,—as we may learn from Catullus, Horace, Petronius, and many others. The *Hall of Apollo*, in the house of Lucullus, was not lighted up when Cicero was invited to his table; and no lamp shone down on the guests of Nasidienus.

*Marvel.* Recurring to the Romans, it appears to me that the earlier cooked a dinner as badly as the later a religion. Some of their *receipts* have been preserved. I would never have taken Apicius into my service at five farthings a day.

*Milton.* Culinary may be called the lowest of the arts; yet men are slow and long in acquiring it. Wild men paint and carve the images of animals long before they have learned to fry an omelet.

I know not what has brought us down into the kitchen.

*Marvel.* The fault must have been mine. We were talking of castles and abbeys and cathedrals, and the lords of them in their several degrees. We began with what is high and have descended to what is low. It is difficult to find "from this lowest depth a lower depth."

*Milton.* "Raccende il gusto il mutar esca," says Ariosto; and the words are very applicable. An imaginary line may be drawn between conversation and dialogue. In conversation, as in the country, variety is pleasant and expected. We look from the ground before us into the remoter, and much of more than one quality lies between. In conversation we ought not to be didactic, in dialogue we may be: Galileo has done it. There are other authorities; but none so great.

I must now come back homeward from Italy.

If in the next or any remoter age our country should produce a sound historian, who holds up his head above his party and sees clearly and widely, will he be believed when he records what we have witnessed within the last few years? It will be called a traveller's *story*. Already a *story* is become a synonym for a *lie*. Herodotus, the most instructive of historians, when he relates a marvellous tale of some occurrence in a far country, gives it us as a report: how will our forthcoming writers manage what shall have fallen into their hands from their father's, the eyewitness? Will they believe that a drop of Saxon blood is in their veins?

*Marvel*. Now you are speaking of history, let me express a wish that you had leisure or inclination to continue that which you began. Our own times do, indeed, seem as fabulous as the earlier. Did it never occur to you that many of us partake of the Roman? That, although the legions had left Britain, many of the inhabitants, and especially the settlers on the coast, descended from the invader?

*Milton*. Doubtless in three centuries there must have been a large intermixture of the races. London was somewhat of a mercantile city, and indeed an emporium, long before its occupation by the Romans. Tyre sent her merchants to the south of Ireland, and probably to the south of Britain,—certainly to the west. An oyster was a bait to a Roman; the rocks about our island were covered with them, while those on the Italian were scarce and worthless. Certainly, few merchants would abandon their habitations when the legionaries left the land. Their ships were manned by the hardy sailors of the North; and the capital (as we call it) invested in them belonged in great measure to settlers from abroad, principally Roman, where it was safer than in their own city, where imperial purple was the merchandise, soldiers the salesmen and auctioneers.

We are a miscellaneous volume, the leaves well sewed together, —Roman, Norwegian, Dane, Saxon, chapter after chapter.

*Marvel*. It seems to me likely that, when the Roman military were recalled, they were prohibited from their usual rapine, and the wealthier townsmen took refuge in their ships. Many, if not most of these, were of half-breed. In Warwick-



shire, I saw a lock of black hair which had been taken from a tomb containing the bones of a Norman, buried in it within half a century of the invasion. There could scarcely have been time for an intermixture of Neustrian and Saxon. The Jutlanders and other Northerns were chiefly the crews of the wealthy Neustrian merchants, and soon were joined by their landsmen, who made several descents and occupied at last the whole country.

*Milton.* Here is likelihood without record ; for the bowmen and swordsmen were no penmen. At the Conquest there were flocks of them. Ravens find food after battles. It is worthy of a thought and a reflection that a lock of hair, such as what you mention, should remain unchanged in color and substance when body, bones, and brains had become earth. Thus it often happens that the vile outlasts the valuable ; and what is shorn off and thrown away is gathered up and treasured. Gentlemen are usually proud of Norman origin : none can prove unbroken in three generations ; Dane and Saxon are interlopers. The absurd pretenders would go up higher if they knew how, and would thank you if you told and persuaded them that they quite as certainly had some particle of the Roman in them after so many crosses. The Northmen were as valiant as the Romans, and greatly more capable of true civilization. They never sent into the arena the bravest men to be devoured by wild beasts or to slaughter one another, as the most civilized of the Romans did. age after age. They worshipped false gods : what people has not ? And how few are there who do not even now ? But their priests were not hucksters of souls, nor covered sins with wafers. They never called their hearers *sheep*, and fleeced them as if they were. They never taught their fellowmen that it was a duty or a privilege to kiss their toes, or that the seat was holy which they had squatted on. As they could not write, they could not forge wills had they been so minded.

*Marcel.* I dare not follow where chemists are so expert in pharmacy. Even our own country bears hemlock and hensbane. We may walk more safely among the sticklers for antiquity of lineage, who probably have never learned by heart the verse of that poet who, with all his levity, has more unobtrusively sage verses than any, be he Roman or Athenian :—

"Genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi  
Vix ea nostra voco."

Ulysses is here represented as the speaker, characteristically and worthily.

*Milton.* We are all of the earth, earthy. They who are proud of family antiquity ought to be ashamed of beating a dog, who, we are certified, is of older creation. Probably the worms are of older still. Happily they are deaf and dumb; if they had ears and tongues, they would never so misapply them as we often do. We shall soon lie in the midst of them as quiet and mute as they are. We cause the bloodshed one of another, and often go far afield to chase the unoffending. The greediest worms are guiltless of the like: they only exact what is their inheritance; we must pay them the debt we owe them; let it be unreluctantly!

## XXIX. MARTIN AND JACK.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack brought the people much about them in a disturbance long ago. Lord Peter, the proudest, most intolerant, most exclusive, of his order, suddenly grew condescending and bland. Martin had little confidence in this demonstration; so little, indeed, that he ordered the locksmith to alter the locks of his cellar and larder, well knowing that, however different in stature and features, there was a marvellous family-likeness in appetite and quickness of digestion. Jack, whose house was smaller, was contented with a cellar of proportionate dimensions; and, if you only sent him a simple calf's head toward the close of January, cared little for any other delicacy of the larder. When Peter spoke to him, which was seldom, he pretended that he was ignorant of his language, and avowed that neither father nor mother had taught it to any of their children. Martin had caught a few words of it from Peter, and was somewhat fond of displaying his acquisition. Jack, who kept aloof from both brothers, was more scandalized at Martin. At last, taciturn as was his nature, he zealously burst forth in this brotherly expostulation.

[<sup>1</sup> Swift's "Tale of a Tub" furnishes the characters of this Conversation. The outcry concerning Popish ceremonies in the Church of England was the occasion. It may have been written soon after Cardinal Newman's secession in 1846. (Last Fruit, 1853. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Jack.* Brother Martin, friends we have met, whatever were our feuds formerly; and friends, in God's name, let us part. We have been somewhat too much given to the holding forth of long discourses; and perhaps I, in this particular, have been the more censurable of the two. Let me now come to the point and have done with it. I always knew that Peter was an impostor and a bastard: I always knew he was neither our father's son nor our mother's son. Had he been, would he ever have attempted to strangle us in our cradles? Would he not rather have helped us in our sickness and infirmity? Would he not rather have fed us with pure fresh milk and unfermented bread in it? Would he not rather have taken us by the hand, and guided our tottering steps, patiently and cautiously? Instead of which, he blew out the rush-light, because it was *only* a rush-light; he set fire to our cribs, and burned us cruelly.

*Martin.* I have heard all this story from our nurse; but, Jack! Jack! thou wert always a froward child.

*Jack.* Too true, brother! but age hath sobered and softened me: I trust it continues to render me, day by day, a little more like our father. If this aspiration be too high, if this expression be too presumptuous, permit me to correct it, and only to say that, as I advance in life, I do heartily hope, I do anxiously desire, that my steps be more prone and more direct toward him.

*Martin.* Give me thy hand, Brother Jack! This is manly; this is true-hearted.

*Jack.* Can you then bear questioning and reproof, brother?

*Martin.* Not very well, as you know, my old boy. But come, let me try; out with it, out at once!

*Jack.* Martin! Martin! the hottest air taints and corrupts our viands no more certainly, nor more intimately, nor more perniciously, than the lukewarm. So is it, my brother, with the sustenance of the spirit. I have lived where the flocks are scattered and healthy, and where the life of the shepherd is innocent and laborious. You have been spending your days where there is no true shepherd at all, and where the crowded fold is a sad congestion of ordure, scab, and foot-rot. You are grown angry, I hear, at certain new impertinences of the proud bastard whom you never have ventured to disclaim as brother. Shall I reveal to you the secret of this anger?

*Martin (yawning).* With all my heart.

*Jack.* Indifferent as usual! Well, then, continue this indifference until the close of our conversation. The audacious bastard, who dared to spit in our father's face when he forbade any to call him *lord*, sees many of his spawn grown recently from wriggling, black, little tadpoles into party-colored, puffy, croaking frogs; and he claims the whole fat marsh for his own property. The neighboring lords assumed the livery of our Lord Peter, and imitated his voice and bearing. But no sooner had he laid claim to the whole fat marsh, and had driven into it their cattle for his own use, than they raised an outcry throughout the land.

*Martin.* Methinks it was time, Brother Jack.

*Jack.* Brother Martin, it was time long before. The dissolute old bastard collected those spies and assassins who had, even when nations were thought to be less civilized, been driven forth from every kingdom. He now stocks every kingdom with them again, and mounts every throne with them, vicariously. Well do I remember the time, my brother, when I reproved you for a tendency to what is called philosophy. It is true, you laughed in my face: certainly, you will never laugh in it again for any similar reproof. If priests there must be, let them keep their proper station: let the king have his palace, not the priest. When you have assigned to the endowment of schools the many millions which pamper your hierarchs,—those burly bellies, swaying some one way, some another,—then, Martin, we shall meet in brotherly love, and shall say (what I wish we could say sooner, instead of the contrary), “This is verily God’s work, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

*Martin.* There is only one set of men in Europe who are avowedly adverse to the propagation of knowledge, aware that the propagation of knowledge is adverse to their dominion. My friends, I am sorry to say it, are almost as much given to lying as these are. Both parties call themselves *Catholic*, which neither is. Nor indeed, my dear Jack, between ourselves, is it desirable that either should be. Every sect is a moral check on its neighbor. Competition is as wholesome in religion as in commerce. We must bid high for heaven: we must surrender much; we must strive much, we must suffer much; we must make way for others, in order that in our turn we may succeed. There is but one

Guide: we know him by the gentleness of his voice, by the serenity of his countenance, by the wounded in spirit who are clinging to his knees, by the children whom he hath called to him, and by the disciples in whose poverty he hath shared.

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### XXX. TIZIANO VECELLI AND LUIGI CORNARO.<sup>1</sup>

*Cornaro.* Many are the years, Tiziano, since we were youths together here in Venice; and I believe that at the present hour we are nearly the oldest of its inhabitants. You, indeed, are somewhat the younger of the two,—not much; although the present autumn is about the fiftieth since the truest judges gave you the preference over Giovanni Bellini, and after that time you surpassed even greater competitors. Your age hath far outstripped your youth.

*Tiziano.* Ah, Don Luigi! even on the verge of four-score the ear grows not deaf to flattery. I am charmed by your remembrance and your praises.

*Cornaro.* What! after those of kings and emperors?

*Tiziano.* I am far, very far, from indifferent to those commendations which have been bestowed on me by the masters of mankind, who happen in our times to be endowed with better judgment, regarding the higher arts, than the noblest of their subjects. Yet a name which adorns the annals of our republic—a Cornaro—may, without ingratitude toward them, be quite as dear to me.

*Cornaro.* The Emperor Charles is more generous to artists than to sovereigns, although he had the magnanimity to admire in a rival as great a man as himself. But pre-eminently shone his

[<sup>1</sup> Luigi Cornaro is the well-known writer on the art of longevity. At the age of forty years he was broken down in health, and peevish and violent in temper. By following a régime devised by himself, he repaired his constitution so thoroughly that he lived to the age of ninety-nine, dying in the year 1566. He reformed the faults of his temper, and became a student of painting. (Last Fruit, 1853. Works, v., 1876.)]

magnanimity, when he loaded with jewelry and chains and crosses of gold the artist who had depicted the prostration of Austria, in the memorable field of Cadore. This I firmly believe to be the greatest work that Italian art ever achieved.

*Tiziano.* Of mine it certainly is the greatest.

*Cornaro.* Yet how wonderful is the Saint Peter Martyr! In both pictures you have proved yourself the best adapter of external nature to human and superhuman action. The majestic trees, at the stroke of your pencil, rise up worthy to shade the angels in their walks on earth. Many of your subjects were the productions of your hand after the meridian of life.

*Tiziano.* Long after. My fancy flies often from our sea-girt city to my native hills of Cadore, and over the intermediate plains and vineyards and olive-plots and chestnut-groves and forests, and inhales the sharp sunniness of the Alpine air: it invigorates me afresh.

*Cornaro.* Yes, Tiziano! Age never droops into decrepitude while Fancy stands at his side. To how many have you given an existence for centuries! For centuries, did I say? I should have said *for ever*. Successions of engravers will fix upon imperishable metal the lineaments you have deemed worthy of preservation. Canvas may decay, colors may fade; but these artists, animated by your genius, will follow one another through the darkest ages. These are the officers of your household.

“Cursores, vitai lampada tradunt.”

The time will come, perhaps within a few centuries, when the chief glory of a Venetian noble will be the possession of an ancestor by the hand of Tiziano.

*Tiziano.* You greatly overvalue me. There are many in our city who deserve to partake in these eulogies; and many others who followed my steps, and have preceded me to the tomb.

*Cornaro.* It belongs to a generous mind to be well pleased with its likeness in its inferiors: you can bear it even in a rival; you waft away your own praises, and often point toward Urbino.

*Tiziano.* Urbino is richer than Tyre and Sidon ever were; Urbino is more glorified than Troy and Rome. There is only one to whom the Virgin hath confided her Infant; one only to whom the Infant hath manifested his mother: he leans on her

bosom ; but she hath not all his love. Nearer to us, while we are conversing on this favorite of heaven, on this purifier of the human heart, on this inspirer of the most tender and most true religion, is Antonio Allegri of Correggio. Angels play with his pencil ; and he catches them by the wing, and will not let them go. What a canopy hath he raised to himself in the Dome at Parma ! The highest of the departed and of the immortal are guardians of his sepulchre : he deserved it.

*Cornaro.* And deserves he little, deserves he less, who raiseth his fellow-men lower by nature to almost the same elevation ? Can the Venetian Senate ever be extinct while it beholds the effigies of those brave, intelligent, and virtuous men whom you have placed in their ancestral palaces ? There they are seated, or there they stand, according to your disposal and ordinance,—the only sovereign, the only instructed, the only true nobility in Europe. When I have been contemplating the gravity and grandeur of their countenances, and meet afterward a German or Frenchman, I acknowledge the genius, but doubt the species : I perceive that I have left the master, and recognize the groom or lackey.

*Tiziano.* Glorious is indeed our Italy ; and worthy is especially our Venice of her wide dominion, her long existence, her imperishable renown.

*Cornaro.* The wisdom and the valor which have raised her to this eminence, above all the nations of the world, are best commemorated by you. We have industrious and faithful historians ; but history is not always a safeguard against ingratitude and neglect. Now let the most negligent, let the most ungrateful, walk in our galleries, and his eyes will open a passage to his heart. Thanks to Tiziano !

*Tiziano.* Peace ! peace ! too generous Don Luigi ! I have scarcely done justice to several of our senators.

*Cornaro.* You have added fresh nobility to the noblest of them, fresh beauty to the most beautiful of their wives and daughters.

*Tiziano.* Let me confess it frankly : I myself do experience no slight pleasure in looking at them. You smile, Don Luigi. Do you fancy I am liable to be led back into temptation ?

*Cornaro.* Temptations, whether of insane ambition, or any

lighter, if lighter there be any, are unlikely to draw us two astray, so near the grave as we are. Monumental brass will shine for ages over yours; mine will be just as appropriate under the hospitable turf of Padua. I do not wonder that at this season of life you retrace your first steps toward the images you have animated. Our Creator, when he visited for the last time the Paradise he had planted, went not thither at mid-day, but in the cool of evening. Manifest once more to the beautiful pair formed by him after his own image, moved he, the Uncreated, casting no shadow.







DIALOGUES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.



## DIALOGUES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.



### I. QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL.<sup>1</sup>

*Elizabeth.* I advise thee again, churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou callest most uncourteously a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter and shuffles the smock over my head, or the lord that steadieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buck-hounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future?

[<sup>1</sup> "After this Mr Spenser so far gained upon [Sir Philip Sidney] that he became not only his patron but his friend too; entered him at court, and obtained of the Queen a grant of a pension to him as poet laureate. But in this his fate was unkind, the payment after a very short time being stopped by a great councillor who studied more the Queen's profit than her diversion, and told her it was beyond example to give so great a pension to a ballad-maker. Of this the grieved poet complains in his 'Tears of the Muses.'" (See "Life of Spenser" prefixed to the 1678 ed. of his works.) See also Mother Hubbard's Tale. This appears to be the foundation of the anecdote that once Elizabeth ordered a gratuity of a hundred pounds to be given to the poet. Lord Burghley objected to this, saying, "What! so much for a single song!" The Queen replied, "Then give what is reason." Which the Lord Treasurer interpreted to mean nothing at all. Spenser thereupon presented a petition to the Queen, worded as follows:—

"I was promised on a time

To have reason for my thyme.

From that time to this season

I received nor rhyme nor reason."

Lord Burghley was rebuked and Spenser received his due. (Inag. Convers., i., 1824. i., 1826. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Cecil.* Your Highness must remember he carouseth fully for such deserts: fifty pounds a year of unclipped moneys, and a butt of canary wine; not<sup>2</sup> to mention three thousand acres in Ireland, worth fairly another fifty and another butt, in seasonable and quiet years.

*Elizabeth.* The moneys are not enough to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The moneys are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs unto fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness, nor in learned and majestical language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me, and haply the more inasmuch as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

*Cecil.*

“How much is lost when neither heart nor eye  
Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;  
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy  
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

“When, rising from the turf where youth reposed,  
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;  
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,  
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.”

*Elizabeth.* The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras, John Blanquieres, on my account, a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self, indeed, as far as the subject-matter goes, but set forth by him with figures and fancies, and daintily enough bedecked. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian—no matter—he might perhaps have fared the better for it; but poet's wits,—God help them!—when did they

[<sup>2</sup> From “not” to “years” (2 lines) added in 3rd ed. Note in 1st and 2nd eds. reads: “Calculating the price of provisions and the increase of taxes, the poet-laureate in the time of Elizabeth had about four times as much as at present (1816); so that Cecil spoke reasonably, Elizabeth royally.”]

ever sit close about them? Read the pocsy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

*Cecil.*

“Where forms the lotus, with its level leaves  
And solid blossoms, many floating isles,  
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves  
The darksome wave! Unwonted beauty smiles

“On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,  
On every nymph, and twenty sate around.  
Lo! ’twas Diana—from the sultry hour  
Hither she fled, nor fear’d she sight or sound.

“Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds  
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly!  
Three faithful dogs before him rais’d their heads,  
And watched and wonder’d at that fixed eye.

“Forth sprang his favorite—with her arrow-hand,  
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,  
Of every nymph and every reed complain’d,  
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

“On the prone head and sandal’d feet they flew—  
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!  
The last marr’d voice not e’en the favorite knew.  
But bay’d and fasten’d on the upbraiding deer.

“Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine  
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!  
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine—”

*Elizabeth.* Pshaw! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended,—pitifully, pitifully.

*Cecil.* I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the aforecited pocsy hath chosen your Highness; for I have seen painted—I know not where, but I think no farther off than Putney—the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as he calls them, and more dogs. So small a matter as a page of pocsy shall never stir my choler nor twitch my purse-string.

*Elizabeth.* I have read in Plinius and Mela of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such a jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler words,

which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not from the fountain of honor give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening and leaving in <sup>3</sup> its tomb the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered: if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey its most faithful propagator and most firm support? Mark <sup>4</sup> me, I do not speak of that existence which the proudest must close in a ditch,—the narrowest, too, of ditches and the soonest filled and fouled, and whereunto a pinch of ratsbane or a poppyhead may bend him; but of that which repôses on our own good deeds, carefully picked up, skilfully put together, and decorously laid out for us by another's kind understanding: I speak of an existence, such as no father is author of, or provides for. The parent gives us few days and sorrowful; the poet, many and glorious: the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues.

A page of poesy is a little matter: be it so; but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast-board; but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovereign dwell together; next year, they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy-seal is an earl: what then? the keeper of my poultry-yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.

I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council-chamber. If Alexander was the Great, what was Aristoteles who made him

[<sup>3</sup> First ed. reads: "in cold obstruction the, &c."]

[<sup>4</sup> From "Mark" to "for" (8 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

so, and taught him every art and science he knew, except three, —those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom friends? Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza; but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle: he complains of fortune, not of Elizabeth; of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved,—so help me, God!—he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons, with the apostles on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom. Beside which, set open before him with due reverence this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God toward those who waited in patience for his blessing; and this pair of crimson silk hose, which thou knowest I have worn only thirteen months, taking heed that the heel-piece be put into good and sufficient restoration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman nigh <sup>5</sup> the pollard elm at Charing-cross.

## II. ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.<sup>1</sup>

*Ascham.* Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it: submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honour in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude

<sup>5</sup> From "nigh" to "elm" added in 3rd ed.]

<sup>1</sup> Imag. Convers., ii., 1824 ii., 1826. Works, 1846. Works, v., 1876.]



of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas !  
alas !

*Jane.* What aileth my virtuous Ascham ? What is amiss ?  
Why do I tremble ?

*Ascham.* I<sup>2</sup> remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago : it is a prophecy of my condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses ?—

“ Invisibly bright water ! so like air,  
On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear  
My little bark, of all light barks most light,  
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,  
And, hanging back, breath'd each fresh gale aghast,  
And held the bench, not to go on so fast.”

*Jane.* I was very childish when I composed them ; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

*Ascham.* Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl ; and, there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably ; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

*Jane.* I will do it, and whatever else you command ; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his creature.

Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company ; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

*Ascham.* Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously : but at home, at home, Jane ! indoors, and about things indoors ; for God is there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady ! such as ocean never heard of ; and many (who knows how soon ?) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

[<sup>2</sup> From “ I ” to “ given ” (37 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Jane.* Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

*Ascham.* I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

*Jane.* I have well bethought me of my duties. Oh how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But, tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Plutarch and Polybius? The others I do resign; they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk: yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father,—leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow,—truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

*Ascham.* Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

*Jane.* I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, —unworthy supplicant!—the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

*Ascham.* Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

*Jane.* He is contented with me and with home.

*Ascham.* Ah Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

*Jane.* He told me he never liked books unless I read them to

him: I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I will conduct him to treasures,—Oh what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

*Ascham.* Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his fairy, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and, if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

### III. HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.<sup>1</sup>

*Henry.* Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this yeoman's dress? 'S blood! does it require so long and vacant a stare to recollect a husband after a week or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a scream, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, were enough. Why, verily the little fool faints in earnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk the ghosts, give us no warning. (*Sprinkling water over her.*) Hast had water enough upon thee? Take that, then: art thyself again?

*Anne.* Father of mercies! do I meet again my husband, as was my last prayer on earth? Do I behold my beloved lord—in peace—and pardoned, my partner in eternal bliss? It was his voice. I cannot see him: why cannot I? Oh why do these pangs interrupt the transports of the blessed?

*Henry.* Thou openest thy arms: faith! I came for that. Nanny, thou art a sweet slut.\* Thou groonest, wench: art in

[<sup>1</sup> Imag. Convers.. ii., 1824. ii., 1826. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.]

\* Henry was not unlearned, nor indifferent to the costlier externals of a gentleman; but in manners and language he was hardly on a level with our hostlers of the present day. He was fond of bear-baitings and other such amusements in the midst of the rabble, and would wrestle with Francis I. His reign is one continued proof, glaring and wearisome as a

labor? Faith! among the mistakes of the night, I am ready to think almost that thou hast been drinking, and that I have not.

*Anne.* God preserve your Highness: grant me your forgiveness for one slight offence. My eyes were heavy; I fell asleep while I was reading. I did not know of your presence at first; and, when I did, I could not speak. I strove for utterance: I wanted no respect for my liege and husband.

*Henry.* My pretty warm nestling, thou wilt then lie! Thou wert reading, and aloud too, with thy saintly cup of water by thee, and—what! thou art still girlishly fond of those dried cherries!

*Anne.* I had no other fruit to offer your Highness the first time I saw you, and you were then pleased to invent for me some reason why they should be acceptable. I did not dry these: may I present them, such as they are? We shall have fresh next month.

*Henry.* Thou art always driving away from the discourse. One moment it suits thee to know me, another not.

*Anne.* Remember, it is hardly three months since I miscarried: \* I am weak, and liable to swoons.

Lapland summer day, that even the English form of government, under a sensual king with money at his disposal, may serve only to legitimize injustice. The Constitution was still insisted on, in all its original strength and purity, by those who had abolished many of its fundamental laws, and had placed the remainder at the discretion of the King. It never has had a more zealous advocate than Empson. This true patriot of legitimacy requested on his trial, that, "if he and Dudley were punished, it might not be divulged to other nations, lest they should infer that the final dissolution of the English government was approaching."

The government was whatever the King ordered; and he a ferocious and terrific thing, swinging on high between two windy superstitions, and caught and propelled alternately by fanaticism and lust. In Anne Boleyn, the frank and unsuspecting gayety of her temper, the restless playfulness of high spirits, which we often saw formerly in the families of country gentlemen, first captivated the affections and afterwards raised the jealousy of Henry. Lightness of spirit, which had made all about her happy the whole course of her life, made her so the last day of it. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, and Henry on the morrow married Jane Seymour.

\* She miscarried of a son, January the 29th, 1536: the King concluded from this event that his marriage was disagreeable to God. He had abundance of conclusions for believing that his last marriage was disagreeable to God, whenever he wanted a fresh one, and was ready in due time to give up this too with the same resignation; but he never had any

*Henry.* Thou hast, however, thy bridal cheeks, with lustre upon them when there is none elsewhere, and obstinate lips resisting all impression ; but, now thou talkest about miscarrying, who is the father of the boy ?

*Anne.* The Father is yours and mine ; he who hath taken him to his own home, before (like me) he could struggle or cry for it.

*Henry.* Pagan, or worse, to talk so ! He did not come into the world alive : there was no baptism.

*Anne.* I thought only of our loss : my senses are confounded. I did not give him my milk, and yet I loved him tenderly ; for I often fancied, had he lived, how contented and joyful he would have made you and England.

*Henry.* No subterfuges and escapes. I warrant, thou canst not say whether at my entrance thou wert waking or wandering.

*Anne.* Faintness and drowsiness came upon me suddenly.

*Henry.* Well, since thou really and truly sleepedst, what didst dream of ?

*Anne.* I begin to doubt whether I did indeed sleep.

*Henry.* Ha ! false one—never two sentences of truth together ! But come, what didst think about, asleep or awake ?

*Anne.* I thought that God had pardoned me my offences, and had received me unto him.

*Henry.* And nothing more ?

*Anne.* That my prayers had been heard and my wishes were accomplishing : the angels alone can enjoy more beatitude than this.

*Henry.* Vexatious little devil ! she says nothing now about me, merely from perverseness. Hast thou never thought about me, nor about thy falsehood and adultery ?

*Anne.* If I had committed any kind of falsehood, in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon ; but, if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even of God's mercy.

*Henry.* Thou hast heretofore cast some soft glances upon Smeaton ; hast thou not ?

*conclusions* of doing a thing disagreeable to God when a divorce or decapitation was in question.

*Anne.* He taught me to play on the virginals, as you know, when I was little, and thereby to please your Highness.

*Henry.* And Brereton and Norris, what have they taught thee?

*Anne.* They are your servants, and trusty ones.

*Henry.* Has not Weston told thee plainly that he loved thee?

*Anne.* Yes; and—

*Henry.* What didst thou?

*Anne.* I defied him.

*Henry.* Is that all?

*Anne.* I could have done no more if he had told me that he hated me. Then, indeed, I should have incurred more justly the reproaches of your Highness: I should have smiled.

*Henry.* We have proofs abundant: the fellows shall one and all confront thee.—Ay, clap thy hands and kiss thy sleeve, harlot!

*Anne.* Oh, that so great a favor is vouchsafed me! My honor is secure; my husband will be happy again; he will see my innocence.

*Henry.* Give me now an account of the moneys thou hast received from me within these nine months. I want them not back: they are letters of gold in record of thy guilt. Thou hast had no fewer than fifteen thousand pounds in that period, without even thy asking; what hast done with it, wanton?

*Anne.* I have regularly placed it out to interest.

*Henry.* Where? I demand of thee.

*Anne.* Among the needy and ailing. My Lord Archbishop has the account of it, sealed by him weekly.\* I also had a copy myself: those who took away my papers may easily find it; for there are few others, and they lie open.

*Henry.* Think on my munificence to thee; recollect who made thee. Dost sigh for what thou hast lost?

\* The Duke of Norfolk obtained an order that the Archbishop of Canterbury should retire to his palace of Lambeth on the Queen's trial. Burnet, very sharp-sighted on irregularities in ladies, says that she had distributed in the last nine months of her life, between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds among the poor,—a sum equal in value to nearly five times the amount at present. It tends to prove how little she could have reserved for vanities or favorites.

*Anne.* I do, indeed.

*Henry.* I never thought thee ambitious ; but thy vices creep out one by one.

*Anne.* I do not regret that I have been a queen and am no longer one ; nor that my innocence is called in question by those who never knew me : but I lament that the good people who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me ; that those who pointed me out to their daughters for imitation, check them when they speak about me ; and that he whom next to God I have served with most devotion is my accuser.

*Henry.*<sup>2</sup> Wast thou conning over something in that dingy book for thy defence ? Come, tell me, what wast thou reading ?

*Anne.* This ancient chronicle. I was looking for some one in my own condition, and must have missed the page. Surely in so many hundred years there shall have been other young maidens, first too happy for exaltation, and after too exalted for happiness,—not, perchance, doomed to die upon a scaffold, by those they ever honored and served faithfully : that, indeed, I did not look for nor think of ; but my heart was bounding for any one I could love and pity. She would be unto me as a sister dead and gone ; but hearing me, seeing me, consoling me, and being consoled. O my husband ! it is so heavenly a thing—

*Henry.* To whine and whimper, no doubt, is vastly heavenly.

*Anne.* I said not so ; but those, if there be any such, who never weep, have nothing in them of heavenly or of earthly. The plants, the trees, the very rocks and unsunned clouds, show us at least the semblances of weeping ; and there is not an aspect of the globe we live on, nor of the waters and skies around it, without a reference and a similitude to our joys or sorrows.

*Henry.* I do not remember that notion anywhere. Take care no enemy rake out of it something of materialism. Guard well thy empty hot brain : it may hatch more evil. As for those odd words, I myself would fain see no great harm in them, knowing that grief and frenzy strike out many things which would else lie still, and neither spirt nor sparkle. I also know that thou hast never read any thing but Bible and history,—the two worst books in the world for young people, and the most certain to lead astray both prince and subject. For which reason I have interdicted

[<sup>2</sup> From "Henry" to "themselves" (46 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

and entirely put down the one, and will (by the blessing of the Virgin and of holy Paul) commit the other to a rigid censor. If it behooves us kings to enact what our people shall eat and drink, —of which the most unruly and rebellious spirit can entertain no doubt,—greatly more doth it behoove us to examine what they read and think. The body is moved according to the mind and will: we must take care that the movement be a right one, on pain of God's anger in this life and the next.

*Anne.* O my dear husband! <sup>3</sup> it must be a naughty thing, indeed, that makes him angry beyond remission. Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive any one? There is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily.

*Henry.* Resemble God perfectly and easily! Do vile creatures talk thus of the Creator?

*Anne.* No, Henry, when his creatures talk thus of him, they are no longer vile creatures! When they know that he is good, they love him; and, when they love him, they are good themselves. O Henry! my husband and King! the judgments of our Heavenly Father are righteous: on this, surely, we must think alike.

*Henry.* And what, then? Speak out: again I command thee, speak plainly! thy tongue was not so torpid but this moment. Art <sup>4</sup> ready? Must I wait?

*Anne.* If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this business; should it haply seem possible to you that passion or prejudice, in yourself or another, may have warped so strong an understanding, —do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen and enlighten it, and he will hear you.

*Henry.* What! thou wouldst fain change thy quarters, ay?

*Anne.* My spirit is detached and ready, and I shall change them shortly, whatever your Highness may determine. Ah! <sup>5</sup> my native Bickling is a pleasant place. May I go back to it? Does that kind smile say, *Yes*? Do the hounds ever run that way now? The fruit-trees must be all in full blossom, and the gorse on the hill above quite dazzling. How good it was in you to plant your park at Greenwich after my childish notion,

<sup>3</sup> Second ed. reads "husband. God is very good natured, if you will let him be so: it must," &c.]

<sup>4</sup> From "Art" to "wait" added in 3rd ed.]

<sup>5</sup> From "Ah!" to "thing" (10 lines) added in 3rd ed.]



tree for tree, the very same as at Bickling? Has the hard winter killed them, or the winds loosened the stakes about them?

*Henry.* Silly child! as if thou shouldst see them any more.

*Anne.* Alas, what strange things happen! But they and I are nearly of the same age; young alike, and without hold upon any thing.

*Henry.* Yet thou appearest hale and resolute, and (they tell me) smirkest and smilest to everybody.

*Anne.* The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it; and I have heard stories of the breeze in other climates that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing. My heart, indeed, is now sustained strangely: it became the more sensibly so from that time forward, when power and grandeur and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight. Every act of kindness in those about me gives me satisfaction and pleasure, such as I did not feel formerly. I was worse before God chastened me; yet I was never an ingrate. What pains have I taken to find out the village-girls who placed their posies in my chamber ere I arose in the morning! How gladly would I have recompensed the forester who lit up a brake on my birthnight, which else had warmed him half the winter! But these are times past: I was not Queen of England.

*Henry.* Nor adulterous, nor heretical.

*Anne.* God be praised!

*Henry.* Learned saint! thou knowest nothing of the lighter, but perhaps canst inform me about the gravel, of them.

*Anne.* Which may it be, my liege?

*Henry.* Which may it be? Pestilence! I marvel that the walls of this tower do not crack around thee at such impiety.

*Anne.* I would be instructed by the wisest of theologians: such is your Highness.

*Henry.* Are the sins of the body, foul as they are, comparable to those of the soul?

*Anne.* When they are united, they must be worse.

*Henry.* Go on, go on: thou pushest thy own breast against the sword. God hath deprived thee of thy reason for thy punishment. I must hear more: proceed, I charge thee.

*Anne.* An aptitude to believe one thing rather than another, from ignorance or weakness, or from the more persuasive manner

of the teacher, or from his purity of life, or from the strong impression of a particular text at a particular time, and various things beside, may influence and decide our opinion; and the hand of the Almighty, let us hope, will fall gently on human fallibility.

*Henry.* Opinion in matters of faith! rare wisdom! rare religion! Troth, Anne! thou hast well sobered me. I came rather warmly and lovingly; but these light ringlets, by the holy rood, shall not shade this shoulder much longer. Nay, do not start; I tap it for the last time, my sweetest. If the Church permitted it, thou shouldst set forth on thy long journey with the eucharist between thy teeth, however loath.

*Anne.* Love your Elizabeth, my honoured lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me. Do not chide her: think how young she is.\*

Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would comfort my heart,—or break it.

\* Elizabeth was not quite three years old at her mother's death, being born the 7th of September, 1533.

It does not appear that the Defender of the Faith brought his wife to the scaffold for the good of her soul, nor that she was pregnant at the time, which would have added much to the merit of the action, as there is the probability that the child would have been heretical. Casper Scioppius, who flourished in the same century, says in his *Classium Belli Sacri* that the children of heretics should not be pardoned, lest, if they grow up, they be implicated in the wickedness of their parents, and perish eternally.

Literature and religion seem to have been contending two hundred years, unintermittingly, which of them should be most efficient in banishing humanity and civility from the world,—the very things which it was their business to propagate and preserve, and without which they not only are useless but pernicious. Scioppius stood as bottle-holder to both, in their most desperate attacks. He, who was so munificent to children, in little fagots, little swords, and little halters, gave also a Christmas-box to James I. "*Alexipharmacum regium felle draconum et veneno aspidum, sub Philippi Mornai de Plessis imperâ papatus historâ ibdito, appositum, et serenissimo Domino, Jacobo Magnæ Britannie regi, strenæ Januariæ l.o.o. muneris missum.*" From the inexhaustible stores of his generosity he made another such present. "*Collyrium Regium Britannie regi, graviter ex oculis laboranti, muneris missum.*" Sir Henry Wotton, who found him in Madrid, to requite him for his Christmas-box and box of eye-salve, ordered him to be whipped without a metaphor: on which Lavanda says, "*Quid Hispanie calleat Scioppius haud scio; si quid tamen istius linguæ in ipso fuit, tunc opinor exseruit maxime quando in Hispaniâ Anglice vapulavit.*" The remedies of Henry were less fallible, and his gifts more royal.

IV. BENIOWSKI AND APHANASIA.<sup>1</sup>

*Aphanasia.* You are leaving us! you are leaving us! O Maurice! in these vast wildernesses are you, then, the only thing cruel?

*Beniowski.* Aphanasia! who, in the name of Heaven, could have told you this?

*Aphanasia.* Your sighs when we met at lesson.

*Beniowski.* And may not an exile sigh? Does the merciless Catharine, the murderer of her husband,—does even she forbid it? Loss of rank, of estate, of liberty, of country!—

*Aphanasia.* You had lost them, and still were happy. Did not you tell me that our studies were your consolation, and that Aphanasia was your heart's content?

*Beniowski.* Innocence and youth should ever be unsuspecting.

*Aphanasia.* I am, then, wicked in your eyes! Hear me! hear me! It was no suspicion in me. Fly, Maurice! fly, my beloved Maurice! my father knows your intention,—fly, fly!

[<sup>1</sup> I have to thank Mr W. R. Morfil, Reader in Slavonic at the University of Oxford, for the following information about Beniowski. He has formed the subject of a play by the dramatist Kotzibue and a long poem in Polish by Skowacki. Beniowski was born in Hungary in 1741. He entered the army of the Polish Confederates, and was taken prisoner by the Russians and banished to Siberia. Kiri Khilov, the Governor of Kamscatka, treated him very kindly, and employed him in teaching his children languages. Beniowski was already married, but this did not prevent him from falling in love with his pupil, Aphanasia. He induced her to escape with him, taking with them several other prisoners. After many hardships, they reached Formosa, and thence got to Macao, near Hong Kong, and there Aphanasia died. Beniowski afterwards lived a wandering life, first fighting for the French in Madagascar, where they were trying to found a colony; then fighting for the English in the same island against the French. In this last service he was killed in a skirmish in the year 1783. (Imag. Convers., iii., 1828. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.) In Lander's own copy of his Imaginary Conversations, to be seen in the Forster Library at South Kensington Museum, there occurs a small printed fragment of this Conversation, forming an addition of several lines. (See Note 2.) Every effort has been made to trace this fragment to the book or magazine from which it has been torn out, but without success.]

*Beniowski.* Impossible! how know it? how suspect it? Speak, my sweet girl! be calm.

*Aphanasia.* Only do not go while there is nothing under heaven but the snows and sea. Where will you find food? Who will chafe your hands? Who will warn you not to sleep lest you should die? And whose voice, can you tell me, will help your smiles to waken you? Maurice, dear Maurice, only stay until the summer: my father will then have ceased to suspect you, and I may learn from you how to bear it. March, April, May—three months are little—you have been here three months—one fagot's blaze! Do promise me. I will throw myself on the floor, and ask my good, kind father to let you leave us.

*Beniowski.* Aphanasia! are you wild! My dearest girl, abandon the idea! you ruin me; you cause my imprisonment, my deprivation of you, my death. Listen to me: I swear to do nothing without you.

*Aphanasia.* Oh, yes! you go without me.

*Beniowski.* Painfullest of my thoughts! No; here let me live,—here, lost, degraded, useless; and Aphanasia be the witness of nothing but my ignominy. O God! was I born for this: is mine a light to set in this horizon?

*Aphanasia.* I do not understand you: did you pray? May the saints of heaven direct you! but not to leave me!

*Beniowski.* O Aphanasia! I thought you were too reasonable and too courageous to shed tears: you did not weep before; why do you now?

*Aphanasia.*<sup>2</sup> Ah! why did you read to me, once, of those two lovers who were buried in the same grave?

*Beniowski.* What two? there have been several.

*Aphanasia.* Dearest, dearest Maurice! are lovers, then, often so happy to the last? God will be as good to us as to any; for surely we trust in him as much. Come, come along: let us run to the sea the whole way. There is fondness in your sweet, compassionate face; and yet, I pray you, do not look,—oh do not look, at me! I am so ashamed. Take me, take me with you: let us away this instant! Loose me from your arms, dear Maurice: let me go; I will return again directly. Forgive me!

[<sup>2</sup> From "*Aphanasia*" to "much" (6 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

but forgive me ! Do not think me vile ! You do not : I know you do not, now you kiss me.

*Beniowski.* Never will I consent to loose you, light of my deliverance ! Let this unite us eternally, my sweet espoused Aphanasia !

*Aphanasia.* Espoused !<sup>3</sup> O blessed day ! O light from heaven ! I could no longer be silent ; I could not speak otherwise. The seas are very wide, they tell me, and covered with rocks of ice and mountains of snow for many versts, upon which there is not an aspen or birch or alder to catch at, if the wind should blow hard. There is no rye, nor berries, nor little birds tamed<sup>4</sup> by the frost, nor beasts asleep ; and many days, and many long, stormy nights must be endured upon the waves without food. Could you bear this quite alone ?

*Beniowski.* Could you bear it, Aphanasia ?

*Aphanasia.* Alone, I could not.

*Beniowski.* Could you with me ? Think again : we both must suffer.

*Aphanasia.* How can we, Maurice ? Shall not we die together ? Why do you clasp me so hard ?

*Beniowski.* Could you endure to see, hour after hour, the deaths and the agonies of the brave ?—how many deaths ! what dreadful agonies ! The fury of thirst, the desperation of hunger ? To hear their bodies plunged nightly into the unhallowed deep ; but first, Aphanasia, to hear them curse me as the author of their sufferings, the deluder of an innocent and inexperienced girl, dragging her with me to a watery grave, famished and ghastly, so lovely and so joyous but the other day ? O my Aphanasia ! there are things which you have never heard, never should have heard, and must hear. You have read about the works of God in the creation ?

*Aphanasia.* My father could teach me thus far : it is in the Bible.

*Beniowski.* You have read, "In his image created he man."

*Aphanasia.* I thought it strange, until I saw you, Maurice !

*Beniowski.* Strange, then, will you think it that man himself breaks this image in his brother.

[<sup>3</sup> From "Espoused" to "heaven" added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>4</sup> From "tamed" to "frost" added in 2nd ed.]

*Aphanasia.* Cain did, and was accursed for it.

*Beniowski.* We do, and are honored; dishonored, if we do not. This is yet distant from the scope of my discourse. You have heard the wolves and bears howl about our sheds?

*Aphanasia.* Oh, yes! and I have been told that they come upon the ice into the sea. But I am not afraid of them: I will give you a signal when they are near us.

*Beniowski.* Hunger is sometimes so intolerable, it compels them to kill and devour one another.

*Aphanasia.* They are violent and hurtful creatures; but that shocks me.

*Beniowski.* What, if men did it?

*Aphanasia.* Merciful Redeemer! You do not mean, devour each other?

*Beniowski.* Hunger has driven men to this extremity. You doubt my words: astonishment<sup>5</sup> turns you pale,—paler than ever

*Aphanasia.* I do believe you.—Was I then so pale? I know they kill one another when they are not famished; can I wonder that they eat one another when they are? The cruelty would be less, even without the compulsion; but the killing did not seem so strange to me, because I had heard of it before.

*Beniowski.* Think! our mariners may draw lots for the victim, or may seize the weakest.

*Aphanasia.* I am the weakest; "what can you say now? O foolish girl to have spoken it! You have hurt, you have hurt your forehead! Do not stride away from me thus wildly! Do not throw back on me those reproaching, those terrifying glances! Have the sailors no better hopes of living, strong as they are, and accustomed to the hardships and dangers of the ocean?

*Beniowski.* Hopes there are always.

*Aphanasia.* Why, then, do you try to frighten me with what is not and may not ever be? Why look as if it pained you to be kind to me? Do you retract the promise yet warm upon your lips? Would you render the sea itself more horrible than it is? Am I ignorant that it has whirlpools and monsters in its bosom; and storms and tempests that will never let it rest; and revenge-

[<sup>5</sup> From "astonishment" to "ever" added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>6</sup> First ed. reads: "weakest. Are there no better hopes for them of living," &c., five lines below.]

ful and remorseless men, that mix each other's blood in its salt waters, when cities and solitudes are not vast enough to receive it? The sea is indeed a very frightful thing: I will look away from it. I protest to you I never will be sad or frightened at it, if you will but let me go with you. If you will not, O Maurice, I shall die with fear; I shall never see you again, though you return,—and you will so wish to see me! For you will grow kinder when you are away.

*Beniowski.* O Aphanasia! little know you me or yourself.

*Aphanasia.* While you are with me, I know how dearly I love you; when you are absent, I cannot think it half, so<sup>7</sup> many sighs and sorrows interrupt me! And you will love me very much when you are gone! Even this might pain you: do not let it! No! you have promised; 'twas I who had forgotten it, not you.

How your heart beats! These are your tears upon my hair and shoulders.

*Beniowski.* May they be the last we shall mingle!

*Aphanasia.* Let me run, then, and embrace my father: if he does not bless me, you ought not.

*Beniowski.* Aphanasia, I will not refuse you even what would disunite us. Let me, too, stay and perish!

*Aphanasia.* Ah, my most tender, most confiding father! must you then weep for me, or must you hate me?

*Beniowski.* We shall meet again; and soon, perhaps. I promise it. The seas will spare us. He who inspires the heart of Aphanasia will preserve her days.

[<sup>7</sup> From "so" to "me" added in 2nd ed.]

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## V. BOSSUET AND THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES.<sup>1</sup>\*

*Bossuet.* Mademoiselle, it is the King's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

*Fontanges.* O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His Majesty is kind and polite to everybody. The last thing he said to me was, "Angélique! do not forget to compliment Monseigneur the Bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the Dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him, only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you,<sup>2</sup> now you are Duchess. Let him be your confessor, my little girl. He has fine manners."

*Bossuet.* I dare not presume to ask you, mademoiselle, what was your gracious reply to the condescension of our royal master.

*Fontanges.* Oh, yes! you may. I told him I was almost sure I should be ashamed of confessing such naughty things to a person of high rank, who writes like an angel.

*Bossuet.* The observation was inspired, mademoiselle, by your goodness and modesty.

[<sup>1</sup> "I am going to tell you a piece of news, which is no secret, and you will have the happiness of being one of the first women to hear it. Madame de Fontanges is a duchess with a pension of twenty thousand crowns. She received to-day her congratulations in bed. The King was there publicly; to-morrow she takes her foot-stool at court, and goes for Easter to an abbey which the King has given to one of her sisters. There is a separation for you, which will reflect much glory on her confessor's severity. Some folk say all this looks like a dismissal; for my part I do not think so, but time will show." Mme. de Sévigné, 6 April. 1680. Mme. de Fontanges has given a word to the French language. One day, while walking, she noticed that her hair was coming down; and with her garter tied it up with a bow over her forehead. A knot of ribbon was afterwards used for that purpose, and called by her name. See note to the 1821 edition of Boileau i., p. 296. (Vol. iii., 1828. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

\*The Abbé de Choisy says that she was "*belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier.*"

[<sup>2</sup> Note in 1st ed. reads: "*To confess you.* I should be ashamed of using so ungrammatical an expression, if it were not the one in use on such occasions." One line below, from "He" to "manners" added in 2nd ed.]



*Fontanges.* You are so agreeable a man; monseigneur, I will confess to you, directly, if you like.

*Bossuet.* Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady?

*Fontanges.* What is that?

*Bossuet.* Do you hate sin?

*Fontanges.* Very much.

*Bossuet.* Are you resolved to leave it off?

*Fontanges.* I have left it off entirely since the King began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since.

*Bossuet.* In your opinion, mademoiselle, are there no other sins than malice?

*Fontanges.* I never stole any thing; I never committed adultery; I never coveted my neighbour's wife; I never killed any person, though several have told me they should die for me.

*Bossuet.* Vain, idle talk! Did you listen to it?

*Fontanges.* Indeed I did, with both ears; it seemed so funny.

*Bossuet.* You have something to answer for, then.

*Fontanges.* No, indeed, I have not, monseigneur. I have asked many times after them, and found they were all alive; which mortified me.

*Bossuet.* So, then! you would really have them die for you?

*Fontanges.* Oh, no, no! but I wanted to see whether they were in earnest, or told me fibs; for, if they told me fibs, I would never trust them again. I<sup>3</sup> do not care about them; for the King told me I was only to mind *him*.

*Bossuet.* Lowest and highest, we all owe to his Majesty our duty and submission.

*Fontanges.* I am sure he has mine: so you need not blame me or question me on that. At first, indeed, when he entered the folding-doors, I was in such a flurry I could hear my heart beat across the chamber; by degrees I cared little about the matter; and at last, when I grew used to it, I liked it rather than not. Now, if this is not confession, what is?

*Bossuet.* We must abstract the soul from every low mundane thought. Do you hate the world, mademoiselle?

[<sup>3</sup> From "I" to "thought" (12 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Fontanges.* A good deal of it: all Picardy, for example, and all Sologne; nothing is uglier,—and, oh my life! what frightful men and women?

*Bossuet.* I would say, in plain language, do you hate the flesh and the Devil?

*Fontanges.* Who does not hate the Devil? If you will hold my hand the while, I will tell him so.—I hate you, beast! There now. As for flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Such people can neither dance nor hunt, nor do anything that I know of.

*Bossuet.* Mademoiselle Marie-Angélique de Scoraille de Rousille, Duchess de Fontanges! do you hate titles and dignities and yourself?

*Fontanges.* Myself! does any one hate me? Why should I be the first? Hatred is the worst thing in the world: it makes one so very ugly.

*Bossuet.* To love God, we must hate ourselves. We must detest our bodies, if we would save our souls.

*Fontanges.* That is hard: how can I do it? I see nothing so detestable in mine. Do you? To love is easier. I love God whenever I think of him, he has been so very good to me; but I cannot hate myself, if I would. As God hath not hated me, why should I? Beside, it was he who made the King to love me; for I heard you say in a sermon that the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance. As for titles and dignities, I do not care much about them while his Majesty loves me, and calls me his Angélique. They make people more civil about us; and therefore it must be a simpleton who hates or disregards them, and a hypocrite who pretends it. I am glad to be a duchess. Manon and Lisette have never tied my garter so as to hurt me since, nor has the mischievous old La Grange said anything cross or bold: on the contrary, she told me what a fine color and what a plumpness it gave me. Would not you rather be a duchess than a waiting-maid or a nun, if the King gave you your choice?

*Bossuet.* Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am confounded at the levity of your question.

*Fontanges.* I am in earnest, as you see.

*Bossuet.* Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms: you will be commended for excellences which

do not belong to you ; and this you will find as injurious to your repose as to your virtue. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it, you are unhappy ; if you accept it, you are undone. The compliments of a king are of themselves sufficient to pervert your intellect.

*Fontanges.* There you are mistaken twice over. It is not my person that pleases him so greatly : it is my spirit, my wit, my talents, my genius, and that very thing which you have mentioned—what was it ? my intellect. He never complimented me the least upon my beauty. Others have said that I am the most beautiful young creature under heaven ; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph, an angel ; worth (let me whisper it in your ear—do I lean too hard ?) a thousand Montespons. But his Majesty never said more on the occasion than that I was *imparagonable* ! (what is that ?) and that he adored me ; holding my hand and sitting quite still, when he might have romped with me and kissed me.

*Bossuet.* I would aspire to the glory of converting you.

*Fontanges.* You may do anything with me but convert me : you must not do that ; I am a Catholic born. M. de Turenne and Mademoiselle de Duras were heretics : you did right there. The King told the chancellor that he prepared them, that the business was arranged for you, and that you had nothing to do but to get ready the arguments and responses, which you did gallantly,—did not you ? And yet Mademoiselle de Duras was very awkward for a long while afterward in crossing herself, and was once remarked to beat her breast in the litany with the points of two fingers at a time, when every one is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring upon it or not. I am sorry she did so ; for people might think her insincere in her conversion, and pretend that she kept a finger for each religion.

*Bossuet.* It would be as uncharitable to doubt the conviction of Mademoiselle de Duras as that of M. le Maréchal.

*Fontanges.* I have heard some fine verses, I can assure you, monseigneur, in which you are called the conqueror of Turenne. I should like to have been his conqueror myself, he was so great a man. I understand that you have lately done a much more difficult thing.

*Bossuet.* To what do you refer, mademoiselle ?

*Fontanges.* That you have overcome quietism. Now, in the name of wonder, how could you manage that?

*Bossuet.* By the grace of God.

*Fontanges.* Yes, indeed; but never until now did God give any preacher so much of his grace as to subdue this pest.

*Bossuet.* It has appeared among us but lately.

*Fontanges.* Oh, dear me! I have always been subject to it dreadfully, from a child.

*Bossuet.* Really! I never heard so.

*Fontanges.* I checked myself as well as I could, although they constantly told me I looked well in it.

*Bossuet.* In what, mademoiselle?

*Fontanges.* In quietism; that is, when I fell asleep at sermon-time. I am ashamed that such a learned and pious man as M. de Fénelon should incline to it,\* as they say he does.

*Bossuet.* Mademoiselle, you quite mistake the matter.

*Fontanges.* Is not then M. de Fénelon thought a very pious and learned person?

*Bossuet.* And justly.

*Fontanges.* I have read a great way in a romance he has begun, about a knight-errant in search of a father. The King says there are many such about his court; but I never saw them nor heard of them before. The Marchioness de la Motte, his relative, brought it to me, written out in a charming hand, as much as the copy-book would hold; and I got through, I know not how far. If he had gone on with the nymphs in the grotto, I never should have been tired of him; but he quite forgot his own story, and left them at once; in a hurry (I suppose) to set out upon his mission to Saintonge in the *pays d' Aunis*, where the King has promised him a famous *berclic-hunt*. He is, I do assure you, a wonderful creature: he understands so much Latin and Greek, and knows all the tricks of the sorceresses. Yet<sup>4</sup> you keep him under.

\* The opinions of Molinos on Mysticism and Quietism had begun to spread abroad; but Fénelon, who had acquired already a very high celebrity for eloquence, had not yet written on the subject. We may well suppose that Bossuet was among the earliest assailants of a system which he afterward attacked so vehemently. The stormier superstition swept away the more vapory.

[<sup>4</sup> From "Yet" to "under" added in 2nd ed.]

*Bossuet.* Mademoiselle, if you really have any thing to confess, and if you desire that I should have the honor of absolving you, it would be better to proceed in it, than to oppress me with unmerited eulogies on my humble labors.

*Fontanges.* You must first direct me, monseigneur: I have nothing particular. The King assures me there is no harm whatever in his love toward me.

*Bossuet.* That depends on your thoughts at the moment. If you abstract the mind from the body, and turn your heart toward heaven—

*Fontanges.* O monseigneur, I always did so—every time but once—you quite make me blush. Let us converse about something else, or I shall grow too serious, just as you made me the other day at the funeral sermon. And now let me tell you, my Lord, you compose such pretty funeral sermons, I hope I shall have the pleasure of hearing you preach mine.

*Bossuet.* Rather let us hope, mademoiselle, that the hour is yet far distant when so melancholy a service will be performed for you. May he who is unborn be the sad announcer of your departure hence! \* May he indicate to those around him many virtues not perhaps yet full-blown in you, and point triumphantly to many faults and foibles checked by you in their early growth, and lying dead on the open road you shall have left behind you! To me the painful duty will, I trust, be spared: I am advanced in age; you are a child.

*Fontanges.* Oh, no! I am seventeen.

*Bossuet.* I should have supposed you younger by two years at least. But do you collect nothing from your own reflection, which raises so many in my breast? You think it possible that I, aged as I am, may preach a sermon on your funeral. Alas, it is so! such things have been. There<sup>s</sup> is, however no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

*Fontanges.* I never minded them: I like peaches better; and one a day is quite enough for me.

\* Bossuet was in his fifty-fourth year; Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in childhood the year following: he survived her twenty-three.

[<sup>s</sup> From "There" to "Bossuet" (7 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Bossuet.* We say that our days are few ; and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angélique, we have but one : the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future ? This in which we live is ours only while we live in it ; the next moment may strike it off from us ; the next sentence I would utter may be broken and fall between us.\* The beauty that has made a thousand hearts to beat at one instant, at the succeeding has been without pulse and color, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust. Duchess de Fontanges ! think on this ! Lady ! so live as to think on it undisturbed !

*Fontanges.* O God ! I am quite alarmed. Do not talk thus gravely. It is in vain that you speak to me in so sweet a voice. I am frightened even at the rattle of the beads about my neck : take them off, and let us talk on other things. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking ? It seemed to shake the room, though it sounded like a pin or button.

*Bossuet.*<sup>6</sup> Never mind it : leave it there ; I pray you, I implore you, madame !

*Fontanges.* Why do you rise ? Why do you run ? Why not let me ? I am nimble. So, your ring fell from your hand, my Lord Bishop ! How quick you are ! Could not you have trusted me to pick it up ?

*Bossuet.* Madame is too condescending : had this happened, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion. My hand is shrivelled : the ring has ceased to fit it. A mere accident may draw us into perdition ; a mere accident may bestow on us the means of grace. A pebble has moved you more than my words.

\* Though Bossuet was capable of uttering and even of feeling such a sentiment, his conduct towards Fénelon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was ungenerous and unjust.

While the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough ; who said to the Archbishop that, if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals in glory, paid his respects to him some years afterward.

[<sup>6</sup> First ed. reads : "*Bossuet.* Leave it there. *Fontanges.* Your ring fell," &c.]

*Fontanges.* It pleases me vastly: I admire rubies. I will ask the King for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes from the chase. I am sorry you cannot be present to hear how prettily I shall ask him: but that is impossible, you know; for I shall do it just when I am certain he would give me any thing. He said so himself: he said but yesterday,—

“Such a sweet creature is worth a world;”

and no actor on the stage was more like a king than his Majesty was when he spoke it, if he had but kept his wig and robe on. And yet you know he is rather stiff and wrinkled for so great a monarch; and his eyes, I am afraid, are beginning to fail him, he looks so close at things.

*Bossuet.* Mademoiselle, such is the duty of a prince who desires to conciliate our regard and love.

*Fontanges.* Well, I think so too, though I did not like it in him at first. I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But first I must be cautious and particular to know of him how much it is his royal will that I should say.

## VI. JOHN OF GAUNT AND JOANNA OF KENT.<sup>1</sup>

*Joanna.* How is this, my cousin,\* that you are besieged in your own house, by the citizens of London? I thought you were their idol.

[<sup>1</sup> The same day that Wicliffe was convented thus at London before the Bishops and other Lords, through a word spoken in reproach by the Duke of Lancaster unto the Bishop of London, straightways the Londoners getting them to armour, meant to have slain the Duke. . . . The Duke and the Lord Henry Percy hearing of this riotous stir and rebellious commotion, forsoke their dinner, and fled to Kenington, where the Lord Richard, son to the Prince, together with his mother, then remained, exhibiting before their presence a grievous complaint of the opprobrious injuries done unto them by the wilfull o' trage of the Londoners.' Holinshed's Chronicle. (Imag. Convers. iv., 829. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

\* Joanna, called the Fair Maid of Kent, was cousin of the Black Prince,

*Gaunt.* If their idol, madam, I am one which they may tread on as they list when down ; but which, by my soul and knight-hood ! the ten best battle-axes among them shall find it hard work to unshrine.

Pardon me : I have no right perhaps to take or touch this hand ; yet, my sister, bricks and stones and arrows are not presents fit for you. Let me conduct you some paces hence.

*Joanna.* I will speak to those below in the street. Quit my hand ; they shall obey me.

*Gaunt.* If you intend to order my death, madam, your guards who have entered my court, and whose spurs and halberts I hear upon the staircase, may overpower my domestics ; and, seeing no such escape as becomes my dignity, I submit to you. Behold my sword at your feet ! Some formalities, I trust, will be used in the proceedings against me. Entitle me, in my attainder, not John of Gaunt, not Duke of Lancaster, not King of Castile ; nor commemorate my father, the most glorious of princes, the vanquisher and pardoner of the most powerful ; nor style me, what those who loved or who flattered me did when I was happier, cousin to the Fair Maid of Kent. Joanna, those days are over ! But no enemy, no law, no eternity can take away from me, or move further off, my affinity in blood to the conqueror in the field of Crecy, of Poitiers, and Najora. Edward was my brother when he was but your cousin : and the edge of my shield has clinked on his in many a battle. Yes, we were ever near,—if not in worth, in danger.<sup>2</sup>

*Joanna.* Attainder ! God avert it ! Duke of Lancaster, what dark thought—alas ! that the Regency should have known it ! I came hither, sir, for no such purpose as to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you.

These weeds might surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn forth.

*Gaunt.* Sister, be comforted ! this visor, too, has felt them.

*Joanna.* O my Edward ! my own so lately ! Thy memory—

whom she married. John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown in the beginning of Richard's minority, which, increasing the hatred of the people against him for favouring the sect of Wickliffe, excited them to demolish his house and to demand his impeachment.

[<sup>2</sup> First ed. reads : "danger. She weeps. *Joanna*," &c.]



thy beloved image—which never hath abandoned me, makes me bold: I dare not say “generous;” for in saying it I should cease to be so,—and who could be called generous by the side of thee? I will rescue from perdition the enemy of my son.

Cousin, you loved your brother. Love, then, what was dearer to him than his life: protect what he, valiant as you have seen him, cannot! The father, who foiled so many, hath left no enemies; the innocent child, who can injure no one, finds them.

Why have you unlaced and laid aside your visor? Do not expose your body to those missiles. Hold your shield before yourself, and step aside. I need it not. I am resolved—

*Gaunt.* On what, my cousin? Speak, and by the Lord! it shall be done. This breast is your shield; this arm is mine.

*Joanna.* Heavens! who could have hurled those masses of stone from below? they stunned me. Did they descend all of them together; or did they split into fragments on hitting the pavement?

*Gaunt.* Truly, I was not looking that way: they came, I must believe, while you were speaking.

*Joanna.* Aside, aside! further back! disregard me! Look! that last arrow sticks half its head deep in the wainscot. It shook so violently I did not see the feather at first.

No, no, Lancaster! I will not permit it. Take your shield up again; and keep it all before you. Now step aside: I am resolved to prove whether the people will hear me.

*Gaunt.* Then, madam, by your leave—

*Joanna.* Hold! forbear!<sup>3</sup> Come hither! hither,—not forward.

*Gaunt.* Villains! take back to your kitchen those spits and skewers that you forsooth would fain call swords and arrows; and keep your bricks and stones for your graves!

*Joanna.* Imprudent man! who can save you? I shall be frightened: I must speak at once.

O good kind people! ye who so greatly loved me, when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve it, have I (unhappy me!) no merit with you now, when I would assuage your anger, protect your fair fame, and send you home contented with yourselves.

[<sup>3</sup> From “Forbear!” to “forward” added in 2nd ed.]

and me? Who is he, worthy citizens, whom ye would drag to slaughter?

True, indeed, he did revile some one. Neither I nor you can say whom,—some feaster and rioter, it seems, who had little right (he thought) to carry sword or bow, and who, to show it, hath slunk away. And then another raised his anger: he was indignant that, under his roof, a woman should be exposed to stoning. Which of you would not be as cholerick in a like affront? In the house of which among you, should I not be protected as resolutely?

No, no: I never can believe those angry cries. Let none ever tell me again he is the enemy of my son, of his king, your darling child, Richard. Are your fears more lively than a poor weak female's? than a mother's? yours, whom he hath so often led to victory, and praised to his father, naming each,—he, John of Gaunt, the defender of the helpless, the comforter of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave!

Retire, Duke of Lancaster! This is no time—

*Gaunt.* Madam, I obey; but not through terror of that puddle at the house-door, which my handful of dust would dry up. Deign to command me!

*Joanna.* In the name of my son, then, retire!

*Gaunt.* Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it.

*Joanna.* I think I know his voice that crieth out, "Who will answer for him?" An honest and loyal man's, one who would counsel and save me in any difficulty and danger. With what pleasure and satisfaction, with what perfect joy and confidence, do I answer our right-trusty and well-judging friend!

"Let Lancaster bring his sureties," say you, "and we separate." A moment yet before we separate; if I might delay you so long, to receive your sanction of those sureties: for, in such grave matters, it would ill become us to be over-hasty. I could bring fifty, I could bring a hundred, not from among soldiers, not from among courtiers; but selected from yourselves, were it equitable and fair to show such partialities, or decorous in the parent and guardian of a king to offer any other than himself.

Raised by the hand of the Almighty from amidst you, but still one of you, if the mother of a family is a part of it, here I stand surety for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for his loyalty and allegiance.

*Gaunt* (*running toward Joanna*). Are the rioters, then, bursting into the chamber through the windows?

*Joanna*. The windows and doors of this solid edifice rattled and shook at the people's acclamation. My word is given for you: this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a voice have the people when they speak out! It shakes me with astonishment, almost with consternation, while it establishes the throne: what must it be when it is lifted up in vengeance!

*Gaunt*. Wind; vapor—

*Joanna*. Which none can wield nor hold. Need I say this to my cousin of Lancaster?

*Gaunt*. Rather say, madam, that there is always one star above which can tranquillize and control them.

*Joanna*. Go, cousin! another time more sincerity!

*Gaunt*. You have this day saved my life from the people; for I now see my danger better, when it is no longer close before me. My Christ! if ever I forget—

*Joanna*. Swear not: every man in England hath sworn what you would swear. But if you abandon my Richard, my brave and beautiful child, may—Oh! I could never curse, nor wish an evil; but, if you desert him in the hour of need, you will think of those who have not deserted you, and your own great heart will lie heavy on you, Lancaster!

Am I graver than I ought to be, that you look dejected? Come, then, gentle cousin, lead me to my horse, and accompany me home. Richard will embrace us tenderly. Every one is dear to every other upon rising out fresh from peril; affectionately then will he look, sweet boy, upon his mother and his uncle! Never mind how many questions he may ask you, nor how strange ones. His only displeasure, if he has any, will be that he stood not against the rioters or among them.

*Gaunt*. Older than he have been as fond of mischief, and as fickle in the choice of a party.

I shall tell him that, coming to blows, the assailant is often in the right; that the assailed is always.

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## VII. THE LADY LISLE AND ELIZABETH GAUNT.<sup>1</sup>\*

*Lady Lisle.* Madam, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* From the cell of the condemned we are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it. Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

*Lady Lisle.* Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful; you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye: you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion; and again you looked upon me, and tears rolled down your face. Alas that I should, by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy! Alas that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death!

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* Be comforted: you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears.

I wept because another was greatly more wretched than myself. I wept at that black attire,—at that attire of modesty and of widowhood.

*Lady Lisle.* It covers a wounded, almost a broken, heart,—an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* In his name let us now rejoice! Let us offer our prayers and our thanks at once together! We may yield up our souls, perhaps, at the same hour.

[<sup>1</sup> The foundation of this Conversation is a passage in Burnet, vol. i., 649, where he describes the persecution and execution of these two women. They never could have met, as described, and it was probably the occurrence of their names on the same page which brought them together in this Conversation (Imag. Convers., iv., 1826. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

\* Burnet relates from William Penn, who was present, that Elizabeth Gaunt placed the fagots round her body with her own hands. Lady Lisle was not burned alive, though sentenced to it; but hanged and beheaded.

*Lady Lisle.* Is mine so pure? Have I bemoaned, as I should have done, the faults I have committed? Have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my God; and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer I have lost?

Open, O gates of Death!

Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband! O saint and martyr! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* And cannot you too smile, sweet lady? Are not you with him even now? Doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory; and begin to putake them.

Oh! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death—condemn to so great an evil as they thought it and may find it—this innocent and helpless widow?

*Lady Lisle.* Blame not *that* jury!—blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so: I received in my house a wanderer who had fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my King had forbidden, it.<sup>2</sup>

Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death, unless the judge had threatened them with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terror made them unanimous: they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* I hope, at least, the unfortunate man whom you received in the hour of danger may avoid his penalty.

*Lady Lisle.* Let us hope it.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* I, too, am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, although he hath escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

*Lady Lisle.* Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to *his* guidance.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* He abandoned that guidance.

*Lady Lisle.* Unfortunate! how can money then avail him?

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* It might save him from distress and from

[<sup>2</sup> First ed. reads: "it. We must bend to the authority of both; but first to the earlier, and most willingly to the better. Yet," &c.]

despair, from the taunts of the hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

*Lady Lisle.* In godliness, O my friend ! there cannot be inclemency.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady ; and I marvel not at it, for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts ! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is austere, often uncompliant and rigid,—proner to reprove than to pardon, to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward.

Poor man ! I never knew him before ; I cannot tell how he shall endure his self-reproach, or whether it will bring him to calmer thoughts hereafter.

*Lady Lisle.* I am not a busy idler in curiosity ; nor, if I were, is there time enough left me for indulging in it ; yet gladly would I learn the history of events, at the first appearance so resembling those in mine.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* The person's name I never may disclose ; which would be the worst thing I could betray of the trust he placed in me. He took refuge in my humble dwelling, imploring me in the name of Christ to harbor him for a season. Food and raiment were afforded him unsparingly ; yet his fears made him shiver through them. Whatever I could urge of prayer and exhortation was not wanting ; still, although he prayed, he was disquieted. Soon came to my ears the declaration of the King, that his Majesty would rather pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebel. The hope was a faint one ; but it *was* a hope, and I gave it him. His thanksgivings were now more ardent, his prayers more humble, and oftener repeated. They did not strengthen his heart : it was unpurified and unprepared for them. Poor creature ! he consented with it to betray me ; and I am condemned to be burned alive. Can we believe, can we encourage the hope, that in his weary way through life he will find those only who will conceal from him the knowledge of this execution ? Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so irresolute and infirm a breast.

Let it not move you to weeping.

*Lady Lisle.* It does not ; oh ! it does not.

*Elizabeth Gaunt.* What, then ?

*Lady Lash.* Your suntly tenderness, your heavenly tranquillity.

*Elderly Gaiety.* No, no abstun'! abstun'! It was I who grieved, it was I who doubted. Let us now be firm—we have both the same rock to rest upon. See! I shed no tear.

I saved his life, in unprofitable and (I fear) a joyless one; he, by God's grace, has thrown open to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ventured to expect it, the avenue to eternal bliss.

*Lady Lash.* O my good angel! that bestrewn with fresh flowers a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous men who have betrayed, and those misguided ones who have persecuted us, be conscious on their death-beds that we have entered it! and they too will at last find rest.

## VIII. THE EMPRESS CATHARINE AND PRINCESS DASHKOFF

*Catharine.* Into his heart! into his heart! If he escape, we perish.

Do you think, Dashkoff, they can hinder me through the double door? Yes; hark! they heard me—they have done it.

What bubbling and juggling! he groined but once

Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I

[The scene described in this Conversation is exhibited in Peter III of Russia was a man of brutal passion and ill-educated intellect. Catharine was a woman of superior intellect and of inferior character and had suffered from her husband's brutality. She is here attempting to explain her conduct which I understand to be needles by blood. The murder of Peter III if he was murdered took place at Lepel, 15 miles from Peterhof where Catharine was at the time. Officially Peter died a violent complaint excited by his flying to the train. He was a person in whom the strange complaint seized him. Even the only remaining heir to the throne was an idiot and a prisoner. Two years afterwards Mironovitch a lieutenant in the Guards attempted to strangle him. He was slain by his guards to prevent his rescue and Mironovitch died on the scaffold. Not interested readers. It is unnecessary to inform the generality of readers that Catharine was not present at the murder of her husband. Nor is it easy to believe that Clytemnestra was at the murder of her. Our business is character" (Imag. Convers. v 1829 Works, i 1846 Works, v 1876)]

should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed, indeed, is rather of the highest.

Put your ear against the lock.

*Dashkof.* I hear nothing.

*Catharine.* My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come.—Hear nothing! ‘You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. There!—there again! The drops are now like lead: every half-minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattress.—How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping! the creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.

*Dashkof.* Oh, heavens!

*Catharine.* Are you afraid?

*Dashkof.* There is a horror that surpasses fear, and will have none of it. I knew not this before.

*Catharine.* You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, in case I had required it.

*Dashkof.* I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife!—I saw not into my heart; I looked not into it, and it chastises me.

*Catharine.* Dashkof, are you, then, really unwell?

*Dashkof.* What will Russia, what will Europe, say?

*Catharine.* Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence; but my artillery (for now, indeed, I can safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

*Dashkof.* God grant—

*Catharine.* I cannot but laugh at thee, my pretty Dashkof! God grant, forsooth! He has granted all we wanted from him at present,—the safe removal of this odious Peter.

*Dashkof.* Yet Peter loved *you*; and even the worst husband must leave, surely, the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then, there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish



and impatient as sovereignty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

*Catharine.* Are these, my sweet friend, your lessons from the Stoic school? Are not they, rather, the pale-faced reflections of some kind epithalamiast from Livonia or Bessarabia? Come, come away. I am to know nothing at present of the deplorable occurrence. Did not you wish his death?

*Dashkof.* It is not his death that shocks me.

*Catharine.* I understand you: beside, you said as much before.

*Dashkof.* I fear for your renown.

*Catharine.* And for your own good name,—ay, Dashkof?

*Dashkof.* He was not, nor did I ever wish him to be, my friend.

*Catharine.* You hated him.

*Dashkof.* Even hatred may be plucked up too roughly.

*Catharine.* Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. She shall be persuaded that her repose made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger; that I fell upon my knees to soften the conspirators; that, only when I had fainted, the horrible deed was done. She knows already that Peter was *always* ordering new exercises and uniforms; and my ministers can evince at the first audience my womanly love of peace.

*Dashkof.* Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

*Catharine.* She shall be both, God willing.

*Dashkof.* The majesty of thrones will seem endangered by this open violence.

*Catharine.* The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovereign may cover one with blood more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion. It is only when the people does the violence that we hear an ill report of it. Kings poison and stab one another in pure legitimacy. Do your republican ideas revolt from such a doctrine?

*Dashkof.* I do not question this right of theirs, and never will oppose their exercise of it. But if you prove to the people

how easy a matter it is to extinguish an emperor, and how pleasantly and prosperously we may live after it, is it not probable that they also will now and then try the experiment ; particularly, if any one in Russia should hereafter hear of glory and honor, and how immortal are these by the consent of mankind, in all countries and ages, in him who releases the world, or any part of it, from a lawless and ungovernable despot ? The chances of escape are many, and the greater if he should have no accomplices. Of his renown there is no doubt at all : that is placed above chance and beyond time, by the sword he hath exercised so righteously.

*Catharine.* True ; but we must reason like democrats no longer. Republicanism is the best thing we can have, when we cannot have power ; but no one ever held the two together. I am now autocrat.

*Dashkof.* Truly, then, may I congratulate you. The dignity is the highest a mortal can attain.

*Catharine.* I know and feel it.

*Dashkof.* I wish you always may.

*Catharine.* I doubt not the stability of power. I can make constant both fortune and love. My Dashkof smiles at this conceit : she has here the same advantage, and does not envy her friend even the autocracy.

*Dashkof.* Indeed I do, and most heartily.

*Catharine.* How ?

*Dashkof.* I know very well what those intended who first composed the word ; but they blundered egregiously. In spite of them, it signifies power over oneself,—of all power the most enviable, and the least consistent with power over others.

I hope and trust there is no danger to you from any member of the council-board inflaming the guards or other soldiery.

*Catharine.* The members of the council-board did not sit *at* it, but *upon* it ; and their tactics were performed cross-legged. What partisans are to be dreaded of that commander-in-chief whose chief command is over pantaloons and facings, whose utmost glory is perched on loops and feathers, and who fancies that battles are to be won rather by pointing the hat than the cannon ?

*Dashkof.* Peter was not insensible to glory ; few men are :

but wiser heads than his have been perplexed in the road to it; and many have lost it by their ardor to attain it. I have always said that, unless we devote ourselves to the public good, we may perhaps be celebrated; but it is beyond the power of fortune, or even of genius, to exalt us above the dust.

*Catharine.* Dashkof, you are a sensible, sweet creature; but rather too romantic on *principle*, and rather too visionary on glory. I shall always both esteem and love you; but no other woman in Europe will be great enough to endure you, and you will really put the men *hors de combat*. Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness. Men can ill brook it one in another: in women it renders them what they would fain call "scornful" (vain assumption of high prerogative!) and what you would find bestial and outrageous. As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuffbox each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick, if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis; a watch-chain, Venus; a ring, Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

*Dashkof.* He was Frederick's.

*Catharine.* I shall be the *Pucelle* of Russia. No! I had forgotten: he has treated her scandalously.

*Dashkof.* Does your Majesty value the flatteries of a writer who ridicules the most virtuous and glorious of his nation; who crouched before that monster of infamy, Louis XV.; and that worse monster, the king his predecessor? He reviled, with every indignity and indecency, the woman who rescued France; and who alone, of all that ever led the armies of that kingdom, made its conquerors—the English—tremble. Its monarchs and marshals cried and ran like capons, flapping their fine crests from wall to wall, and cackling at one breath defiance and surrender. The village girl drew them back into battle, and placed the heavens themselves against the enemies of Charles. She seemed supernatural: the English recruits deserted; they would not fight against God.

*Catharine.* Fools and bigots!

*Dashkof.* The whole world contained none other, excepting those who fed upon them. The Maid of Orleans was pious and

sincere : her life asserted it : her death confirmed it. Glory to her, Catharine, if you love glory. Detestation to him who has profaned the memory of this most holy martyr,—the guide and avenger of her king, the redeemer and saviour of her country.

*Catharine.* Be it so ; but Voltaire buoys me up above some impertinent, troublesome qualms.

*Dashkof.* If Deism had been prevalent in Europe, he would have been the champion of Christianity ; and, if the French had been Protestants, he would have shed tears upon the papal slipper. He buoys up no one ; for he gives no one hope. He may amuse : dulness itself must be amused, indeed, by the versatility and brilliancy of his wit.

*Catharine.* While I was meditating on the great action I have now so happily accomplished, I sometimes thought his wit feeble. This idea, no doubt, originated from the littleness of every thing in comparison with my undertaking.

*Dashkof.* Alas ! we lose much when we lose the capacity of being delighted by men of genius, and gain little when we are forced to run to them for incredulity.

*Catharine.* I shall make some use of my philosopher at Ferney. I detest him as much as you do ; but where will you find me another who writes so pointedly ? You really, then, fancy that people care for truth ? Innocent Dashkof ! Believe me, there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it ? Or, rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings ? The goutiest man would go on foot without a crutch to tell his friend of it at midnight ; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him. Men, in general, are so weak in truth, that they are obliged to put their bravery under it to prop it. Why do they pride themselves, think you, on their courage, when the bravest of them is by many degrees less courageous than a mastiff-bitch in the straw ? It is only that they may be rogues without hearing it, and make their fortunes without rendering an account of them.

Now we chat again as we used to do. Your spirits and your enthusiasm have returned. Courage, my sweet Dashkof ; do not begin to sigh again. We never can want husbands while we are

young and lively. Alas! I cannot always be so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do: none shall refuse me at ninety, —Paphos or Tobolsk.

Have not you a song for me?

*Dashkof.* German or Russian?

*Catharine.* Neither, neither. Some frightful word might drop —might remind me—no, nothing shall remind me. French, rather: French songs are the liveliest in the world.

Is the rouge off my face?

*Dashkof.* It is rather in streaks and mottles; excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

*Catharine.* I am heated and thirsty: I cannot imagine how. I think we have not yet taken our coffee. Was it so strong? What am I dreaming of? I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast; my duty urged me *then*, and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it when the intelligence comes in, or rather when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember, too, you are to catch me, and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet; and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be for the life of us. Not now, child, not now. Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet!—how stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable when by nature one is not cruel. People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth. I am courageous, but I am full of weaknesses. I possess in perfection the higher part of men, and—to a friend I may say it—the most amiable part of women. Ho, ho! at last you smile: now, your thoughts upon that.

*Dashkof.* I have heard fifty men swear it.

*Catharine.* They lied, the knaves! I hardly knew them by sight. We were talking of the sad necessity.—Ivan must follow next: he is heir to the throne. I have a wild, impetuous, pleasant little *protégé*, who shall attempt to rescue him. I will have him persuaded and incited to it, and assured of pardon on the scaffold. He can never know the trick we play him; unless his head, like a bottle of Bordeaux, ripens its contents in the sawdust. Orders are given that Ivan be dispatched at the first

disturbance in the precincts of the castle ; in short, at the fire of the sentry. But not now,—another time : two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing : do not make me wait, my dearest creature ! Now cannot you sing as usual, without smoothing your dove's-throat with your handkerchief, and taking off your necklace ? Give it me, then ; give it me. I will hold it for you : I must play with something.

Sing, sing ; I am quite impatient.\*

## IX. LEOFRIC AND GODIVA.<sup>1</sup>

*Godiva.* There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric ! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire ; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor, pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way ; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they, and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spear-men and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring ; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme

\* Can we wonder that a set of despots, who have in unbroken succession murdered, or instigated the murder of, sons, wives, husbands, fathers, should feel the necessity of reducing the world to slavery and ignorance,—of abolishing the use of letters, of extinguishing the enthusiasm of poetry, of hoodwinking the glances of fiction, of shutting up the records of history, and of laying one vast iron hand upon the human mouth, covering the lips and nostrils of aggregated nations, fastened and waxed together for the purpose, like the reeds of Pan's pipe ?

[<sup>1</sup> Imag. Convers. v., 1829. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.]

from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odor.

*Leofric.* And now, Godiva, my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

*Godiva.* Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage. They, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

*Leofric.* O light, laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

*Godiva.* I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish,—what he can do like God?

*Leofric.* How! what is it?

*Godiva.* I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving Lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

*Leofric.* Unhappy! is that all?

*Godiva.* Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth!—Shall none enjoy them; not even we, my Leofric? The sun is ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words: they are better than mine. Should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them?

*Leofric.* Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

*Godiva.* They have, then, drawn the sword against you? Indeed, I knew it not.

*Leofric.* They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

*Godiva.* If they were starving, as they said they were—

*Leofric.* Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

*Godiva.* Enough? O God! too much! too much! May you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst; and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family!

*Leofric.* We must hold solemn festivals.

*Godiva.* We must, indeed.

*Leofric.* Well, then?

*Godiva.* Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals?—are maddening songs, and giddy dances, and hineling praises from parti-colored coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let every thing be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden, and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strowed by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling, pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven; and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again to him who pours it out here<sup>2</sup> unsparingly.

*Leofric.* Thou art wild.

[<sup>2</sup> First ed. reads: "here abundantly. *Leofric.*" &c. Two lines below, 1st ed. reads: "myself: the words are not mine: I only feel and utter them. Some," &c.]



*Godiva.* I have, indeed, lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melt me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not care to upbraid, I do it not.

*Leofric.* We may think upon it.

*Godiva.* Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good! Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them, us never, never afterwards.

*Leofric.* Here come the Bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. Godiva! my honor and rank among men are humbled by this. Lul Golwin will hear of it. Up! up! the Bishop! thou canst hear his hoarse cry and dost thou not hear him now upon the old turf behind thee?

*Godiva.* Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax, this tax on husband labor, on husband life.

*Leofric.* Turn round: look how the fat man's center, as to the turn of a sinner's judgment, low and hid-breathin! What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishops stand so sleek and well equipped! Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usage. Up! up! for him! They shall smart for it, indeed! Sir Bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

*Godiva.* My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

*Leofric.* Sir Bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? Yet, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked! it noontide through the street!

*Godiva.* O my dear, cruel Leofric, where is the heart you give me? It will rot in mine: have humbled it?

*Bishop.* Alas, thou blishest thy spouse, she turneth pale, and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

[I must read that word to the who utter it are false ones. What! cry for food the mother &c.]

*Godiva.* Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my Lord's cruel word?

*Bishop.* I did, lady.

*Godiva.* Will you remember it, and pray against it?

*Bishop.* Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

*Godiva.* I am not offended.

*Bishop.* Angel of peace and purity!

*Godiva.* But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And, now, what was it?

*Bishop.* Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

*Godiva.* Did he not swear an oath?

*Bishop.* He swore by the holy rood.

*Godiva.* My Redeemer, thou hast heard it! save the city!

*Leofric.* We are now upon the beginning of the pavement: these are the suburbs. Let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward; to-morrow we shall rest.

*Godiva.* No judgments, then, to-morrow, Leofric?

*Leofric.* None: we will carouse.

*Godiva.* The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence; my prayers are heard; the heart of my beloved is now softened.

*Leofric (aside).* Ay, ay—they<sup>4</sup> shall smart, though.

*Godiva.* Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

*Leofric.* I have sworn. Beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it: this adds to the city's crime.

*Godiva.* I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor obdurate.

*Leofric.* But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing: there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair. Take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working thereupon some newer and cunninger

[<sup>4</sup> From "they" to "though" added in 2nd ed.]

device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or wonderment.—I *will* say it—now, then, for worse—I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

*Godiva.* To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale; for to-night I must fast and pray.

*Leofric.* I do not hear thee; the voices of the folk are so loud under this archway.

*Godiva (to herself).* God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten, and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach; and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me? Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah! when will the morning come? Ah! when will the noon be over?

The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always much interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby. When I showed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and, on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. This Conversation has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads*; so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if any one else should wish another laugh at me:—

In every hour, in every mood,  
O lady, it is sweet and good  
To bathe the soul in prayer;  
And, at the close of such a day,  
When we have ceased to bless and pray,  
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place!  
W. S. L.

# X. THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL.<sup>1</sup>

*Agnes.* If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years old. Really and without flattery, I think you very lovely.

*Jeanne.* I hope I shall be greatly more so.

*Agnes.* Nay, nay : do not expect to improve, except a little in manner. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom : these must fall off before the fruit sets.

*Jeanne.* By God's help, I may be soon more comely in the eyes of men.

*Agnes.* Ha, ha ! even in piety there is a spice of vanity. The woman can only cease to be the woman when angels have disrobed her in Paradise.

*Jeanne.* I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

*Agnes.* Never hope it.

*Jeanne.* The deliverance that is never hoped, seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.

*Agnes.* Be content to have humbled the proud islanders. Oh, how I rejoice that a mere child has done so !

*Jeanne.* A child of my age, or younger, chastised the Philistines, and smote down the giant their leader.

*Agnes.* But Talbot is a giant of another mould : his will is immovable ; his power is irresistible ; his word of command is, *Conquer.*

[<sup>1</sup> It is not probable that there is any foundation for this Conversation. Agnes Sorel's influence in determining Charles VII. to undertake the expulsion of the English is well known. According to Brantôme, she one day told him that in her youth an astrologer had told her that she would be loved by a great king ; "for which reason," she said, "I am about to go into England ; for I see that the prophecy must have meant the king of that country." Francis I. wrote a quatrain on her.

"Gentille Agnès, plus de los tu merites  
(La cause estant de France recouvrer)  
Que ce que peut, dédans un cloistre, over  
Close nonnain, ou bien dévot ermite."

(Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Jeanne.* It shall be heard no longer. The tempest of battle drowns it in English blood.

*Agnes.* Poor simpleton! The English will recover from the stupor of their fright, believing thee no longer to be a sorceress. Did ever sword or spear intimidate them? Hast thou never heard of Crecy? Hast thou never heard of Agincourt? Hast thou never heard of Poitiers, where the chivalry of France was utterly vanquished by sick and starving men, one against five? The French are the eagle's plume; the English are his talon.

*Jeanne.* The talon and the plume shall change places.

*Agnes.* Too confident!

*Jeanne.* O lady! is any one too confident in God?

*Agnes.* We may mistake his guidance. Already, not only the whole host of the English, but many of our wisest and most authoritative Churchmen, believe you on their consciences to act under the instigation of Satan.

*Jeanne.* What country or what creature has the Evil One ever saved? With what has he tempted me?—with reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumberless nights, with doubts, distracts, and dangers, with absence from all who cherish me, with immodest, soldierly language, and perhaps an untimely and a cruel death.

*Agnes.* But you are not afraid.

*Jeanne.* Healthy and strong, yet always too timorous, a few seasons ago I fled away from the lowings of a young steer, if he ran opposite; I awaited not the butting of a full-grown kid; the barking of a house-dog at our neighbour's gate turned me pale as ashes; and (shame upon me!) I scarcely dared kiss the child, when he called on me with burning tongue in the pestilence of a fever.

*Agnes.* No wonder! A creature in a fever! what a frightful thing!

*Jeanne.* It would be, were it not so piteous.

*Agnes.* And did you kiss it? Did you really kiss the lips?

*Jeanne.* I fancied mine would refresh them a little.

*Agnes.* And did they? I should have thought mine could do but trifling good in such cases.

*Jeanne.* Alas! when I believed I had quite cooled them, it was death had done it.

*Agnes.* Ah! this is courage.

*Jeanne.* The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, but as deficient in me as in any until an infant taught me my duty by its cries. Yet never have I quailed in the front of the fight, where I directed our ranks against the bravest. God pardon me, if I err! but I believe his Spirit flamed within my breast, strengthened my arm, and led me on to victory.

*Agnes.* Say not so, or they will burn thee alive, poor child!

Why fallest thou before me? I have some power, indeed; but in this extremity I could little help thee: the priest never releases the victim.

What! how! thy countenance is radiant with a heavenly joy: thy humility is like an angel's at the feet of God; I am unworthy to behold it.

Rise, Jeanne, rise!

*Jeanne.* Martyrdom too! The reward were too great for such an easy and glad obedience. France will become just and righteous; France will praise the Lord for her deliverance.

*Agnes.* Sweet enthusiast! I am confident, I am certain, of thy innocence.

*Jeanne.* O Lady Agnes!

*Agnes.* Why fixest thou thy eyes on me so piteously? Why sobbest thou,—thou, to whom the representation of an imminent death to be apprehended for thee left untroubled, joyous, exulting? Speak; tell me.

*Jeanne.* I must. This also is commanded me. You believe me innocent?

*Agnes.* In truth, I do; why, then, look abashed? Alas! alas! could I mistake the reason? I spoke of innocence!

Leave me, leave me. Return another time. Follow thy vocation.

*Jeanne.* Agnes Sorel! be thou more than innocent, if innocence is denied thee. In the name of the Almighty, I call on thee to earn his mercy.

*Agnes.* I implore it incessantly, by day, by night.

*Jeanne.* Serve him as thou mayest best serve him; and thy tears, I promise thee, shall soon be less bitter than those which are dropping on this jewelled hand, and on the rude one which has dared to press it.

*Agnes.* What can I,—what can I do?

*Jeanne.* Lead the King back to his kingdom.

*Agnes.* The King is in France.

*Jeanne.* No, no, no!

*Agnes.* Upon my word of honor.

*Jeanne.* And at such a time, O Heaven! in idleness and sloth?

*Agnes.* Indeed, no. He is busy (this is the hour) in feeding and instructing two young hawks. Could you but see the little miscreants, how they dare to bite and claw and tug at him! He never hurts or scolds them for it; he is so good-natured; he even lets them draw blood; he is so very brave!

Running away from France! Who could have raised such a report? Indeed, he is here. He never thought of leaving the country; and his affairs are becoming more and more prosperous ever since the battle. Can you not take my asseverations? Must I say it? he is now in this very house.

*Jeanne.* Then, not in France. In France, all love their country. Others of our kings, old men tell us, have been captives; but less ignominiously. Their enemies have respected their misfortunes and their honor.

*Agnes.* The English have always been merciful and generous.

*Jeanne.* And will you be less generous, less merciful?

*Agnes.* I?

*Jeanne.* You; the beloved of Charles.

*Agnes.* This is too confident. No, no, do not draw back; it is not too confident: it is only too reproachful. But your actions have given you authority. I have, nevertheless, a right to demand of you what creature on earth I have ever treated ignominiously or unkindly.

*Jeanne.* Your beloved; your King.

*Agnes.* Never. I owe to him all I have, all I am.

*Jeanne.* Too true! But let him in return owe to you, O Lady Agnes, eternal happiness, eternal glory. Condescend to labor with the humble handmaiden of the Lord, in fixing his throne and delivering his people.

*Agnes.* I cannot fight; I abominate war.

*Jeanne.* Not more than I do; but men love it.

*Agnes.* Too much.

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*Jeanne.* Often too much ; for often unjustly. But when God's right hand is visible in the vanguard, we who are called must follow.

*Agnes.* I dare not ; indeed, I dare not.

*Jeanne.* You dare not ?—you who dare withhold the King from his duty !

*Agnes.* We must never talk of their duties to our princes.

*Jeanne.* Then, we omit to do much of our own. It is now mine ; but, above all, it is yours.

*Agnes.* There are learned and religious men who might more properly.

*Jeanne.* Are these learned and religious men in the court ? Pray tell me : since, if they are, seeing how poorly they have sped, I may peradventure, however unwillingly, however blamably, abate a little of my reverence for learning, and look for pure religion in lower places.

*Agnes.* They are modest ; and they usually ask of me in what manner they may best please their master.

*Jeanne.* They believe, then, that your affection is proportional to the power you possess over him. I have heard complaints that it is usually quite the contrary. But can such great men be loved ? And do you love him ? Why do you sigh so ?

*Agnes.* Life is but sighs ; and, when they cease, 'tis over.

*Jeanne.* Now deign to answer me : do you truly love him ?

*Agnes.* From my soul, and above it.

*Jeanne.* Then, save him !

Lady, I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort ; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine on there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed..

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

*Agnes.* My heart can admit nothing but his image.

*Jeanne.* It must fall thence at last.

*Agnes.* Alas ! alas ! Time loosens man's affections. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.



Alas, if he should ever cease to love me !

*Jeanne.* Alas, if God should !

*Agnes.* Then, indeed, he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

*Jeanne.* And none worse after ?

*Agnes.* What can there be ?

O Heaven ! mercy ! mercy !

*Jeanne.* Resolve to earn it : one hour suffices.

*Agnes.* I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

*Jeanne.* Do we leave the lost ? Are they beyond our care ? Remember who died for them, and them only.

*Agnes.* You subdue me. Spare me : I would only collect my thoughts.

*Jeanne.* Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong ; and, if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one ?

*Agnes.* Is he in danger ? Oh !—you see all things—is he ? is he ? is he ?

*Jeanne.* From none but you.

*Agnes.* God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France. He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

*Jeanne.* Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

*Agnes.* When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving ; God is merciful.

*Jeanne.* I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties : yet those which my Maker has taught me I am earnest to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human ; he teaches me that it ought to have more ; finally, he commands me to announce to thee, not his anger, but his will.

*Agnes.* Declare it ; Oh ! declare it. I do believe his holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

*Jeanne.* Encourage the King to lead his vassals to the field.

*Agnes.* When the season is milder.

*Jeanne.* And bid him leave you for ever.

## The Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel. 113

*Agnes.* Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire summer! Oh, anguish! it sounded in my ears as if you said, "for ever."

*Jeanne.* I say it again.

*Agnes.* Thy power is superhuman; mine is not.

*Jeanne.* It ought to be, in setting God at defiance. The mightiest of the angels rued it.

*Agnes.* We did not make our hearts.

*Jeanne.* But we can mend them.

*Agnes.* Oh! mine (God knows it) bleeds.

*Jeanne.* Say rather it expels from it the last stagnant drop of its rebellious sin. Salutory pangs may be painfuller than mortal ones.

*Agnes.* Bid him leave me! wish it! permit it! think it near! believe it ever can be! Go, go.—I am lost eternally.

*Jeanne.* And Charles too.

*Agnes.* Hush! hush! What has he done that other men have not done also?

*Jeanne.* He has left undone what others do. Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for,—what prizes I quite forget; certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy; but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" The deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

*Agnes.* But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the King to expose his person in battle until we have supplicated and appeased them.

*Jeanne.* One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.

*Agnes.* Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose; I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

*Jeanne.* Sad earthly thoughts!

*Agnes.* You make them sad; you cannot make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mould it to their will.

*Jeanne.* Has man that power?

*Agnes.* Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

*Jeanne.* Be happy too.

*Agnes.* How? how?

*Jeanne.* By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

*Agnes.* I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh, I will so pray, so weep!

*Jeanne.* Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

*Agnes.* Again I ask you, What *can* I do?

*Jeanne.* When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

*Agnes.* I will think about it seriously.

*Jeanne.* Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

*Agnes.* Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant: I sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes! Oh, how they penetrate! They ought to see no sin: sadly must it pain them.

*Jeanne.* Think not of me; pursue thy destination; save France.

*Agnes (after a long pause).* Glorious privilege! divine appointment! Is it thus, O my Redeemer, my crimes are visited?

Come with me, blessed Jeanne! come instantly with me to the King: come to him whom thy virtue and valor have rescued.

*Jeanne.* Not now; nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him,—a conqueror at Orleans, a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

XI. RHADAMISTUS AND ZENOBIA.<sup>1</sup>

*Zenobia.* My beloved! my beloved! I can endure the motion of the horse no longer; his weariness makes his pace so tiresome to me. Surely we have ridden far, very far, from home; and how shall we ever pass the wide and rocky stream, among the whirlpools of the rapid and the deep Araxes? From the first sight of it, O my husband, you have been silent; you have looked at me at one time intensely, at another wildly: have you mistaken the road, or the ford, or the ferry?

*Rhadamistus.* Tired, tired, did you say?—ay, thou must be. Here thou shalt rest: this before us is the place for it. Alight; drop into my arms: art thou within them?

*Zenobia.* Always in fear for me, my tender, thoughtful Rhadamistus!

*Rhadamistus.*<sup>2</sup> Rhadamistus, then, once more embraces his Zenobia!

*Zenobia.* And presses her to his bosom as with the first embrace.

*Rhadamistus.* What is the first to the last?

*Zenobia.* Nay, this is not the last.

[<sup>1</sup> "Again Rhadamistus invaded the helpless Armenia, more ruthless this time, deeming the people traitors in the past, and rebels on the first opportunity. And they, though used to serfdom, break the bonds of patience, and surround the palace with their armed fury. No safety but the speed of his horse, was left to Rhadamistus. With him he bore his wife, saved like himself. But his wife, then pregnant, though at first she endured the flight, fearing the enemy and loving her husband; but afterwards the continual agitation of the journey brought her to pray that an honourable death might free her from the insults of captivity. He embraced her first, encouraged her, now admired her noble spirit, now grew sick with fear, that she should fall behind and be taken. At last love prevailed in a spirit already trained to crime; he drew his sword and threw his wounded wife from the bank into the waves of the Araxis. He himself then hurried to his father's kingdom." Zenobia was found by some shepherds, and healed of her wounds. Tiridates, the rival king, treated her well. Tacitus, "Annals," xii., c. 50. (Ablett's "Literary Hours," 1837. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

[<sup>2</sup> First ed. reads: "And does Rhadamistus once more embrace you? Can it be? Zen. Can it cease to be?" &c., 14 lines below.]

*Rhadamistus.* Not quite (oh, agony!), not quite; once more.

*Zenobia.* So, with a kiss: which you forget to take.

*Rhadamistus (aside).* And shall this shake my purpose? It may my limbs, my heart, my brain; but what my soul so deeply determined it shall strengthen, as winds do trees in forests.

*Zenobia.* Come, come! cheer up. How good you are to be persuaded by me: back again at one word! Hark! where are those drums and bugles? On which side are these echoes?

*Rhadamistus.* Alight, dear, dear Zenobia! And does Rhadamistus, then, press thee to his bosom? Can it be?

*Zenobia.* *Can it cease to be?* you would have said, my Rhadamistus! Hark! again those trumpets? On which bank of the water are they? Now they seem to come from the mountains, and now along the river. Men's voices too! threats and yells! You, my Rhadamistus, could escape.

*Rhadamistus.* Wherefore? with whom? and whither in all Asia?

*Zenobia.* Fly! there are armed men climbing up the cliffs.

*Rhadamistus.* It was only the sound of the waves in the hollows of them, and the masses of pebbles that rolled down from under you as you knelt to listen.

*Zenobia.* Turn round; look behind! is it dust yonder, or smoke? And is it the sun, or what is it, shining so crimson?—not shining any longer now, but deep, and dull purple, embodying into gloom.

*Rhadamistus.* It is the sun, about to set at mid-day: we shall soon see no more of him.

*Zenobia.* Indeed! what an ill omen! But how can you tell that? Do you think it? I do not. Alas! alas! the dust and the sounds are nearer.

*Rhadamistus.* Prepare, then, my Zenobia!

*Zenobia.* I was always prepared for it.

*Rhadamistus.* What reason, O unconfiding girl, from the day of our union, have I ever given you to accuse or to suspect me?

*Zenobia.* None, none: your love, even in these sad moments, raises me above the reach of fortune. How can it pain me so?

Do I repine? Worse may it pain me; but let that love never pass away!

*Rhadamistus.* Was it, then, the loss of power and kingdom for which Zenobia was prepared?

*Zenobia.* The kingdom was lost when Rhadamistus lost the affection of his subjects. Why did they not love you? How could they not? Tell me so strange a thing.\*

*Rhadamistus.* Fables, fables! about the death of Mithridates and his children;<sup>3</sup> declamations, out-cries, as if it were as easy to bring men to life again as—I know not what—to call after them.

*Zenobia.* But about the children?

*Rhadamistus.* In all governments there are secrets.

*Zenobia.* Between us?

*Rhadamistus.* No longer: time presses; not a moment is left us, not a refuge, not a hope!

*Zenobia.* Then, why draw the sword?

*Rhadamistus.* Wanted I courage? Did I not fight as becomes a king?

*Zenobia.* True, most true.

*Rhadamistus.* Is my resolution lost to me? Did I but dream I had it?

*Zenobia.* Nobody is very near yet; nor can they cross the dell where we did. Those are fled who could have shown the pathway. Think not of defending me. Listen! look! what thousands are coming! The protecting blade above my head can only provoke the enemy. And do you still keep it there? You grasp my arm too hard. Can you look unkindly? Can it be? Oh! think again and spare me, Rhadamistus! From the vengeance of man, from the judgments of heaven, the unborn may preserve my husband.

*Rhadamistus.* We must die! They advance; they see us; they rush forward!

*Zenobia.* Me, me would you strike? Rather let me leap from the precipice.

\* From the seclusion of the Asiatic women, Zenobia is ignorant of the crimes Rhadamistus had committed.

[<sup>3</sup> First ed. reads: "children. What about them? *Rhad.* In all," &c.]

*Rhadamistus.* Hold! Whither would thy desperation? Art thou again within my grasp?

*Zenobia.* O my beloved! never let me call you cruel. Let me love you in the last hour of seeing you as in the first. I must, I must; and be it my thought in death that you love me so! I would have cast away my life to save you from remorse: it may do that and more, preserved by you. Listen! listen! among those who pursue us there are many fathers; childless by his own hand, none. Do not kill our baby—the best of our hopes when we had many—the baby not yet ours! Who shall then plead for you, my unhappy husband?

*Rhadamistus.* My honor; and before me, sole arbiter and sole audience of our cause. Bethink thee, Zenobia, of the indignities,—not bearing on my fortunes, but imminent over thy beauty! What said I?—did I bid thee think of them? Rather die than imagine, or than question me, what they are! Let me endure two deaths before my own, crueller than wounds or than age or than servitude could inflict on me, rather than make me name them.

*Zenobia.* Strike! Lose not a moment so precious! Why hesitate now, my generous, brave defender?

*Rhadamistus.* Zenobia, dost thou bid it?

*Zenobia.* Courage is no longer a crime in you. Hear the shouts, the threats, the imprecations! Hear them, my beloved! let me, no more.

*Rhadamistus.* Embrace me not, Zenobia! Loose me, loose me!

*Zenobia.* I cannot: thrust me away! Divorce—but with death—the disobedient wife, no longer your Zenobia. (*He strikes.*) Oh! oh! one innocent head—in how few days—should have reposed—no, not upon this blood. Swim across! Is there a descent—an easy one, a safe one, anywhere? I might have found it for you! Ill-spent time! heedless woman!

*Rhadamistus.* An arrow hath pierced me: more are showering round us. Go, my life's flower! the blighted branch drops after. Away! forth into the stream! strength is yet left me for it. (*He throws her into the river.*) She sinks not! Oh, last calamity! She sinks! she sinks! Now both are well, and fearless! One look more! grant one more look! On what?

where was it? which whirl? which ripple? they are gone too. How calm is the haven of the most troubled life! I enter it! Rebels! traitors! slaves! subjects! why gape ye? why halt ye? On, on, dastards! Oh that ye dared to follow! (*He plunges, armed, into the Araxes.*)

## XII. TANCREDI \* AND CONSTANTIA.<sup>1</sup>

*Constantia.* Is this in mockery, sir? Do you place me under a canopy, and upon what (no doubt) you presume to call a throne, for derision?

*Tancredi.* Madonna, if it never were a throne before, henceforward let none approach it but with reverence. The greatest, the most virtuous, of queens and empresses (it were indecorous in such an inferior as I am to praise in your presence aught else in you that raises men's admiration) leaves a throne for homage wherever she has rested.

*Constantia.* Count Tancredi! your past conduct ill accords with your present speech. Your courtesy, great as it is, would have been much greater, if you yourself had taken me captive, and had not turned your horse and rode back, on purpose that villanous hands might seize me.

*Tancredi.* Knightly hands (I speak it with all submission) are not villanous. I could not in my heart command you to

\* Tancredi was crowned 1190, and died of grief at the loss of his only son, 1194. Constantia, daughter of William II. of Sicily, was married to the Emperor Henry VI.

[<sup>1</sup>The death of William II. brought to a close the direct line of the Norman kings of Sicily. The choice of a successor lay between Constance, the aunt of the late king, the wife of the Emperor Henry VI., and Tancredi, the illegitimate son of Roger, Duke of Aquila, the uncle of the king. Tancredi succeeded to the throne partly owing to his popularity, and partly owing to the common dislike felt towards the Germans. His reign was troubled by many claimants and by the repeated efforts of Henry to obtain his wife's inheritance. During one of these expeditions the Emperor was obliged to retreat, leaving his wife at Salerno. The inhabitants of that place handed her over to Tancredi; she was taken to Palermo, treated as a queen, and at last sent honourably back to her husband. (Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]



surrender; and I would not deprive a brave man, a man distinguished for deference and loyalty, of the pleasure he was about to enjoy in encountering your two barons. I am confident he never was discourteous.

*Constantia.* He was; he took my horse's bridle by the bit, turned his back on me, and would not let me go.

*Tancredi.* War sometimes is guilty of such enormities, and even worse.

*Constantia.* I would rather have surrendered myself to the most courageous knight in Italy.

*Tancredi.* Which may that be?

*Constantia.* By universal consent, Tancredi, Count of Lecce.

*Tancredi.* To possess the highest courage is but small glory; to be without it is a great disgrace.

*Constantia.* Loyalty, not only to ladies, but to princes, is the true and solid foundation of it. Count of Lecce! am I not the daughter of your king.

*Tancredi.* I recognize in the Lady Constantia the daughter of our late sovereign lord, King William, of glorious memory.

*Constantia.* Recognize, then, your Queen.

*Tancredi.* Our laws, and the supporters of these laws, forbid it.

*Constantia.* Is that memory a glorious one, as you call it, which a single year is sufficient to erase? And did not my father nominate me his heir?

*Tancredi.* A kingdom is not among the chattels of a king. A people is ruled within laws, and not within parks and chases: the powerfulest have no privilege to sport in that enclosure. The barons of the realm and the knights and the people assembled in Palermo, and there by acclamation called and appointed me to govern the State. Certainly, the Lady Constantia is nearer to the throne in blood, and much worthier: I said so then. The unanimous reply was, that Sicily should be independent of all other lands, and that neither German kings nor Roman emperors should control her.

*Constantia.* You must be aware, sir, that an armed resistance to the Emperor is presumptuous and traitorous.

*Tancredi.* He has carried fire and sword into my country, and has excited the Genoese and Pisans—men speaking the same

language as ourselves—to debark on our coasts, to demolish our villages, and to consume our harvests.

*Constantia.* Being a sovereign, he possesses the undoubted right.

*Tancredi.* Being a Sicilian, I have no less a right to resist him.

*Constantia.* Right? Do rights appertain to vassals?

*Tancredi.* Even to them; and this one particularly. Were I still a vassal, I should remember that I am a king by election, by birth a Sicilian, and by descent a Norman.

*Constantia.* All these fine titles give no right whatever to the throne, from which an insuperable bar precludes you.

*Tancredi.* What bar can there be which my sword and my people's love are unable to bear down?

*Constantia.* Excuse my answer.

*Tancredi.* Deign me one, I entreat you, Madonna; although the voice of my country may be more persuasive with me even than yours.

*Constantia.* Count Lecce, you are worthy of all honor, excepting that alone which can spring only from lawful descent.

*Tancredi.* My father was the first-born of the Norman conqueror, King of Sicily; my mother, in her own right, Countess of Lecce. I have no reason to blush at my birth; nor did ever the noble breast which gave me nourishment heave with a sense of ignominy as she pressed me to it. She thought the blessing of the poor equivalent to the blessing of the priest.

*Constantia.* I would not refer to her ungently; but she by her alliance set at nought our Holy Father.

*Tancredi.* In all her paths, in all her words and actions, she obeyed him.

*Constantia.* Our Holy Father?

*Tancredi.* Our holiest, our only holy one,—“our Father which art in Heaven.” She wants no apology: precedent is nothing; but remember our ancestors—I say *ours*; for I glory in the thought that they are the same, and so near. Among the early dukes of Normandy, vanquishers of France, and (what is greater) conquerors of England, fewer were born within the pale of wedlock than without. Nevertheless, the ladies of our nation were always as faithful to love and duty as if hoods and surplices and

psalms had gone before them, and the Church had been the vestibule to the bedchamber.

*Constantia* My cousin the Countess was impeccable, and her virtues have rendered you as popular as your exploits.

Who is the pretty boy, who holds down his head so, with the silver in his hand?

*Isaureli* He is my son.

*Constantia* Why, then, does he kneel before me?

*Isaureli* To teach his father his duty.

*Constantia* You acknowledge the right of my husband?

*Isaureli* To a finer possession than in Sicily.

*Constantia* I must no longer hear this language.

*Isaureli* I utter it from the depth of a heart as pure as the coldest.

*Constantia* (to Isidore) Yes, my sweet child, I accept the offerings you have been holding so piteously and present so ungraciously. But you should have taken from your knees such a posture is undue to receive.

*By* Papa! what did the lady say? Do you ever make dupes captives?

(to Constantia) Run away! I will hold his hand for him.

*Constantia* I intend to run away, but you are quite as dangerous as your father. Count, you must tame my lion.

*Isaureli* My lord, I received it when you presented your royal hand to my respectful homage. The lion who accompanied you is mounted at the door, in order to conduct you, and the most noble and the most venerable of mine will be proud of the same permission.

*Constantia* I also am a Sicilian, I thank! I also am sensible to the glories of the Norman race. Never shall my husband, if I have any influence over him, be the enemy of so courteous a knight. I could almost say, Prosper! Prosper! for the defence, the happiness, the empire, of our Sicily.

*Isaureli* We may be deprived of territory and power, but never of knighthood. The brave alone can merit it, the brave alone can confer it, the decent alone can lose it. So long as there is Norman blood in my veins, I am a knight, and our blood and our knighthood are given us to defend the sex — Inseparable! I had almost said the weaker! and with your eyes before me!

*Constantia.* He cannot be a rebel, nor a false, bad man.

*Tancredi.* Lady, the sword which I humbly lay at your feet was, a few years ago, a black misshapen mass of metal: the gold that surrounds it, the jewel that surmounts it, the victories it hath gained, constitute now its least value; it owes the greatest to its position.

### XIII. PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

*Mary.* My dear, dear sister! it is long, very long, since we met.

*Elizabeth.* Methinks it was about the time they chopped off our Uncle Seymour's head for him. Not that he was *our* uncle, though: he was only Edward's.

*Mary.* The Lord Protector, if not your uncle, was always doatingly fond of you; and he often declared to me, even within your hearing, he thought you very beautiful.

*Elizabeth.* He said as much of you, if that is all; and he told me why: "*not to vex me*,"—as if, instead of vexing me, it would not charm me. I beseech your Highness is there any thing remarkable or singular in thinking me—what he thought me?

*Mary.* No, indeed; for so you are. But why call me *Highness*, drawing back and losing half your stature in the circumference of the courtesy.

*Elizabeth.* Because you are now, at this blessed hour, my lawful Queen.

*Mary.* Hush, prithee hush! The Parliament has voted otherwise.

*Elizabeth.* They would choose you.

*Mary.* What would they do with me?

*Elizabeth.* Trump you.

*Mary.* I am still at a loss.

*Elizabeth.* Bamboozle you.

*Mary.* Really, my dear sister, you have been so courted by

[<sup>1</sup> Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.]

the gallants, that you condescend to adopt their language in place of graver.

*Elizabeth.* Cheat you, then : will that do ?

*Mary.* Comprehensibly.

*Elizabeth.* I always speak as the thing spoken of requires. To the point. Would our father have minded the caitiffs ?

*Mary.* Naming our father, I should have said, *our father now in bliss* ; for surely he must be, having been a rock of defence against the torrent of irreligion.

*Elizabeth.* Well ; in bliss or out, there, here, or anywhere would he, royal soul ! have minded Parliament ? No such fool he. There were laws before there were parliaments ; and there were kings before there were laws. Were I in your Majesty's place (God forbid the thought should ever enter my poor weak head even in a dream ! ) I would try the mettle of my subjects : I would mount my horse, and head them.

*Mary.* Elizabeth, you were always a better horsewoman than I am : I should be ashamed to get a fall among the soldiers.

*Elizabeth.* Pish ! pish ! it would be among knights and nobles—the worst come to the worst. Lord o' mercy ! do you think they never saw such a thing before ?

*Mary.* I must hear of no resistance to the powers that be. Beside, I am but a weak woman.

*Elizabeth.* I do not see why women should be weak, unless they like.

*Mary.* Not only the Commons, but likewise the peers, have sworn allegiance.

*Elizabeth.* Did you ever in your history, in any chronicle or commentary, read of any parliament that was not as ready to be foresworn as to swear ?

*Mary.* Alas !

*Elizabeth.* If ever you did, the book is a rare one, kept in an out-of-the-way library, in a cedar chest all to itself, with golden locks and amber seals thereto.

*Mary.* I would not willingly think so ill of men.

*Elizabeth.* For my part, I can't abide 'em. All that can be said is, some are not so bad as others. You smile, and deem the speech a silly and superfluous one. We may live, Sister Mary, to see and acknowledge that it is not quite so sure and flat a

verity as it now appears to us. I never come near a primrose but I suspect an adder under it; and, the sunnier the day, the more misgivings.

*Mary.* But we are now, by the settlement of the monarchy, farther out of harm's way than ever.

*Elizabeth.* If the wench has children to-morrow, as she may have, they will inherit.

*Mary.* No doubt they would.

*Elizabeth.* No doubt? I will doubt: and others shall doubt too. The heirs of my body—yours first—God prosper them! Parliament may be constrained to retrace its steps. One half sees no harm in taking bribes; the other, no guilt in taking fright. Corruption is odious and costly; but, when people have yielded to compulsion, conscience is fain to acquiesce. Men say they were forced, and what is done under force is invalid.

*Mary.* There is nothing like compulsion.

*Elizabeth.* Then let there be. Let the few yield to the many, and all to the throne. Now is your time to stir. The furnace is mere smut, and no bellows to blow the embers. Parliament is without a leader. Three or four turnspits are crouching to leap upon the wheel, but, while they are snarling and snapping one at another, what becomes of the roast? Take them by the scuff, and out with 'em. The people will applaud you. They want bread within doors, and honesty without. They have seen enough of partisans and parliaments.

*Mary.* We cannot do without one.

*Elizabeth.* Convoke it, then; but call it with sound of trumpet. Such a body is unlikely to find a head. There is little encouragement for an honest knight or gentleman to take the station. The Commons slink away with lowered shoulders, and bear hateful compunction against the very names and memory of those braver men who, in dangerous times and before stern, authoritative, warlike sovereigns, supported their pretensions. Kings, who peradventure would have strangled such ringleaders, well remember and well respect them; their fellows would disown their benefactors and maintainers. Kings abominate their example; clowns would efface the images on their sepulchres. What forbearance on our part can such knaves expect, or what succor from the people?

*Mary.* What is done is done.

*Elizabeth.* Oftentimes it is easier to undo than to do. I should rather be glad than mortified at what has been done yonder. In addition to those churls and chapmen in the lower House, there are also among the peers no few who voted most audaciously.

*Mary.* The majority of them was of opinion that the Lady Jane should be invested with royal state and dignity.

*Elizabeth.* The majority! So much the better,—so much the better, say I. I would find certain folk who should make sharp inquest into their title-deeds, and spell the indentures syllable by syllable. Certain lands were granted for certain services, which services have been neglected. I would not in such wise neglect the lands in question, but annex them to my royal domains.

*Mary.* Sister! sister! you forget that the Lady Jane Grey (as was) is now queen of the realm.

*Elizabeth.* Forget it, indeed! The vile woman! I am minded to call her as such vile women are called out of doors.

*Mary.* Pray, abstain; not only forasmuch as it would be unseemly in those sweet, slender, delicate lips of yours, but also by reason that she is adorned with every grace and virtue, bating (which, indeed, outvalues them all) the true religion. Sister, I hope and believe I in this my speech have given you no offence; for your own eyes, I know, are opened. Indeed, who that is not wilfully blind can err in so straight a road, even if so gentle and so sure a guidance were wanting? The mind, sister, the mind itself, must be crooked which deviates a hair's-breadth. Ay, that intelligent nod would alone suffice to ~~rest~~ my bosom quite at rest thereupon. Should it not?

*Elizabeth.* It were imprudent in me to declare my real opinion at this juncture: we must step warily when we walk among cocatrices. I am barely a saint,—indeed, far from it; and I am much too young to be a martyr. But that odious monster, who pretends an affection for reformation, and a reverence for learning, is counting the jewels in the crown, while you fancy she is repeating her prayers or conning her Greek.

Sister Mary, as God is in heaven, I hold nothing so detestable in a woman as hypocrisy,—add thereunto, as you fairly may, avarice, man-hunting, lasciviousness. The least atom of the least

among these vices is heavy enough to weigh down the soul to the bottomless pit.

*Mary.* Unless divine grace—

*Elizabeth.* Don't talk to me. Don't spread the filth fine.

Now could not that empty fool, Dudley, have found some other young person of equal rank with Mistress Jane, and of higher beauty? Not that any other such, pretty as the boy is, would listen to his idle discourse.

And, pray, who are these Dudleys? The first of them was made a man of by our grandfather. And what was the man, after all? Nothing better than a huge smelting-pot, with a commodious screw at the colder end of the ladle.

I have no patience with the bold harlotry.

*Mary.* I see you have not, sister!

*Elizabeth.* No, nor have the people. They are on tip-toe for rising in all parts of the kingdom.

*Mary.* What can they do? God help them!

*Elizabeth.* Sister Mary! good Sister Mary! did you say, *God help them*? I am trembling into a heap. It is well you have uttered such words to safe and kindred ears. If they should ever come whispered at the Privy Council, it might end badly.

I believe my visit hath been of as long continuance as may seem befitting. I must be gone.

*Mary.* Before your departure, let me correct a few of your opinions in regard to our gentle kinswoman and most gracious Queen. She hath nobly enlarged my poor alimony. Look here! to begin.

*Elizabeth.* What! all golden pieces? I have not ten groats in the world.

*Mary.* Be sure she will grant unto you plenteously. She hath condescended to advise me of her intent. Meanwhile, I do entreat you will take home with you the purse you are stroking down, thinking about other things.

*Elizabeth.* Not I, not I, if it comes from such a creature.

*Mary.* You accept it from me.

*Elizabeth.* Then, indeed, unreservedly. Passing through your hands, the soil has been wiped away. However, as I live, I will carefully wash every piece in it with soap and water. Do you believe they can lose any thing of their weight thereby?



*Mary.* Nothing material.

*Elizabeth.* I may reflect and cogitate upon it. I would not fain offer anybody light money.

Truth! I fear the purse, although of chamois and double stitched, is insufficient to sustain the weight of the gold, which must be shaken violently on the road as I return. Dear Sister Mary, as you probably are not about to wear that head-tire, could you, commodiously to yourself, lend me it awhile, just to deposit a certain part of the moneys therein? for the velvet is stout, and the Venetian netting close and stiff: I can hardly bend the threads. I shall have more leisure to admire its workmanship at home.

*Mary.* Elizabeth, I see you are grown forgiving. In the commencement of our discourse, I suggested a slight alteration of manner in speaking of our father. Do you pray for the repose of his soul morning and night?

*Elizabeth.* The doubt is injurious.

*Mary.* Pardon me! I feel it. But the voices of children, O Elizabeth, come to the ear of God above all other voices. The best want intercession. Pray for him, Elizabeth; pray for him.

*Elizabeth.* Why not? He did indeed—but he was in a passion—ordered my mother up the three black stairs, and he left her pretty head on the landing; but I bear him no malice for it.

*Mary.* Malice! The baneful word hath shot up from hell in many places, but never between child and parent. In the space of that one span, on that sin, ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> Paradise, the serpent never trailed. Husband and wife were severed by him, then again clashed together; brother slew brother: but parent and child stand where their Creator first placed them, and drink at the only source of pure, untroubled love.

*Elizabeth.* Beside, you know, being King, he had clearly a right to do it, plea or no plea.

*Mary.* We will converse no longer on so dolorous a subject.

*Elizabeth.* I will converse on it as long as such is my pleasure.

*Mary.* Being my visitor, you command here.

*Elizabeth.* I command nowhere. I am blown about like a

leaf: I am yielding as a feather in a cushion, only one among a million. But I tell you, honestly and plainly, I do not approve of it, anyhow! It may have grown into a trick and habit with him: no matter for that; in my view of the business, it is not what a husband ought to do with a wife. And, if she did—but she did not; and I say it.

*Mary.* It seems, indeed, severe.

*Elizabeth.* Yea, afore God, methinks it smacks a trifle of the tart.

*Mary.* Our father was God's vicegerent. Probably it is for the good of her soul, poor lady! Better suffer here than hereafter. We ought to kiss the rod, and be thankful.

*Elizabeth.* Kiss the rod, forsooth! I have been constrained erewhile even unto that; and no such a child neither. But I would rather have kissed it fresh and fair, with all its buds and knots upon it, than after it had bestowed on me, in such a roundabout way, such a deal of its embroidery and lacc-work. I thank my father for all that. I hope his soul lies easier than my skin did.

*Mary.* The wish is kind; but prayers would much help it. Our father, of blessed memory, now (let us hope) among the saints, was somewhat sore in his visitations; but they tended heavenward.

*Elizabeth.* Yea, when he cursed and cuffed and kicked us.

*Mary.* He did kick, poor man!

*Elizabeth.* Kick! Fifty folks, young and old, have seen the marks his kicking left behind.

*Mary.* We should conceal all such his infirmities. They arose from an irritation in the foot, whereof he died.

*Elizabeth.* I only know I could hardly dance or ride for them; chiefly caught, as I was, fleeing from his wrath. He seldom vouchsafed to visit me: when he did, he pinched my ear so bitterly I was fain to squeal. And then he said I should turn out like my mother: calling me by such a name, moreover, as is heard but about the kennel; and even there it is never given to the young.

*Mary.* There was choler in him at certain times and seasons. Those who have much will, have their choler excited when opposite breath blows against it.

*Elizabeth.* Let them have will; let them have choler too, in God's name: but it is none the better, as gout is, for flying to hand or foot.

*Mary.* I have seen—now do, pray, forgive me—

*Elizabeth.* Well, what have you seen?

*Mary.* My sweet little sister lift up the most delicate of all delicate white hands, and with their tiny narrow pink nails tear off ruffs and caps, and take sundry unerring aims at eyes and noses.

*Elizabeth.* Was that any impediment or hindrance to riding and dancing? I would always make people do their duty, and always will. Remember (for your memory seems accurate enough) that, whenever I scratched anybody's face, I permitted my hand to be kissed by the offender within a day or two.

*Mary.* Undeniable.

*Elizabeth.* I may, peradventure, have been hasty in my childhood: but all great hearts are warm; all good ones are relenting. If, in combing my hair, the hussy lugged it, I obeyed God's command and referred to the *lex talionis*. I have not too much of it; and every soul on earth sees its beauty. A single one would be a public loss. Uncle Seymour—but what boots it? There are others who can see perhaps as far as Uncle Seymour.

*Mary.* I do remember his saying that he watched its growth as he would a melon's. And how fondly did those little, sharp, gray eyes of his look and wink when you blushed and chided his flattery!

*Elizabeth.* Never let any man ~~com~~ flatter me: I am above it. Only the weak and ugly want the refreshment of that perfumed fan. I take but my own; and touch it who dares!

Really, it is pleasant to see in what a pear-form fashion both purse and caul are hanging. Faith! they are heavy: I could hardly lift them from the back of the chair.

*Mary.* Let me call an attendant to carry them for you.

*Elizabeth.* Are you mad? They are unsealed, and ill-tied: any one could slip his hand in.

And so that—the word was well nigh out of my mouth—gave you all this gold?

*Mary.* For shame! Oh, for shame!

*Elizabeth.* I feel shame only for her. It turns my cheeks red,—together with some anger upon it. But I cannot keep my eyes off that book--if book it may be--on which the purse was lying.

*Mary.* Somewhat irreverently, God forgive me! But it was sent at the same time by the same fat creature, with many kind words. It had always been kept in our father's bedroom closet, and was removed from Edward's by those unhappy men who superintended his education.

*Elizabeth.* She must have thought all those stones are garnets: to me they look like rubies, one and all. Yet, over so large a cover, they cannot all be rubies.

*Mary.* I believe they are; excepting the glory in the centre, which is composed of chrysolites. Our father was an excellent judge in jewelry, as in every thing else; and he spared no expenditure in objects of devotion.

*Elizabeth.* What creature could fail in devotion with an object such as that before the eyes? Let me kiss it,—partly for my Saviour's and partly for my father's sake.

*Mary.* How it comforts me, O Elizabeth, to see you thus press it to your bosom! Its spirit, I am confident, has entered there. Disregard the pebbles: take it home; cherish it evermore. May there be virtue, as some think there is, even in the stones about it! God bless you, strengthen you, lead you aright, and finally bring you to everlasting glory!

*Elizabeth (going).* The Popish puss!

#### XIV PHILIP II. AND DONA JUANA COELHO.<sup>1</sup>

*Juana.* Condescend, O my King, to hear me!

*Philip.* By what means, Dona Juana, have you obtained this admission to my presence?

<sup>1</sup> The story of the assassination of Escovedo may be found at length in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Antonio Perez, who plotted his death with Philip's sanction, fell himself a victim to the king's suspicion. He was charged with treason, and with the murder of Escovedo. But it is generally asserted that his real crime was an intrigue with the Princess

*Juana.* Sire, by right of my sex and my misfortunes.

*Philip.* And what misfortune of yours, pray, madam, is it in my power to remove or alleviate?

*Juana.* All mine, O most puissant monarch! and nearly all the heaviest that exist on earth; the providence of God having placed the larger part of the known world under the sceptre or the influence of your Majesty.

*Philip.* And the more suffering part, no doubt. God, and his mother, and the blessed saints, have exalted me to my station, that I may bring chastisement on the perverse and rebellious, and ward it off from the dutiful and obedient. I have now little leisure: to the point, then.

*Juana.* O Sire! my husband has offended,—I know not how.

*Philip.* Nor should you. His offence is against the State.

*Juana.* He has been secretary many years to your Majesty; and, in times and circumstances the most trying, he has ever been a faithful vassal. The riches he possesses flowed in great measure from royal bounty; none from treason, none from speculation, none from abuse of power.

*Philip.* Know you his steps, his thoughts?

*Juana.* I have always shared them.

*Philip.* Always? No, madam. Let me tell you, he aspires too high.

*Juana.* O Sire! that is a generous fault,—the fault of every one who loves glory; of every true Spaniard, and, above all, of Antonio Perez.

*Philip.* When did he first begin to look so loftily?

*Juana.* When first he began to ~~use~~ <sup>use</sup> your Majesty.

*Philip.* Has he no gratitude, no sense of duty, no feeling of nothingness, as becomes a subject? I made him what he is. Tell me no more I enriched him. That is little: besides, I know not that I did it; and I could only wish to have done it, that I might undo it. I cannot remember that he has had any thing from me beyond the salary of his offices; but those who accept my money

of Eboli, Philip's mistress. Before his sentence, his wife aided him to escape; and after causing an insurrection in Aragon, he succeeded in reaching France. Philip's wrath fell upon his wife and children. All were thrown into prison, and Dona Juana Coelho died there twelve years later. (Works, ii. 1846. Works, v. 1876.)]

for any services would just as readily accept it from my enemies. They care no more from whose hand it comes than whose effigy it bears.

*Juana.* He had enough and abundantly from his offices; nor, indeed, was he without a patrimony, nor I without a dower.

*Philip.* He should have minded his business: he should have taken example from Scovedo.

*Juana.* Sire, it becomes not me to express astonishment, or even to feel it, in the august presence.

*Philip.* Something very like astonishment produces good effects, occasionally. Madam, would you wish further audience?

*Juana.* Too graciously vouchsafed me! Sire, Antonio Perez, my husband, is accused of being privy to the assassination—

*Philip.* Unmannerly, ill-featured expression!

*Juana.* —Of his colleague, Scovedo. I come to entreat, on the part of his family and of mine, that he may be brought to trial speedily and openly. If your Majesty will indulge us with this further act of royal clemency and favor, I engage that a crime so detestable, a crime from which the nature of Don Antonio is abhorrent, shall be removed for ever from our house.

*Philip.* At my good pleasure, I may confront him with his accomplices.

*Juana.* Alas! alas! who are the guilty?

*Philip.* Who? who? (*Aside.*) Suspicious, audacious woman! Some have suspected those about the Princess of Evoli, and have watched her.

*Juana.* Kind soul, may never harm befall her from their wiles! Beauty, that should fill the world with light and happiness, brings only evil spirits into it, and is blighted by malignity and grief. Who upon earth could see the Princess of Evoli, and not be softened?

*Philip.* The injured, the insulted.

*Juana.* Alas! even she, then, serves the purposes of the envious. From the plant that gives honey to the bee, the spider and wasp draw poison.

*Philip.* You know the lady very intimately?

*Juana.* She honors me with her notice.

*Philip.* She honors your husband, too, with her notice,—does she not?

*Juana.* Most highly.

*Philip.* Then, madam, by the saints, he dies!

*Juana.* O Sire! recall the threat!

*Philip.* We never threaten; we sentence.

*Juana.* He is innocent! By the beloved of God! by the Fountain of truth and purity! he is innocent!

*Philip.* And she too! and she too! marvel of virtue! A brazen breast would split with laughter. Sic! Evoli! Evoli!

*Juana.* Is as innocent as he. O Sire! this beautiful and gentle lady—

*Philip.* Ay, ay, very gentle: she brings men's heads to the scaffold, if they have ever lain in her lap.

*Juana.* The unsuspecting, generous princess:—

*Philip.* Killed the poor fool Scovedo.

*Juana.* Pardon me, Sire, she hardly knew him, and bore no ill-will toward him.

*Philip.* Nor toward Perez; at worst, not very spiteful. Dead secretaries and dead rats should drive off living ones. He was useful to me,—I mean Scovedo,—even when alive: I cannot afford one like him every day. Do you hear, Dona Juana?

*Juana.* Perfectly, Sire.

*Philip.* And understand?

*Juana.* As well as I dare.

*Philip.* Could you live in privacy, with your accomplishments, and your beauty?

*Juana.* Alas! I wish it had alway, ~~was~~ my lot!

*Philip.* I may promote you to that enviable situation.

*Juana.* My husband, now he has lost the countenance of your Majesty, would retreat with me from the world.

*Philip.* It is not in open places that serpents hatch their eggs. God protects me: I must protect the State. Perez is unworthy of you.

*Juana.* Sire, if I thought him so, I would try to make him worthy.

*Philip.* There are offences that women cannot pardon.

*Juana.* Then they should retire, and learn how.

*Philip.* That insolent and ungrateful man wrongs and despises you. He too, among the rest, presumes to love the Princess of Evoli.

*Juana.* Who does not?

*Philip.* Who shall dare? Perez, I tell you again, has declared his audacious passion to her.

*Juana.* Then, God forgive him his impetuosity and sinfulness! If she rejected him, he is punished.

*Philip.* If!—if! Do you pretend, do you imagine, she would listen to one like him? Do you reason about it; do you calculate on it; do you sigh and weep at it, as if in your spite and stupidity you could believe it? By the blood of the martyrs, I will drain the last drop of that traitor's! Off! unclasp my knee! I cannot wait for the words in your throat!

## XV. DANTE AND BEATRICE.<sup>1</sup>

*Dante.* When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you, did it become you, you whom I have always called *the most gentle Bice*, to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon! pardon! pardon! My senses have left me: my heart being gone, they follow.

*Beatrice.* Childish man! pursuing the impossible.

*Dante.* And was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet, and weep.

*Beatrice.* But weep not, gentle Dante! fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve, you. Consider a little. Is laughter at all times the signal or the precursor of desision? I smiled, let me avow it; from the pride I felt in your preference of me; and, if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon so faint a smile.

[<sup>1</sup> Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.]



I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you: if I might, I would.

*Dante.* Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice, who have loved you, as you well remember, even from your tenth year! But it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

*Beatrice.* If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

*Dante.* Tell me the truth.

*Beatrice.* The report is general.

*Dante.* The truth! the truth! Tell me, Bice.

*Beatrice.* Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven.

*Dante.* Is heaven, then, under the paternal roof?

*Beatrice.* It has been to me, hitherto.

*Dante.* And now you seek it elsewhere.

*Beatrice.* I seek it not. The wiser choose for the weaker. Nay, do not sigh so. What would you have, my grave, pensive Dante? What can I do?

*Dante.* Love me.

*Beatrice.* I always did.

*Dante.* Love me? Oh, bliss of heaven!

*Beatrice.* No, no, no! Forbear! Men's kisses are always mischievous and hurtful; everybody says it. If you truly loved me, you would never think of doing so.

*Dante.* Nor even this?

*Beatrice.* You forget that you are no longer a boy; and that it is not thought proper at your time of life to continue the arm at all about the waist. Beside, I think ~~you~~ would better not put your head against my bosom; it beats too much to be pleasant to you. Why do you wish it? Why fancy it can do you any good? It grows no cooler: it seems to grow even hotter. Oh, how it burns! Go, go; it hurts me too: it struggles, it aches, it throbs. Thank you, my gentle friend, for removing your brow away: your hair is very thick and long; and it began to heat me more than you can imagine. While it was there, I could not see your face so well, nor talk with you quietly.

*Dante.* Oh! when shall we talk so quietly in future?

*Beatrice.* When I am married. I shall often come to visit

my father. He has always been solitary since my mother's death, which happened in my infancy, long before you knew me.

*Dante.* How can he endure the solitude of his house when you have left it?

*Beatrice.* The very question I asked him.

*Dante.* You did not then wish to—to—go away?

*Beatrice.* Ah, no! It is sad to be an outcast at fifteen.

*Dante.* An outcast?

*Beatrice.* Forced to leave a home.

*Dante.* For another?

*Beatrice.* Childhood can never have a second.

*Dante.* But childhood is now over.

*Beatrice.* I wonder who was so malicious as to tell my father that? He wanted me to be married a whole year ago.

*Dante.* And, Bice, you hesitated?

*Beatrice.* No; I only wept. He is a dear, good father. I never disobeyed him but in those wicked tears; and they ran the faster the more he reprehended them.

*Dante.* Say, who is the happy youth?

*Beatrice.* I know not who ought to be happy, if you are not.

*Dante.* I?

*Beatrice.* Surely, you deserve all happiness.

*Dante.* Happiness! any happiness is denied me. Ah, hours of childhood! bright hours! what fragrant blossoms ye unfold! what bitter fruits to ripen!

*Beatrice.* Now cannot you continue to sit under that old fig-tree at the corner of the garden? It is always delightful to me to think of it.

*Dante.* Again you smile: I wish I could smile too.

*Beatrice.* You were usually more grave than I, although very often, two years ago, you told me I was the graver. Perhaps I *was* then, indeed; and perhaps I ought to be now: but, really, I must smile at the recollection, and make you smile with me.

*Dante.* Recollection of what, in particular?

*Beatrice.* Of your ignorance that a fig-tree is the brittlest of trees, especially when it is in leaf; and, moreover, of your tumble, when your head was just above the wall, and your hand (with the verses in it) on the very coping-stone. Nobody suspected that I went every day to the bottom of our garden, to hear you

repeat your poetry on the other side ; nobody but yourself : you soon found me out. But on that occasion I thought you might have been hurt ; and I climbed up our high peach-tree in the grass-plot nearest the place ; and thence I saw Messer Dante, with his white sleeves reddened by the fig-juice, and the seeds sticking to it pertinaciously, and Messer blushing, and trying to conceal his calamity, and still holding the verses. They were all about me.

*Dante.* Never shall any verse of mine be uttered from my lips, or from the lips of others, without the memorial of Bice.

*Beatrice.* Sweet Dante ! in the purity of your soul shall Bice live ; as (we are told by the goat-herds and foresters) poor creatures have been found preserved in the serene and lofty regions of the Alps, many years after the breath of life had left them. Already you rival Guido Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoja : you must attempt—nor perhaps, shall it be vainly—to surpass them in celebrity.

*Dante.* If ever I am above them,—and I must be,—I know already what angel's hand will have helped me up the ladder. Beatrice, I vow to heaven, shall stand higher than Selvaggia, high and glorious and immortal as that name will be. You have given me joy and sorrow ; for the worst of these (I will not say the least) I will confer on you all the generations of our Italy, all the ages of our world. But, first (alas, from me you must not have it !) may happiness, long happiness, attend you !

*Beatrice.* Ah ! those words rend your bosom ! Why should they ?

*Dante.* I could go away contented, or almost contented, were I sure of it. Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring. You have made me see clearly that you never can be mine in this world ; but at the same time, O Beatrice, you have made me see quite as clearly that you may and must be mine in another. I am older than you : precedence is given to age, and not to worthiness, in our way to heaven. I will watch over you ; I will pray for you when I am nearer to God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain should call me onward.

*Beatrice.* Hush, sweetest Dante ! hush !

*Dante.* It is there, where I shall have caught the first glimpse of you again, that I wish all my portion of Paradise to be assigned me; and there, if far below you, yet within the sight of you, to establish my perdurable abode.

*Beatrice.* Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante! And may not I be called away first?

*Dante.* Alas! alas! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the path black behind them! But to think that you should go before me! It almost sends me forward on my way, to receive and welcome you. If indeed, O Beatrice! such should be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to him is suspended. Oh! look often on me with prayer, and pity; for there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain. Why are you silent?

*Beatrice.* It is very sinful not to love all creatures in the world. But is it true, O Dante! that we always love those the most who make us the most unhappy?

*Dante.* The remark, I fear, is just.

*Beatrice.* Then, unless the Virgin be pleased to change my inclinations, I shall begin at last to love my betrothed; for already the very idea of him renders me sad, wearisome, and comfortless. Yesterday, he sent me a bunch of violets. When I took them up, delighted as I felt at that sweetest of odors, which you and I once inhaled together—

*Dante.* And only once.

*Beatrice.* You know why. Be quiet now, and hear me. I dropped the posy; for around it, hidden by various kinds of foliage, was twined the bridal necklace of pearls. O Dante! how worthless are the finest of them (and there are many fine ones) in comparison with those little pebbles, some of which (for perhaps I may not have gathered up all) may be still lying under the peach-tree, and some (do I blush to say it?) under the fig! Tell me not who threw these, nor for what. But you know you were always thoughtful, and sometimes reading, sometimes writing, and sometimes forgetting me, while I waited to see the crimson cap, and the two bay-leaves I fastened in it, rise above the garden-wall. How silently you are listening, if you do listen!

*Dante.* Oh, could my thoughts incessantly and eternally

dwell among these recollections, undisturbed by any other voice, —undisturbed by any other presence! Soon must they abide with me alone, and be repeated by none but me,—repeated in the accents of anguish and despair! Why could you not have held in the sad home of your heart that necklace and those violets.

*Beatrice.* My Dante! we must all obey: I, my father; you, your God. He will never abandon you.

*Dante.* I have ever sung, and will for ever sing, the most glorious of his works: and yet, O Bice! he abandons me, he casts me off; and he uses your hand for this infliction.

*Beatrice.* Men travel far and wide, and see many on whom to fix or transfer their affections; but we maidens have neither the power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us; and, doing thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of life. We know we are performing our duty; and the fruit of this knowledge is contentment. Season after season, day after day, you have made me serious, pensive, meditative, and almost wise. Being so little a girl, I was proud that you, so much taller, should lean on my shoulder to overlook my work. And greatly more proud was I when in time you taught me several Latin words, and then whole sentences, both in prose and verse; pasting a strip of paper over, or obscuring with impenetrable ink, those passages in the poets which were beyond my comprehension, and might perplex me. But proudest of all was I when you began to reason with me. What will now be my pride, if you are convinced by the first arguments I ever have opposed to you; or if you only take them up and try if they are applicable. Certainly do I know (indeed, indeed I do) that even the patience to consider them will make you happier. Will it not, then, make me so? I entertain no other wish. Is not this true love?

*Dante.* Ah, yes! the truest, the purest, the least perishable; but not the sweetest. Here are the rue and the hyssop; but where the rose?

*Beatrice.* Wicked must be whatever torments you; and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the Tempter should intercept it,

and respire it polluted into your ear? Do not make me hesitate to pray to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you with a reproachful pity. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge.

*Dante.* God annihilate a power so criminal! Oh, could my love flow into your breast with hers! It should flow with equal purity.

*Beatrice.* You have stored my little mind with many thoughts; dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom; as the *Contadina* lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely, the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

*Dante.* Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands fixed and solid and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest, above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts. The good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.

*Beatrice.* Now you are calm and reasonable, listen to Bice. You must marry.

*Dante.* Marry?

*Beatrice.* Unless you do, how can we meet again, unreservedly? Worse, worse than ever! I cannot bear to see those large, heavy tears following one another, heavy and slow as nuns at the funeral of a sister. Come, I will kiss off one, if you will promise me faithfully to shed no more. Be tranquil, be tranquil; only hear reason. There are many who know you; and all who know you must love you. Don't you hear me? Why turn aside? and why go further off? I will have that hand. It twists about as if it hated its confinement. Perverse

and peevish creature ! you have no more reason to be sorry than I have ; and you have many to the contrary which I have not. Being a man, you are at liberty to admire a variety, and to make a choice. Is that no comfort to you ?

*Dante.*

“ Bid this bosom cease to grieve ?  
 Bid these eyes fresh objects see ?  
 Where’s the comfort to believe  
 None might once have rivall’d me ?  
 What ! my freedom to receive !  
 Broken hearts, are they the free ?  
 For another can I live  
 When I may not live for thee ?

*Beatrice.* I will never be fond of you again, if you are so violent. We have been together too long, and we may be noticed.

*Dante.* Is this our last meeting ? If it is—and that it is, my heart has told me—you will not, surely you will not refuse—

*Beatrice.* Dante ! Dante ! they make the heart sad after : do not wish it. But prayers—oh, how much better are they ! how much quieter and lighter they render it ! They carry it up to heaven with them ; and those we love are left behind no longer.

## XVI. QUEEN ELIZABETH, CECIL, DUKE OF ANJOU, AND DE LA MOTTE FENELON.<sup>1</sup>

*Elizabeth.* You are only nineteen, M. D’Anjou : I, as all the world knows, am bordering on thirty.

*La Motte (aside).* Thirty-nine, that is. (Pretty bordering.)

*Elizabeth (continuing).* If in fifteen or twenty years, sooner or later, I should haply lose a part of those personal charms which, for the benefit of my people, God’s providence hath so bountifully bestowed on me, and which your partial eye hath multiplied ; if they should wane, and their power over your gentle heart become fainter,—die I must : die of grief ; the grievoudest of grief,—the loss of your affection.

[<sup>1</sup> Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.]

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*Anjou.* Impossible ! Such charms perish ! wane ! decline ! in fifteen or twenty years !

*La Motte (aside).* They have all been gone the best part of the time.

*Anjou.* Angelic vision ! I am unworthy of them : earth may be so too. Death alone can deprive her of their radiance : but the angels can be happy without them ; and mankind hath not so sinned a second time as to deserve a deluge,—a universal deluge of tears for which no ark hath been provided.

*Elizabeth (to Cecil).* He speaks well, rationally, religiously : but, Cecil, the inches are wanting.

*Anjou.* A few years are as unlikely to produce a change on that countenance of a seraph, as eternity is to produce it in my passion.

*Elizabeth.* I cannot but smile at you, my sweet cousin ! But surely you mock me. Do my features (which, alas ! like my heart, were ever too flexible) seem to you so settled ?

*Anjou.* Not otherwise than as the stars above are settled in the firmament.

*Elizabeth.* Believe it or not believe it, I have been more beautiful.

*La Motte (aside).* No heretic will ever be burned for disputing the verity of that article.

*Anjou.* More beautiful still ?

*Elizabeth.* Ay, truly ; two years ago.

*Anjou.* Truth is powerful ; but modesty is powerfuller. Here, indeed, truth flies before her. For this uncourteous speech, thus extorted from me, on my knees do I crave your pardon, O gracious Queen, O empress of my heart.

*Elizabeth.* I increase in glory by that application.

*Anjou.* I have always heard that the lofty of both sexes love the less in stature, and that the beautiful are partial to the plain.

*Elizabeth.* Am I plain, false traitor ? I could almost find it in my heart to heat you, for changing your tone so suddenly.

*Anjou.* That gracious glance could heal even wounds inflicted by the rack, and turn agonies into ecstasies. I spake (alas, too truly !) of myself. Whatever are the graces which the world sees in my person, I am shorter than several in the courts



of France and England. Indeed, I never saw so many personable men before, as I have seen about your Majesty.

*Elizabeth (aside).* He has caught some of his Brother Henry's jealousy; maybe he hath spied at Dudley; maybe he hath heard of the Admiral and—the rest.

Sir, my cousin! they are well enough; that is, they are well enough for grooms, and servants about the house.

*Anjou.* Your Majesty is now looking at those unfortunate holes and seams left all over my face by the small-pox.

*Elizabeth.* Dimples! dimples! hiding-places of love.

La Motte, did you not assure me that there is a surgeon in London who can remove them all?

*La Motte.* And most truly. I have conversed with him myself, and have seen many whose faces he hath put into repair. You would believe that the greater part had never had a speck upon them.

*Elizabeth.* Touch your face! Would you let him? would you suffer him to alter one feature, one component of feature, in that countenance.

*Anjou.* My mother has insisted that it might be improved.

*Elizabeth.* My dear sister, the Queen Catarina, is the wisest of queens and of women. A mother so perspicacious might espy a defect, when another of equal perspicacity (if any such existed) could find none.

*To Cecil.* What a monkey! How hideous! and how vain, worst of all!

*Cecil.* His Highness hath much penetration.

*Elizabeth.* But the inches, Cecil,—the inches!

*Anjou.* I perceive your Majesty hath been comparing my stature with my Lord Burleigh's. I wish, indeed, I resembled his Lordship in figure and dignity. I would gladly be half an inch taller.

*Elizabeth.* Men never are contented. You are between five and six feet high.

*(Aside).* Eleven inches from six, though.

*Anjou.* If my height is unobjectionable, my heart is quite at ease; for it has been certified to me that the surgeon can render my face as smooth as—

*Elizabeth (aside).* The outside of an oyster-shell.

*Anjou.* And should he fail, should he peradventure, my beard in another year will overgrow the marks.

*Elizabeth (to Cecil).* Such creatures are usually born with beards from chin to eyebrow, and from eyebrow to nose.

*(To Anjou).* Beards so comprehensive add more to majesty than to comeliness.

*(To Cecil).* 'Fore Gad ! Cecil, I would not have him for a husband, were he ten inches taller, and ten wider across the shoulders. To gratify my beloved people, on whom all my thoughts are bent, I must look narrowly to the succession, seeing that from my body must descend the issue of their future kings. We want the inches, Cecil, we verily do want the inches. My father was a portly man, Cecil, and my grandfather, albeit spare, was wirily elastic. For reasons of State, I would never have my Sister Mary's widower. The nation might possibly have been disappointed in the succession, and I should have wasted away among the bleeding hearts of my people. Say something to the man, and let him go. Were there the inches—but we must not press upon that point.

*Cecil.* May it please your Majesty, ten or a dozen in height and breadth would cover a multitude of sins, and almost atone for the mass.

*Elizabeth.* At him upon that !

*Anjou.* I do perceive there are difficulties ; but I humbly trust that none of them are insurmountable.

*Elizabeth.* Excuse my maidenly sighs, sweet cousin !

*La Motte (aside).* No sighs of that description have escaped her since she was fourteen. The first and last of them caught the sails of the High Admiral, and cast him on the breakers.

*Anjou.* Those tender breathings, most gracious lady, seem to arise from my breast and to murmur on your lips ; those beautiful lips which may soften or shorten the thread of my destiny.

*Elizabeth.* Faith and troth, Cecil, this rogue duke possesses a vast treasury of jewelled language. The boy is well educated, and hath much discernment. It would cost no ordinary poet half a day's labor, and the better part of his ten nails, to have devised what our cousin hath spoken off-hand.

(*To Anjou.*) Sir, my                      of all the princes who have wooed me, none so well knows the avenues to my heart as you do. I beseech you, urge me no further in this moment of my weakness. The woman who avoweth her love loseth her lover. Forbear! Oh, forbear! have patience: leave my wits to settle! Time, too clearly I perceive it, will only rivet my chains.

*La Motte (to Anjou).* He hath taken his leisure in forging them, and hath left them brittle at last.

*Anjou (to La Motte).* Forty-nine years! Women of that age have bent down their spectacles over the cradles of their great-grandchildren. In God's name, La Motte, how much older ever do they grow?

*Elizabeth.* What did I overhear of children? The Lord vouchsafe us whatever number of girls it may please his Divine providence! I would implore of it, in addition, only just two boys; one for France, and one for England.

*La Motte.* We cannot be quite happy with fewer than four girls, may it please your Majesty.

*Elizabeth.* It pleaseth me well; and I see no difficulty in inserting so discreet a prayer in our Litany. But why four? Why four, precisely?

*La Motte.* May it please your Majesty! in order to represent their mother and the Graces. In the first I have presumed to mention, the cardinal virtues have already their representative.

*Cecil.* M. De La Motte Fénelon! her Majesty has been graciously pleased to impose on me her royal command that I should express her Majesty's deep sorrow (since she herself is incapable in this presence of expressing any such sentiment) at the strange misadventure, the sad, untoward demise, of so many Protestant lords and gentlemen, in his Most Christian Majesty's good city of Paris, on the Feast of St. Bartholomew last past. And her most gracious Majesty, in the tenderness of her royal heart, urged by the cries and clamors of her loving subjects, would remonstrate, however blandly, thereupon. In order to pacify her people, who are dearer to her than life, and in order that no delay whatever may be interposed to your forthcoming nuptials, her Majesty would fain insure your Highness's compliance with the established religion of the realm; and is ready to accept any valid security that your and her royal progeny (the first-born and

second-born son, especially) be educated in the same. The daughters, in course, follow the footsteps of the mother.

*Anjou.* My children can receive no better instruction than from their most religious and accomplished mother. I am tolerant of all religions; and, to give a proof of it, I am going to fight for the Protestants in the Low-Countries.

*Elizabeth (to Cecil).* Do not let him go: he will obtain great influence over them, and curtail our traffic and taxes.

*(To Anjou.)* O Anjou! Anjou! O my beloved Francis! do you, must you, can you, leave us? My sobs choke me. Is war, is even glory, preferable to love? Alas! alas! you cannot answer me: you know not what love is. Oh, imperfection of speech,—in the presence of Anjou to separate war and glory! But when will you return?

*Anjou.* Before the end of next month, at farthest.

*Elizabeth.* What years, what ages, roll within that period! My heart is already on the ocean with you, swelling more tumultuously. The danger I most dread is from the elements: no other enemy is great enough to hurt you. Only look from the window! The waves are beating and roaring against our town of Sandwich, ready to engulf it.

*Anjou.* Sweet lady! the sun is shining on the eighth of February as brightly as it ever shone on May before. But shines it not at this moment on May?

*Elizabeth.* Flatterer! deceiver! I am shipwrecked and lost already. Adieu! adieu!—must I only say—*my cousin*?

*Anjou.* She is gone—God be praised! Why did not you tell me, Fénelon, what a hyena the creature is? Her smile cured me at once of love-qualms.

*La Motte.* She is not so amiss. Really, she was well-looking no longer than some twenty years ago. But every woman has been several women if she has lived long. The English at this hour call her handsome.

*Anjou.* The English may be good historians: they are bad grammarians; they confound the preterite and the present. Beside, to call her otherwise, would cost the best among them his head. How many days ago is it that she chopped off the hand of the most eloquent and honest man in her universities, for disapproving of her intended marriage with me? And yet

he praised her, and spoke affectionately. What prince, whether in modern times or ancient, ever inflicted so many and such atrocious pains and penalties, or ever expected such enormous sums in proportion to the ability of the people? But in England the pack is well whipped in, and always follows the first hound at full cry, muzzle to hoof. The English have belief for every thing but religion: there they would run wild; only a few good Catholics whimper and sit quiet. Englishmen verily believe the Queen loves them tenderly, while they see one after another led with the halter round their necks up the ladder, some wanting their ears, some their noses, and some their hands. Talk to me of St Bartholomew's day!—the dead upon that day died whole.

What stomachs have these islanders! The Lord High Admiral well deserved his commussion; but he was braver on land than at sea.

*La Motte.* The English drink valiantly, and do not see clearly small defects in beauty by bedtime. They are hale, and deem it unmeet and unmanly to be squeamish.

*Anjou.* So it appears, by what my brother told me, and by what (as we know) went against the grain with him. But he was heir-apparent. If Dudley had been a gentleman by descent, Charles perhaps might not have so taken to heart his precedence.

*La Motte.* She has points about her.

*Anjou.* Ay, truly; too many. Were her nose but awry, she might see to read through it. Then (mercy upon us!) those long, narrow, ferret's teeth, intersecting a face of such proportions that it is like a pared cucumber set on end. And then, those foxy eyelashes and eyebrows! And those wildfire eyes, equal in volubility to her tongue and her affections, and leering like a panther's when it yawns. Gramercy! the fellow who pretends he can fill up the trenches and pitfalls in my face may try his hand at hers; I never will. Sacre! the skinny old goshawk, all talon and plumage. By St Martin! I would not have her,—no, not even to nail against my stable-door. I do not wonder that Dudley requires a couple of wives to take the taste of this wormwood out of his mouth. My wonder is that he should have been at the trouble to murder the same number

of handsome ones to make room for her. I myself would have done a good deal, perhaps as much or nearly so, to get a kingdom; but my charger could never overleap this bar. No, La Motte! I must be contented with the Netherlands.

XVII. MARY AND BOTHWELL.<sup>1</sup>

*Mary.* Bothwell! Bothwell! what would you have? I can hardly believe my senses. It was wrong, it was very wrong indeed, to commit such an outrage. You forget my condition, my station, and what you owe me,—the allegiance, the duty—

*Bothwell.* Nay, nay, my gracious Queen! I thought of nothing else all our ride. What a sweet, fresh color it has given my royal mistress! Oh, could the ugly Elizabeth but see it, I should hail you Queen of England the next hour!

*Mary.* How dare you call my cousin ugly? and to my face! And do you think she would give the crown of England to look at me? O you silly man! But what can you mean?

*Bothwell.* I mean, she would burst and crack at it, like a dry and gnarly log of mountain-ash on a Christmas hearth.

*Mary.* At me? at my color? I cannot help laughing at your absurdity, most wicked, flattering, deceiving creature!

*Bothwell.* I flatter! I deceive! I never try to do what I am likely to fail in: here I must; here all must.

*Mary.* I wish you had, indeed, failed altogether.

*Bothwell.* So, then, my royal dove, I did not quite?

*Mary.* Impudent man! go away.

Ah, Bothwell! you are now a traitor after this. They would treat you like one. The laws call it abduction,—and God knows what beside.

*Bothwell.* Treat me like a traitor!—me!—the truest man among them! Yea, if I would let them, and this fair hand could sign it.

*Mary.* O Heaven! do not talk so; you make me very sad. I will never be so cruel to you as you have been to me.

[<sup>1</sup> Works, ii., 1846; Works, v., 1876.]

*Bothwell.* The laws too ; the laws, forsooth ! Neither in our country, nor in any other, do the laws touch any thing higher than the collar of the most diminutive thief ; and a lawyer is always at hand to change his coat and character with him for a groat.

*Mary.* With what derision and scorn you speak of laws and lawyers ! You little know how vindictive they are.

*Bothwell.* Faith ! we are not well acquainted ; but I know enough of them to know that.

*Mary.* Are not you afraid ?

*Bothwell.* I tremble in the presence of majesty and beauty. Where they are, there lies my law. I do confess I am afraid, and hugely ; for I feel hard knockings (there must surely be all the pandects) where my heart was lately

*Mary.* You never had any heart, or you would not have treated me in this manner.

*Bothwell.* You shall want nothing with me : you shall never pine after the past.

*Mary.* Ah, but !—ah, but !—indeed, indeed, good Bothwell ! he was very handsome ; and you must acknowledge it. If he had only been less cross and jealous and wayward and childish—

*Bothwell.* Too childish by half for you, fair lady ! and he was all those other little things beside.

*Mary.* What is over is over ! God forgive you, bad man ! Sinner ! serpent ! it was all you. And you dare smile ! Shame upon you, varlet ! Yes ; now you look as you should do. Nobody ought to be more contrite. You may speak again, if you will only speak to the purpose. Come ; no wicked thoughts ! I mean if you will speak reasonably. But you really are a very, very wicked man, indeed.

*Bothwell.* Happy the man who hears those blessed words ! They grow but on soft sweet lips, fresh pouting from ardent pressure.

*Mary.* If you presume to talk so, I will kill myself. Are you not ashamed ?

*Bothwell.* My blushes quite consume me ; I feel my hair crackle on my head ; my beard would burn my fingers.

*Mary.* I will not laugh, sirrah !

*Bothwell.* No, my most gracious lady : in mercy stop half-way ! That smile is quite sufficient.

*Mary.* Do you fancy I am capable of smiling? I am quite serious. You have carried me away, and now you have nothing to do but to take me back again.

*Bothwell.* It would be dangerous: you have too many enemies.

*Mary.* I do not mind them while you are with me. Am I wild? You have frightened me so I scarcely know what I say.

*Bothwell.* A part of your understanding, most gracious lady, seems at last to have fallen on me.

*Mary.* Whither now would you carry me? You know it is quite against my will,—absolute, downright force.

*Bothwell.* Pardon, sweet lady! pardon my excess of zeal and devotion, my unutterable—

*Mary.* What?

*Bothwell.* Love.

*Mary.* A subject's is loyalty. Love, indeed!

*Bothwell.* Let me perish, but not against an iceberg.

*Mary.* Ah, bold, cruel man! this is scoffing. Does it end so?

*Bothwell.* Nay, never let it end so; never let it end at all: let one thing under heaven be eternal.

*Mary.* As if I, so helpless a creature, could order it.

*Bothwell.* What have the Powers above denied you?

*Mary.* Happiness, innocence, peace. No, they did not deny them. Bothwell! Bothwell! they were mine,—were they not?

*Bothwell.* And good things they are, no doubt; but there are other good things beside: all which you possess, and these too. These should not always be shut up in the casket. Where there are peace and happiness, there is sure to be innocence; for what else can any one wish? But those who can bring them into the hearts of others, and will not, I never will call innocent. I do not remember that any living person has entreated me, and met with a refusal.

*Mary.* Ah! such men may be beloved, but cannot love. What is that to me? It is unbecoming in me to reason with a profligate, or to listen any longer. You have often run, then, into such courses?

*Bothwell.* Alas! from my youth upward I have always been liable to these paroxysms.

*Mary.* For shame! I do not understand a single word of



what you are saying. Again, I ask you, and I insist upon an answer, whither are you conducting me?

*Bothwell.* To freedom, to safety, to the protection of a dutiful subject, to the burning heart of a gallant man.

*Mary.* I am frightened out of my senses at the mere mention of any such things. What can you possibly mean? I never knew the like. I will not hear of it, you rebel! And you dare already—

*Bothwell.* Do you look so sternly on me, when you yourself have reduced me to this extremity? And now, worse! worse! do you deprive me of the last breath, by turning away from me those eyes,—the bright, unerring stars of my destiny?

*Mary.* If they had any power (but they have none!) I would strike you almost dead with them for that audacity. Again? O madman! madman! madman!

*Bothwell.* To mistake the lips for the hand,—hallucination!

*Mary.* Now, if you should (and you must!) be overtaken?

*Bothwell.* You would deliver me up to death and ignominy?

*Mary.* Our pure religion teaches us forgiveness.

*Bothwell.*

Then by my troth is it pure and bright  
As a pewter plate on a Saturday night.

Here is a staff of my own to its honor and glory.

*Mary.* You sing too?

*Bothwell.* Yes; but I am no tenor.

*Mary (aside).* Ah, sweet soul! thou\* wert gentle, fond, and faithful!

*Bothwell (catching the last word).* Capital for the faithful; and, moreover, it is the cleverest and rarest religion in the world. Few, even of the adventurously pious, so far interfere with the attributes of the Almighty as to take pardon into their own hands,—unless for offences against others. There indeed they find as little difficulty in practising as in preaching.

*Mary.* I am quite edified at seeing you grow so serious. I once heard that you had abandoned the religion of your ancestors.

*Bothwell.* I did not abandon it: it dropped off me unawares. Now to prove my constancy, I never would take another. It is

## Mary and Bothwell.

hard that a man like me should be accused of irreligion. They may do anything with me they like, if they will only let me be quiet. I am long-suffering: I never preach again.

*Mary.* Well, at least you have not fallen into heresy: you are not malignant?

*Bothwell.* By Jupiter! no; neither the one nor the other. Sweet, gracious lady! how could you suspect me?

*Mary.* Because you men are so violent and so fond of change. You will never hear reason; you will never do your duty.

*Bothwell.* By the stars above! I will do mine before I ever presume to pray again.

*Mary.* And so, you dare to swear and laugh in my presence! I do really think, Bothwell, you are one of the most impudent men I ever met withal.

*Bothwell.* Ah, my beloved lady!—

*Mary.* Stop, stop! I shall not let you say that.

*Bothwell.* My most gracious Queen and mistress!

*Mary.* You are now, I believe, within the rules and regulations; that is, if you would not look up to me in such a very odd way. Modest men always look down on the eyelashes, not between them.

*Bothwell.* Happy the modest men, if they do.

*Mary.* There! now you look exactly as you should always.

*Bothwell.* Faint as I am, and sinking betwixt fear and love, I feel that, by thus taking my hand, your Highness in part forgives and entirely pities the most unfortunate of your servants. For, surely, he is the most unfortunate, who, having ventured the most to serve you, has given you thereby the most offence. I do not say I hazarded my freedom; it was lost when I first beheld you: I do not say I hazarded my life; I had none until to-day: and who dares touch it on the altar where I devote it? Lady, vouchsafe to hear me!

*Mary.* What a rough hand you have, Bothwell! what a heavy one! and (holy Virgin!) what a vastly broad one! it would cover I don't know what. And what a briery bower of hair overarching it! Curious! it is quite red all over,—everywhere but where there is this long scar, and these two ugly warts. Do I hurt you?

*Bothwell.* My heart and every fibre feel it, but can well bear it.

*Mary.* How much whiter the back of the hand is, for a moment, by just passing two fingers over it!—look! But, really, warts are frightful things; and scars not much better. And yet there are silly girls, who, when they have nothing else to think about, could kiss them.

*Bothwell.* Ay, ay; but be girls as silly as they will, I never let them play such idle tricks with me.

*Mary.* I am glad to hear it. I fancied you had said something very different: you must not joke; it vexes me.

*Bothwell.* The warts will vanish under the royal touch. As for the scar, I would not lose the scar for the crown of Scotland, in defence whereof I fairly won it.

*Mary.* Oh! you are a very brave man, but a very bold one.

*Bothwell.* Illiterate and ignorant as I am, I would gladly learn from the best informed and most intellectual of God's creatures, where lies the difference.

*Mary.* I don't know, I don't know. I am quite bewildered. Move your hand off my knee. Do not lay your cheek there, sir!

O Bothwell! I am tired to death. Take me back! oh, take me back! Pray do! if you have any pity.

*Bothwell.* Would your Highness be pleased to repose awhile, and remain by yourself in a chamber upstairs?

*Mary.* I think it might do me good.

*Bothwell.* May I order the trustiest of the handmaidens to attend your Highness?

*Mary.* You may. Go, go; I thought I desired you before not to look up at me in that manner. Thank you, gentle Bothwell! I did not speak too harshly, did I? If I did, you may kiss my hand.

*Bothwell.* If this scar and these warts (which are fast disappearing, I perceive) are become less frightful to your Highness, might the humblest of your servitors crave permission to conduct your Highness nigh unto the chamber-door?

*Mary.* Ah me! where are my own women? where are my ushers?

*Bothwell.* Your Highness, in all your wrongs and straits, has the appointment of one supernumerary.

*Mary.* Be it so: I cannot help myself, as you know; and the blame is all yours.

*Bothwell.* When your Highness is ready to receive the services of the handmaiden, how may it please your Highness that she shall know it?

*Mary.* Let her tap twice with her knuckles: I can open the door myself,—or she may.

*Bothwell.* My Queen's most gracious commands shall be duly executed.

### XVIII. TASSO AND CORNELIA.<sup>1</sup>

*Tasso.* She is dead, Cornelia! she is dead!

*Cornelia.* Torquato! my Torquato! after so many years of separation do I bend once more your beloved head to my embrace!

*Tasso.* She is dead!

*Cornelia.* Tenderest of brothers! bravest and best and most unfortunate of men! What, in the name of Heaven, so bewilders you?

*Tasso.* Sister! sister! sister! I could not save her.

*Cornelia.* Certainly, it was a sad event; and they who are out of spirits may be ready to take it for an evil omen. At this season of the year, the vintagers are joyous and negligent.

*Tasso.* How! what is this?

*Cornelia.* The little girl was crashed, they say, by a wheel of the car laden with grapes, as she held out a handful of vine-leaves to one of the oxen. And did you happen to be there just at the moment?

*Tasso.* So, then, the little too can suffer!—the ignorant, the indigent, the unspiring! Poor child! she was kind-hearted, else never would calamity have befallen her.

*Cornelia.* I wish you had not seen the accident.

[<sup>1</sup> After Tasso's first imprisonment in Ferrara as a lunatic, he escaped to Naples, where his sister Cornelia lived, and was sheltered by her; until letters from Leonora d'Este brought him back to a longer and more rigorous imprisonment. The visit described in this Conversation cannot, however, have taken place until after Leonora's death. See Landor's note at the end of the Conversation: and Serassi's "Life of Tasso." (Blackwood, Jan. 1843. Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Tasso.* I see it?—I? I saw it not. No other is crushed where I am. 'The little girl died for her kindness! Natural death!

*Cornelia.* Be calm, be composed, my brother!

*Tasso.* You would not require me to be composed or calm, if you comprehended a thousandth part of my sufferings.

*Cornelia.* Peace! peace! we know them all.

*Tasso.* Who has dared to name them? Imprisonment, derision, madness.

*Cornelia.* Hush! sweet Torquato! If ever these existed, they are past.

*Tasso.* You do think they are sufferings? ay?

*Cornelia.* Too surely.

*Tasso.* No, not too surely: I will not have that answer. They would have been; but Leonora was then living. Unmanly as I am, did I complain of them? and while she was left me?

*Cornelia.* My own Torquato! is there no comfort in a sister's love? Is there no happiness but under the passions? Think, O my brother, how many courts there are in Italy: are the princes more fortunate than you? Which among them all loves truly, deeply, and virtuously? Among them all, is there any one, for his genius, for his generosity, for his gentleness, — ay, for his mere humanity, — worthy to be beloved?

*Tasso.* Princes! talk to me of princes! How much cross-grained wood a little gypsum covers, a little carmine quite beautifies! Wet your forefinger with your spittle; stick a broken gold-leaf on the sinciput; clip off a beggar's beard to make it tresses; kiss it; fall down before it; worship it. Are you not irradiated by the light of its countenance? Princes! princes! Italian princes! Estes! What matters that costly carriage? Who thinks about it? (*After a pause.*) She is dead! She is dead!

*Cornelia.* We have not heard it here.

*Tasso.* At Sorrento, you hear nothing but the light surges of the sea, and the sweet sprinkles of the guitar.

*Cornelia.* Suppose the worst to be true.

*Tasso.* Always, always.

*Cornelia.* If she ceases, as then perhaps she must, to love and to lament you, think gratefully, contentedly, devoutly, that

her arms had clasped your neck before they were crossed upon her bosom in that long sleep which you have rendered placid, and from which your harmonious voice shall once more awaken her. Yes, Torquato! her bosom had throbbed to yours, often and often, before the organ-peal shook the fringes round the *catafalco*. Is not this much, from one so high, so beautiful?

*Tasso.* Much? yes, for abject me. But I did so love her! so love her!

*Cornelia.* Ah! let the tears flow: she sends you that balm from heaven.

*Tasso.* So love her did poor Tasso! Else, O Cornelia, it had indeed been much. I thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that God was as great as an emperor, and could bestow and had bestowed on me as much as the German had conferred or could confer on his vassal. No part of my insanity was ever held in such ridicule as this. And yet the idea cleaves to me strangely, and is liable to stick to my shroud.

*Cornelia.* Woe betide the woman who bids you to forget that woman who has loved you! she sins against her sex. Leonora was unblamable. Never think ill of her for what you have suffered.

*Tasso.* Think ill of her?—I?—I?—I? No: those we love, we love for everything,—even for the pain they have given us. But she gave me none: it was where she was not, that pain was.

*Cornelia.* Surely, if love and sorrow are destined for companionship, there is no reason why the last comer of the two should supersede the first.

*Tasso.* Argue with me, and you drive me into darkness. I am easily persuaded and led on while no reasons are thrown before me. With these you have made my temples throb again. Just Heaven! dost thou grant us fairer fields, and wider, for the whirlwind to lay waste? Dost thou build us up habitations above the street, above the palace, above the citadel for the plague to enter and carouse in? Has not my youth paid its dues, paid its penalties? Cannot our griefs come first, while we have strength to bear them? The fool! the fool! who thinks it a misfortune that his love is unrequited. Happier young man! look at the violets until thou drop asleep on them. Ah! but thou must wake!

*Cornelia.* O Heavens! what must you have suffered! 'for a man's heart is sensitive in proportion to its greatness.

*Tasso.* And a woman's?

*Cornelia.* Alas! I know not; but I think it can be no other. Comfort thee, comfort thee, dear Torquato!

*Tasso.* Then, do not rest thy face upon my arm; it so reminds me of her. And thy tears too! they melt me into her grave.

*Cornelia.* Hear you not her voice as it appeals to you; saying to you, as the priests around have been saying to *her*, "Blessed soul! rest in peace"?

*Tasso.* I heard it not; and yet I am sure she said it. A thousand times has she repeated it, laying her hand on my heart to quiet it, simple girl! She told it to rest in peace,—and she went from me! Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! the world, with all its weight of miseries, cannot crush thee, cannot keep thee down. Generally, men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on; but mine sank deep into a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which one only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep, also, I fancied it; and sometimes in the intermediate state, in that serenity which breathes about the transported soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest, a span below the feet of the Immortal!

*Cornelia.* She has not left you: do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

*Tasso.* She will bear with them. Thou knowest not what she was, *Cornelia*; for I wrote to thee about her while she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice bent over me. How girlish in the gracefulness of her lofty form! how pliable in her majesty! what composure at my petulance and reproaches! what pity in her reproofs! Like the air that angels breathe in the metropolitan temple of the Christian world, her soul at every season preserved one temperature. But it was when she could and did love me!

Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when they meet above.

*Cornelia.* Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato ; and believe that your love is and ought to be imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. Colour-grinders and gilders, year after year, are bargained with to refresh the crumbling monuments and tarnished decorations of rude, unregarded royalty, and to fasten the nails that cramp the crown upon its head. Meanwhile, in the laurels of my Torquato, there will always be one leaf above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

*Tasso.* O Jerusalem ! I have not, then, sung in vain the Holy Sepulchre.

*Cornelia.* After such devotion of your genius, you have undergone too many misfortunes.

*Tasso.* Congratulate the man who has had many, and may have more. I have had, I have, I can have, one only.

*Cornelia.* Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest ; but, after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

*Tasso.* Have the stars smooth surfaces ? No, no ; but how they shine !

*Cornelia.* Capable of thoughts so exalted, so far above the earth we dwell on, why suffer my to depress and anguish you ?

*Tasso.* Cornelia, Cornelia ! the mind has within it temples and porticos and palaces and towers : the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun and stronger than the storm ; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the Psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee again, hath its hundred gates, compared whereto the Theban are but willow wickets ; and all those hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them.

*Cornelia.* Torquato has thrown open those of his holy temple ; Torquato hath stood, another angel, at his tomb ; and am I the



sister of Torquato? Kiss me, my brother, and let my tears run only from my pride and joy! Princes have bestowed knighthood on the worthy and unworthy: thou hast called forth those princes from their ranks, pushing back the arrogant and presumptuous of them like intrusive varlets, and conferring on the bettermost crowns and robes, imperishable and unfading.

*Tasso.* I seem to live back into those days. I feel the helmet on my head; I wave the standard over it: brave men smile upon me; beautiful maidens pull them gently back by the scarf, and will not let them break my slumber, nor undraw the curtain. Corneliolina!—

*Cornelia.* Well, my dear brother, why do you stop so suddenly in the midst of them? They are the pleasantest and best company, and they make you look quite happy and joyous.

*Tasso.* Corneliolina, dost thou remember Bergamo? What city was ever so celebrated for honest and valiant men in all classes, or for beautiful girls? There is but one class of those: Beauty is above all ranks; the true Madonna, the patroness and bestower of felicity, the queen of heaven.

*Cornelia.* Hush, Torquato, hush! talk not so.

*Tasso.* What rivers, how sunshiny and revelling, are the Brembo and the Serio! What a country the Valtellina! I went back to our father's house, thinking to find thee again, my little sister; thinking to kick away thy ball of yellow silk as thou wast stooping for it, to make thee run after me and beat me. I woke early in the morning: thou wert grown up and gone. Away to Sorrento: I knew the road; a few strides brought me back; here I am. To-morrow, my Cornelia, we will walk together, as we used to do, into the cool and quiet caves on the shore; and we will catch the little breezes as they come in and go out again on the backs of the jocund waves.

*Cornelia.* We will, indeed, to-morrow; but, before we set out, we must take a few hours' rest, that we may enjoy our ramble the better.

*Tasso.* Our Sorrentines, I see, are grown rich and avaricious. They have uprooted the old pomegranate hedges, and have built high walls to prohibit the wayfarer from their vineyards.

*Cornelia.* I have a basket of grapes for you in the book-room that overlooks our garden.

*Tasso.* Does the old twisted sage-tree grow still against the window?

*Cornelia.* It harbored too many insects at last, and there was always a nest of scorpions in the crevice.

*Tasso.* Oh, what a prince of a sage-tree! And the well too, with its bucket of shining metal, large enough for the largest cocomero \* to cool in it for dinner.

*Cornelia.* The well, I assure you, is as cool as ever.

*Tasso.* Delicious! delicious! And the stonework round it, bearing no other marks of waste than my pruning-hook and dagger left behind?

*Cornelia.* None whatever.

*Tasso.* White in that place no longer? There has been time enough for it to become all of one color,—gray, mossy, half-decayed.

*Cornelia.* No, no; not even the rope has wanted repair.

*Tasso.* Who sings yonder?

*Cornelia.* Enchanter! No sooner did you say the word *cocomero*, than here comes a boy carrying one upon his head.

*Tasso.* Listen! listen! I have read in some book or other those verses long ago. They are not unlike my *Aminta*. The very words!

*Cornelia.* Purifier of love, and humanizer of ferocity! how many, my Torquato, will your gentle thoughts make happy!

*Tasso.* At this moment I almost think I am one among them.†

\* Water-melon.

† The miseries of Tasso arose not only from the imagination and the heart. In the metropolis of the Christian world, with many admirers and many patrons,—bishops, cardinals, princes,—he was left destitute, and almost famished. These are his own words: “*Appena in questo stato ho comprato due meloni: e benché io sia stato quasi sempre infermo, molte volte mi sono contentato del: manzo e la ministra di latte o di zucca, quando ho potuto uverni, mi è stata in vece di delizie.*” In another part he says that he was unable to pay the carriage of a parcel. No wonder, if he had not wherewithal to buy enough of zucca for a meal. Even had he been in health and appetite, he might have satisfied his hunger with it for about five farthings, and have left half for supper. And now a word on his insanity. Having been so imprudent not only as to make it too evident in his poetry that he was the lover of Leonora, but also to signify (not very obscurely) that his love was returned, he much perplexed

*Cornelia.* Be quite persuaded of it. Come, brother, come with me. You shall bathe your heated brow and weary limbs in the chamber of your childhood. It is there we are always the most certain of repose. The boy shall sing to you those sweet verses ; and we will reward him with a slice of his own fruit.

*Tasso.* He deserves it : cut it thick.

*Cornelia.* Come, then, my truant ! Come along, my sweet, smiling Torquato !

*Tasso.* The passage is darker than ever. Is this the way to the little court ? Surely those are not the steps that lead down toward the bath ? Oh, yes ! we are right : I smell the lemon-blossoms. Beware of the old wilding that bears them ; it may catch your veil ; it may scratch your fingers ! Pray, take care : it has many thorns about it. And now, Leonora, you shall hear my last verses ! Lean your ear a little toward me ; for I must repeat them softly under this low archway, else others may hear them too. Ah ! you press my hand once more. Drop it, drop it ! or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there silent ! Good girl !

Many, well I know, there are  
Ready in your joys to share,  
And (I never blame it) you  
Are almost as ready too.  
But when comes the darker day,  
And those friends have dropped away,  
Which is there among them all  
You should, if you could, recall ?

One who wisely loves and well  
Hears and shares the griefs you tell ;  
Him you ever call apart  
When the springs o'erflow the heart ;

the Duke of Ferrara, who, with great discretion, suggested to him the necessity of feigning madness. The lady's honor required it from a brother ; and a true lover, to convince the world, would embrace the project with alacrity. But there was no reason why the seclusion should be in a dungeon, or why exercise and air should be interdicted. This cruelty, and perhaps his uncertainty of Leonora's compassion, may well be imagined to have produced at last the malady he had feigned. But did Leonora love Tasso as a man would be loved ? If we wish to do her honor, let us hope it : for what greater glory can there be than to have estimated at the full value so exalted a genius, so affectionate and so generous a heart ?

For you know that he alone  
Wishes they were *but* his own.  
Give, while there he may divide,  
Smiles to all the world beside.

*Cornelia.* We are now in the full light of the chamber : cannot you remember it, having looked so intently all around ?

*Tasso.* O sister ! I could have slept another hour. You thought I wanted rest : why did you waken me so early ? I could have slept another hour or longer. What a dream ! But I am calm and happy.

*Cornelia.* May you never more be otherwise ! Indeed, he cannot be whose last verses are such as those.

*Tasso.* Have you written any since that morning ?

*Cornelia.* What morning ?

*Tasso.* When you caught the swallow in my curtains, and trod upon my knees in catching it,—with luckily, naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquatino, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

*Cornelia.* I do not recollect it.

*Tasso.* I do.

“ Rondinello ! rondinello !  
Tu sei nero, ma sei bello.  
Cosa fà se tu sei nero ?  
Rondinello ! sei il primiero  
De’ volanti, palpitanti,  
(E vi sono quanti quanti !)  
Mai tenuto a questo petto,  
E perciò sei il mio diletto.” \*

\* The author wrote the verses first in English ; but he found it easy to write them better in Italian. They stood in the text as below : they only do for a girl of thirteen : —

“ Swallow ! swallow ! though so jetty  
Are your pinions, you are pretty ;  
And what matter were it though  
You were blacker than a crow ?  
Of the many, birds that fly  
(And how many pass me by !)  
You’re the first I ever prest  
Of the many to my breast :  
Therefore it is very right  
You should be my own delight.”

*Cornelia.* Here is the cocomero ; it cannot be more insipid. Try it.

*Tasso.* Where is the boy who brought it ? where is the boy who sang my *Aminta* ? Serve him first ; give him largely. Cut deeper : the knife is too short : deeper ; mia brava *Corneliolina* ! quite through all the red, and into the middle of the seeds. Well done !

## XIX. VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.<sup>1</sup>

*Vittoria.* What has detained you so long, Michel-Angelo ? Were we not to have read together, early in the forenoon, the little book of poetry which is lying there on the table ?

*Michel-Angelo.* Excuse me, Madonna. The fault, if mine at all, is mine only in part.

*Vittoria.* I will pardon it the rather, because, whatever it was, it has removed the traces of care and of study from your brow, and supplanted them with an unwonted smile. Pray, now, what provokes this hilarity ?

*Michel-Angelo.* Not the delay, I assure you, which never has any such effect when I am coming to the Palazzo Pescara ; but merely the mention of poetry.

*Vittoria.* Why so ? I perceive there is mischief in your countenance ; let me also have a hand in it, if I find it is such as I like.

[<sup>1</sup> Vittoria Colonna is well known as the friend of Michael Angelo. She was the widow of the Marchese Pescara, one of the most noble of Italian princes of the day, and she was faithful to his memory. She was a poetess and a scholar. She was also one of that small band, to which Contarini and Cardinal Pole belonged, who tried to build up in Italy and within the Catholic Church a reformed theology resting upon Faith. For the history of the attempt, see Ranke's "Papacy" i., Bk. ii. There are passages in Michael Angelo's sonnets, which show that Michael Angelo shared these thoughts. What these two friends, who were only not lovers because they met too late, talked of, Francesco d'Ollanda tells us on one occasion. See Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo." But on another they might have talked as Landor makes them. (Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Michel-Angelo.* When I was walking hither, a middle-aged gentleman, tall, round-shouldered, somewhat grizzly, of a complexion rather cindery than pale, with a look half leering and half imploring, and in a voice half querulous and half passionate, accosted me. He offered many apologies for never having heard of me until this morning, although my fame (he protested) had filled the universe. Whatever he said at one instant, he unsaid the next, in like manner.

"But you shall forgive me; you shall soon forgive me," cried he, thrusting into my hand a large volume from its more opportune station under the coat-flap. I felt it damp, having lain, perhaps in the middle of a thousand, two entire winters; and I apprehended cold and rheumatism, as much almost at the covers, as at the contents. While I held it, uncertain how to reply, he suddenly snatched it back, and cut open the leaves with a very sharp penknife: injuring few of them by the operation, for he was cautious and tender in the extreme.

"I would not delay you in the reading," said he, returning it; "for your praise will richly crown my labors."

*Vittoria.* What was it? and where is it?

*Michel-Angelo.* Madonna, let me be an example of patience to you. Wait a little, and you shall hear the whole.

*Vittoria.* No, no, no!

*Michel-Angelo.* I do not mean the whole of the poem: I mean only the whole of the occurrence. I saw on the title-page that it was a poem in twenty-four cantos, each containing a hundred stanzas, entitled *The Strangulation of Cethegus*. Between the moments of my surprise and my dismay,—

"You will find," exclaimed the author, "how wrongfully I have been accused by the malevolent and invidious (and there are few others in the world) of copying our most celebrated writers, and of being destitute of originality myself. If occasionally I resemble them in some sort, it is only to show them how they might have written, with a little more care, judgment, and—we will not say—genius!"

*Vittoria.* On such emergencies, a spice of ridicule is our speediest and most palatable remedy for disgust.

*Michel-Angelo.* When I inquired of him to what gentleman was indebted for so valuable a present, he stood in amaze at

first ; then he repeated his family name, then his baptismal, then a poetical intermediate one of his own invention. These, he told me, I must frequently have heard. I now recognised the peculiar object of ebullient jocularitv among my juvenile scholars, one of whom said, "He has cracked a biscuit which was baked for a long voyage, and, pouring a profusion of tepid water on it, he has quadrupled its bulk and heaviness !"

*Vittoria.* Poor man ! his vanity must often be wounded.

*Michel-Angelo.* He has none.

*Vittoria.* None ?

*Michel-Angelo.* He told me so himself.

"I have been called vain," said he ; "but only by those who never knew me. Proud ! yes, proud I am ! Vanity, in my opinion (and I am certain that you and all sensible men must think with me), belongs only to weak minds ; pride, to the strongest and most sublime. Poets, we hear, are often vain ; ay, but *what* poets ?"

His eyes, which before were only on a level with the cheek-bones and the frontal, now expanded beyond, and assumed the full majesty of the orbicular.

*Vittoria.* Well, in what manner has he treated his subject ?

*Michel-Angelo.* He could not resist the pleasure of telling me :—

"I believe, Signor Buonarroti, you are, among other things, a painter. Proportions ! ay, proportions ! The pyramidal, ay ! We look to that, don't we ? See here, then. Cæsar is a stripling, just old enough to fall in love. In Pagan Rome they fell early. The man of genius will seize on the most trifling objects in Nature, and raise up a new creation from them. Did you never see an apple or a strawberry which had another more diminutive growing to it ? Well now, from this double strawberry or apple I have made out a double Cæsar, such as never was seen before,—one the stern, resolute senator ; the other the gentle, sentimental young lover."

On which I submissively asked whether the stripling, who had been received so favorably by the lady, would on the same afternoon be sure of the same facility at his entrance into the Senate ; and whether it was not requisite to have attained his fortieth year ? He smiled at me, and said,—

"Surely no, when a poet of the first order gives him a ticket of admission. Does not Horace say, we poets have the privilege of daring any thing?"

I was afraid to answer, "Yes; but, unhappily, we readers have not the power of *bearing* any thing." He continued,—

"Cicero is an old gentleman."

Here I ventured to interrupt him, asking if there were in reality more than five or six years between their ages, and by remarking that, although in obscure men and matters, introduced into works of invention, facts might be represented not quite accordant with exact chronology, yet that the two most remarkable characters in the Roman Commonwealth, known by every school-boy to have entered into public life at the same time, could safely be pushed so far asunder.

"No matter, sir!" replied he, sharply; "there they are, the poet's own creation. Observe, if you please, I have placed Cethegus between them,—a well-grown personage in his meridian. Behold my pyramid!"

I was silent.

"No originality, I suppose?"

"Very great, indeed!" answered I.

"Here is one man," cried he, seizing my hand,—“one man in the world, willing to the uttermost of his power to do me justice. Strangers give me praise: friends give me only advice; and such advice, Signor Buonarroti, as would impoverish the realms of literature, if taken.”

I stared at him even more wildly than before.

"Perhaps you do not recognise me?" said he. "Many have taken me for Ariosto; but I hope I am loftier and graver, and more innocent. Wherever he has gone, I have followed him, in order to abolish the impression of wantonness, and to purify (I repeat the words of our mutual admirers) the too warm air of his enchantments."

"I hope you have not forgotten," said I, "thât in lustral water salt is always an ingredient."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, misunderstanding me; at which action I could not but smile. He perceived it; and, after a pause, "Ha, ha, ha!" replied he, in measured laughter. "You are a wit too, Messer Michel-Angelo! Who would have thought



it of so considerable a man? Well now, I never venture *On* it, even among friends. We may be easy and familiar in writing or conversing, without letting ourselves down; we may countenance wit; we may even suggest it: I am not rigorous on that head, as some other great writers are. You see, I have helped you to a trifle of it,—a mere trifle. Now, you must confess you caught the spark from me," added he, coaxingly. "I will never claim it in public; I will not, indeed! I scarcely consider it in the light of a plagiarism. I have forborne greater things very long, and have only been compelled at last to declare, in a preface, that I wrote the better part of *Orlando Furioso* many years before it was conceived by Messer Ludovico. I heard his injurious claims, and told nobody the fact.

"How does your poem end, sir?" said I, with all the rapidity of impatience.

He mistook my motive, and cried, "Really, I am flattered and charmed at the interest you take in it. You have devoured it in your mind already, and would have the very shell. In compliance with your earnestness, I will answer the question, although it might be hurtful, I fear, to the effect the whole composition, grasped at once, would produce on you."

I declared the contrary, with many protestations. He raised up his head from its slanting position of distrust and doubt. Again, I assured him of my resolution to despatch it at a sitting.

*Vittorio.* I never thought you capable of such duplicity.

*Michel-Angelo.* Of what may I not be capable, if you absolve me with so gracious a smile?

"I will, then, tell you how it ends," continued he, "if you never have read the history. Cethegus was, I am sorry to say, a person of bad character, although of birth. With perfect fidelity, I have translated the speeches of Sallust; but Sallust had no notion (and history could do nothing for him) of placing the culprit bound between two Turkish mutes, with a friar in the rear, while the great bell tolled from Santa Maria Maggiore."

I started.

"That is the place, the real place: he was strangled just below."

"Bell!" I soliloquized, rather too audibly.

"If you never have felt the effect of a bell at executions, and

particularly on the stage ; if you never have felt the effect of a bell, Signor Buonarroti, through your brain and heart," said he, breathing hard, and allowing his watery diagonal eyes only half their width,—“then do I most sincerely pity you, Signor Buonarroti, and wish you a very good morning.”

I bowed, and fancied my deliverance was accomplished. But he instantly turned round again, and added,—

“If you object to a bell, you may object to a clock. Now, it was precisely as the clock struck midnight that justice was done by me upon the execrable Cethegus, as a warning to all future generations.”

“Nobody can be more firmly convinced,” said I, “how execrable is this violation of all laws, moral, social, political, and,”—I was about to add, inwardly, poetical, when he seized my hand, and said, with firm deliberation,—

“There are two men in degenerate Rome who abhor the vicious in conduct, and embrace the pure in poetry. When you have bestowed as much time as I have on the contemplation and composition of it, your surprise (but not your admiration, I humbly trust) will be considerably diminished, on the repeated perusal of my few edited volumes. I am as sure of eternal fame as if I had it in my pocket. Fame, Signor Michel-Angelo, has a snail’s growth ; true, real, genuine fame has, and you may know it by that. But, I promise you, in another century or two, you shall see mine a very giant. I have sometimes thought I have a host of enemies ; I now begin to think I can have only one : I have him in my eye. He is capable of putting on all manner of faces. I myself have seen him looking like an elderly man ; some of my friends have seen him looking quite young ; and others have seen him what they thought was middle-aged. He manages his voice equally well. If you go into twenty streets, only mention me, and you will find him at the same moment in all of them. Happily, he always hits in the wrong place. He says I am restless for celebrity ; he says I want vigor and originality !”

He ended with three little titters ; and these, at least, were in good metre, and showed care in the composition.

*Vittoria.* Happy man ! for vanity is rarely attended by vexation of spirit, and nobody is oppressed by a sense of emptiness. I must now undertake his defence.

*Michel-Angelo.* Properly, then, have you exclaimed *happy man!*

*Vittoria.* The clock and bell, indeed, are stumbling-blocks; but there are some instances in which even so inopportune an introduction of them is less censurable than in others. Suppose, for example, a dramatic poet in an age when the greater part of his audience was rude and ignorant. After he had supplied the more learned and intellectual with the requisites of his art, I would not quarrel with him for indulging the market folk with a hearty peal of bells, or perhaps a discharge of artillery, while they are following the triumphal car of Cæsar or shouting round the conflagration of Persepolis! But if another, in offering his tragedy for the perusal of our times, should neglect to sweep away the remnants of an old largess given to the multitude, it can only be from the conviction that they are his proper company; that he is about to be tried by his own order; that his services are mostly due to the majority; and that the world's population in simpletons is by no means on the wane. Consider now, my dear Michel-Angelo, if consistencies, absurdities, anachronisms, are to be found only in one department of the arts. I appeal to you, the president, prince, dictator of them all, whether it is as ridiculous to represent an angel playing on a violin, for which your master Ghirlandajo and some other more ancient painters have been reprehended, as it is to represent, what we find on many recent monuments, a poet or a musician with a lyre in his hand. For, if angels play on any instrument at all, they may as well play on such as men invented late as early; since, at whatever time men invented them, angels may have invented them before.

*Michel-Angelo.* A lyre in the hand of poet or musician born \* in our times is a contradiction to ages, a defiance to chronology, and might mislead in regard to usages a remote posterity. So, indeed, might our silly inscriptions about the *manes* and *ashes* of our uncles and aunts, who would have been horrified at the idea of being burned like Pagans, bottled up in urns, and standing bolt-upright, where milk and honey are lapped and sucked before their faces, by an ugly brood of devils unamenable to priest or purgatory. But while emperors and kings are hoisted upon columns a hundred palms above the earth, where only a pigeon

would feel secure, and while saints and martyrs, instead of receiving us at the door or on the steps, are perched on the slope of a balustrade, we need not look on the ground for a fresh crop of absurdities. The ancient Romans, quite barbarous enough in violating the pure architecture of Greece, abstained from such as these, and went no farther (nor truly was there any occasion) than to narrow the street, instead of enlarging it, for the march of armies through triumphal arches. The idea, so abused, was taken from the boughs and branches hung on poles, which shaded their forefathers at their return from plunder, while wine was poured out to them, in the dusty path, by wives and daughters. The songs alone continued just the same as they were at first,—coarse, ribald, in the trochaic measure, which appears to be the commonest and earliest in most nations.

*Vittoria.* The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight; in this, delight comes before utility.

*Michel-Angelo.* In some pleasing poems, there is nothing whatsoever of the useful.

*Vittoria.* My friend, I think you are mistaken. An obvious moral is indeed a heavy protuberance, which injures the gracefulness of a poem; but there is wisdom of one kind or other in every sentence of a really good composition, and it produces its effect in various ways. You employ gold in your pictures; not always of the same consistency or the same preparation; but several of your colors, even the most different, are in part composed of it. This is a matter of which those, in general, who are gratified with the piece are unsuspecting. The beautiful in itself is useful, by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action. A well ordered mind touches no branch of intellectual pleasure so brittle and incompressible as never to be turned to profit.

*Michel-Angelo.* The gift that was just now forced into my hand, I sadly suspect, would have produced but little.

*Vittoria.* Have you brought your treasure with you? Where is it?

*Michel-Angelo.* Knowing your antipathy to bad smells and

bad poems, knowing also that Father Tiber is accustomed to both of them, I devoutly made by offering to him as I crossed the bridge.

*Vittoria.* Indeed, I am not over-curious about a specimen; and few things that are hopeless ever gave any one less concern.

*Michel-Angelo.* Such resignation merits all possible reward, and all that lies in me you shall receive. As the last page fluttered on the battlement, I caught two verses, without intermediate :—

“Signor Cetego! la preghiera é vana.  
Spicciti! senti! suona la campana.”

And these two in sequence, which are the conclusion :—

“Cetego casca in terra come un bove,  
E l'anima gli scappa—chi sà dove!”

*Vittoria.* If I could suppress my smile, perhaps I should reprove you; but at last I will be grave. Men like yourself,—men of reputation and authority,—should not only be lenient and indulgent, but even grateful, to the vain and imbecile who attempt to please us. If we are amused at an ebullition of frowardness in children, at their little contortions, stamps, and menaces, are not the same things at least inoffensive to us, when children of the same character are gray, wrinkled, and toothless? From those of three feet we only see ourselves in a convex mirror; we see what we were at the same age: but from others of six feet we gather stores for pleasantries, for imagination, and for thought. Against their blank wall is inserted the standard by which we may measure our friends and ourselves. As we look up at it, Comedy often lays her playful hand on our shoulder; and, as we turn our faces back, we observe Philosophy close behind her. If men, in general, were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be farther from it. From the fall of Adam to the slaughter of Hector, how vastly has genius been elevated by our imperfections! What history, what romance, what poem, interests us by unmixed good or by unwavering consistency? We require in you strong motives, pertinacious resolves, inflexible wills, and ardent passions; you require in us all our weaknesses. From your shore starts forth abrupt and lofty

precipices ; on ours, diametrically opposite, lie sequestered bays and deep recesses. We deride the man who is, or would be, like us in any thing,—the vain one, in particular. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart ; in men it always is : therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

*Michel-Angelo.* You prove to me, Donna Vittoria, that from base materials may rise clear and true reflections !

*Vittoria.* I wonder that poets who have encountered what they call the injustice of the world, hold with such pertinacity to the objects of attack.

*Michel-Angelo.* We are unwilling to drown our blind puppies, because they are blind ; we are then unwilling to throw them into the pond, because they are just beginning to open their eyes ; lastly, we refuse idle boys, who stand ready for the sport, the most misshapen one of the litter, he having been trodden on in the stable, and kicked about by the grooms for his lameness.

*Vittoria.* Pretty tropes, indeed ! and before one who dabbles in poetry.

*Michel-Angelo.* So the silver-footed Thetis dabbled in the sea, when she could descend at pleasure to its innermost depths.

*Vittoria.* You must certainly think, in good earnest, that I lay high claims to poetry. Here is more than enough flattery for the vainest woman, who is not a poetess also. Speak, if you please, about others, particularizing or generalizing.

*Michel-Angelo.* Then, to generalize a little. In our days, poetry is a vehicle which does not carry much within it, but is top-heavy with what is corded on. Children, in a hurry to raise plants, cover their allotment of border with all the seeds the pinafore will hold : so do small authors their poetry-plots. Hence, what springs up in either quarter has nothing of stamen, but only sickly succulence for grubs to feed on.

*Vittoria.* Never say in our days, unless you include many other days in most ages. In those when poetry was very flourishing, there were complaints against it, as we find by Horace and Aristophanes. I am afraid, Michel-Angelo, some idle boy has been putting a pebble into his sling, and aiming at your architraves ; in other words, some poetaster or criticaster has been irreverent toward you. I do not mean about your poetry, which perhaps

you undervalue ; but about the greater things in which you are engaged.

*Michel-Angelo.* Nothing more likely ; but, as only the worst can be guilty of it, I shall let them fall into other offences, that heavier punishment than I ever take the trouble to inflict may befall them. It is only the few that have found the way into my heart, who can wound it.

*Vittoria.* You are safe, then.

*Michel-Angelo.* Whoever is engaged in great and difficult works, as I am, must inevitably meet with rivals and enemies.

*Vittoria.* Enemies ? yes ! Say that word only. What a pyramid of skulls from the insanely hostile does every predominant genius erect ! Leave those of your light assailants to whiten in their native deserts, and march on. Indeed, it is unnecessary to exhort you to magnanimity ; for you appear unusually at ease and serene.

*Michel-Angelo.* Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract. The children of Niobe fell by the arrows of Diana under a bright and cloudless sky.

*Vittoria.* Alas ! the intellectual, the beautiful, and the happy are always the nearest to danger.

*Michel-Angelo.* I come to you at all times, my indulgent friend, to calm my anxieties, whensoever they oppress me. You never fail ; you never falter. Sometimes a compassionate look, sometimes a cheerful one, alights on the earthly thought, and dries up all its noxiousness. Music, and a voice that is more and better, are its last resorts. The gentleness of your nature has led you to them when we both had paused. There are songs that attract and melt the heart more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah ! there is love too, even here below, more precious than immortality ; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

*Vittoria.* Nor were they happy themselves ; and yet, perhaps, they were not altogether undeserving of it,—they who could select for the object of their affections the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society ; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity,

endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But, if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

*Michel-Angelo.* The morning comes, the fresh world opens, and the vestiges of one are trodden out by many: they were only on the dew, and with the dew they are departed.

*Vittoria.* Although you are not alluding to yourself at the present time, nor liable to be interrupted in the secreter paths of life, yet I think you too susceptible in those you are pursuing; and I was anxious to discover if anything unpleasant had occurred. For little minds in high places are the worst impediments to great. Chestnuts and esculent oaks permit the traveller to pass onward under them; briars and thorns and unthrifty grass entangle him.

*Michel-Angelo.* You teach me also to talk figuratively; yet not remotely from one of the arts I profess. We may make a large hole in a brick wall, and easily fill it up; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a chrysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence, and (as they call it) make it up again: the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering; but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.

*Vittoria.* Are you quite certain you are without any?

*Michel-Angelo.* You and Saint Peter insure me. The immortal are invulnerable!

*Vittoria.* Evader! but glad am I that you have spoken the word, although you set at nought thereby the authority of Homer. For you remind me that he, like Dante, often has a latent meaning by the side of an evident one, which, indeed, is peculiar to great poets. Unwise commanders call out all their forces to the field; the more prudent have their reserves posted where it is not everybody that can discover them.

In the *Iliad* two immortals are wounded; Venus slightly, Mars severely. The deities of love and war are the only ones exposed to violence. In the former, weakness is shown to be



open to aggression; in the latter, violence to resistance and impulse; and both are subject to more pain than they can well endure. At the same time, Juno and Pallas, Mercury and Apollo and Neptune, do not stand aloof, but stand unassailable. Here we perceive that sometimes the greater gods are subtilized and attenuated into allegories. Homer bestows on them more or less potency, at his pleasure. One moment we see a bright and beautiful god stand manifest before us; presently his form and radiance are indistinct; at last, in the place where he was standing, there are only some scattered leaves, inscribed with irregular and uncouth characters; these invite our curiosity with strange similitudes; we look more attentively, and they seem brought closer together: the god has receded to deliver the oracle of his wisdom.

*Michel-Angelo.* Homer left a highway, overshadowed with lofty trees and perennial leafage, between the regions of Allegory and Olympus. The gloom of Dante is deeper, and the boundaries even more indiscernible. We know the one is censured for it; perhaps the other was.

*Vittorin.* To the glory of our Italy be it spoken, we are detractive than our forefathers, the Romans. Dante and Petrarca were estimated highly by those nearest them. Indeed, to confess the truth, Petrarca has received for his poetry what ought rather to have been awarded him for rarer and sublimer deserts. Dante has fared less sumptuously; and there are fewer who could entertain him. Petty Latin things called *classics*, as their betters are, —smooth, round, light, hollow, regularly figured like pasteboard zodiacs,—were long compared, and even preferred, to the triple world of Dante. I speak not of Grecian literature, because I know it not sufficiently; but I imagine Rome is to Greece what a bull-ring is to a *palastra*, the games of the circus to the Olympic, fighting bondmen to the brothers of Helen, the starry twins of Jupiter and Leda.

*Michel-Angelo.* Boccaccio first scattered the illusion by which the guide seemed loftier and grander than the guided. The spirit of the immortal master, our Tuscan, no longer led by the hand, nor submissively following, soared beyond Italy; and is seen at last, in his just proportions, right against the highest pinnacle of Greece. Ariosto has not yet been countenanced by the Italian

potentates, nor fostered in the genial fur of our Holy Fathers, with the same tenderness as some minute poets, who dirty their cold fingers with making little clay models after old colossal marbles. But Ariosto is too marked in his features to be fondled, and too broad in his shoulders for the chairs they occupy. He is to Ovid what Sicily is to Italy : divided by a narrow channel ; the same warm climate, the same flowery glebe ; less variety, less extent. Not only these, but perhaps all poets, excepting Pindar and Æschylus, want compression and curtailment ; yet the parings of some would be worth the pulp of others.

*Vittoria.* Those to whom, I will not say genius, but splendid talents have been given, are subject to weaknesses to which inferior men are less liable ; as the children of the rich are to diseases from which those of the poorer generally are exempt.

*Michel-Angelo.* The reason, I conceive, is this. Modern times have produced no critic contemporary with an eminent poet. There is a pettishness and frowardness about some literary men, in which, at the mention of certain names, they indulge without moderation or shame. They are prompt and alert at showing their sore places, and strip for it up to the elbow. They feel only a comfortable warmth when they are reproved for their prejudices and antipathies, which often are no more to be traced to their origin than the diseases of the body, and come without contact, without even breathing the same air. No remedy being sought for them, they rapidly sink into the mental constitution : weakening its internal strength, and disfiguring its external character. In some persons, at first they are covered and concealed ; but afterward, when they are seen and remarked, are exhibited in all their virulence, with swaggering effrontery.

*Vittoria.* Geese and buffaloes are enraged at certain colors ; there are certain colors, also, of the mind lively enough to excite choler at a distance in the silly and ferine. I have witnessed in authors the most vehement expression of hatred against those whose writings they never read, and whose persons they never approached. All these are professors of Christianity, and some of moral philosophy.

*Michel-Angelo.* Do not wonder, then, if I take my walk at a distance from the sibilant throat and short-flighted wing,—at a distance from the miry hide and blindly directed horn. Such

people as you describe to me may be men of talents ; but talents lie below genius.

Occasionally, we attribute to a want of benevolence what in reality is only a want of discernment. The bad sticks as closely as the good, and often more readily. If we would cover with gold a cornice or a statue, we require a preparation for it ; smoke does its business in a moment.

*Vittoria.* Sometimes we ourselves may have exercised our ingenuity, but without any consciousness of spleen or ill-humor, in detecting and discussing the peculiar faults of great poets. This has never been done, or done very clumsily, by our critics, who fancy that a measureless and shapeless phantom of enthusiasm leaves an impression of a powerful mind, and a quick apprehension of the beautiful.

"Who," they ask us, "who would look for small defects in such an admirable writer ? Who is not transported by his animation, and blinded by his brightness ?"

To this interrogation my answer is,—

"Very few, indeed : only the deliberate, the instructed, and the wise. Only they who partake in some degree of his nature know exactly where to find his infirmities."

We, perhaps, on some occasions have spoken of Dante in such a manner as would make the unwary, if they heard us, believe that we estimate him no higher than Statius, Silius, Valerius, and the like. On the other hand, we have admired the versatility, facility, and invention of Ovid, to such a degree, as would excite a suspicion that we prefer him even to Virgil. But in one we spoke of the worst parts ; in the other, of the best. Censure and praise cannot leave the lips at the same breath : one is caught before the other comes ; our verdict is distributed abroad when we have summed up only one column of the evidence.

*Michel-Angelo.* Surely, I have heard you declare that you could produce faults out of Virgil graver than any in Ovid.

*Vittoria.* The faults of Ovid are those of a playful and unruly boy ; the faults of Virgil are those of his master. I do not find in Ovid (as you may remember I then observed) the hypallage ; such, for instance, as Virgil's "*The odor brought the wind*," instead of "*The wind brought the odor*." No child could refrain from laughter at such absurdity ; no pedagogue, from whipping

him for laughing at such authority. This figure (so the grammarians are pleased to call it) far exceeds all other faults in language; for it reverses the thing it should represent. If I buy a mirror, I would rather buy one which has fifty small flaws in it, than one which places my feet where my head should be.

There are poems of Ovid which I have been counselled to cast aside, and my curiosity has never violated the interdict. But, even in Homer himself, nothing of the same extent is more spirited, or truly epic, than the contest of Ajax and Ulysses. You shall hear in this apartment, some day soon, what our Bembo thinks about it. No Roman, of any age, either has written more purely, or shown himself a more consummate judge both of style and matter.

*Michel-Angelo.* I think so too; but some have considered him rather as correct and elegant, than forcible and original.

*Vittoria.* Because he *is* correct; of which alone they can form a notion, and of this imperfectly. Had he written in a negligent and disorderly manner, they would have admired his freedom and copiousness; ignorant that, in literature as in life, the rich and noble are as often frugal as the indigent and obscure. The Cardinal never talks vaguely and superficially on any species of composition; no, not even with his friends. Where a thing is to be admired or censured, he explains in what it consists. He points to the star in the ascendant, and tells us accurately at what distance other stars are from it. In lighter moods, on lighter matters, he shakes the beetle out of the rose, and shows us what species of insect that is which he has thrown on its back at our feet, and in what part and to what extent the flower has been corroded by it. He is too noble in his nature to be habitually sarcastic, and too conscious of power to be declamatory or diffuse.

*Michel-Angelo.* Nevertheless, in regard to sarcasm, I have known him to wither a fungus of vanity by a single beam of wit.

*Vittoria.* He may, indeed, have chastised an evil-doer; but a glance of the eye or a motion of the hand is enough. Throughout the ample palace of his mind, not an instrument of torture can be found.

*Michel-Angelo.* Perhaps, in the offices below, a scourge may

be suspended for intrusive curs, or for thieves disguised in stolen liveries. I wish my friend of this morning had met the Cardinal instead of me. Possessing no sense of shame or decency, and fancying that wherever he has thrust a book he has conferred a distinction, he would have taken the same easy liberty with his Eminence.

*Vittoria.* If he continues to be so prolific, we shall soon see another island emerging from the Tiber. Our friend the Cardinal has indeed no time to squander on those who, like your waylayer, infest the public roads of literature, by singing old songs and screaming old complaints. But I wish his political occupations would allow him to pursue his pleasanter studies, and especially in exercising his acute judgment on our primary poets. For our country, both anciently and of late, has always wanted a philosophical critic on poetical works; and none are popular in the present day but such as generalize or joke. Ariosto, in despite of them, is, however tardily and difficultly, coming into favor. There is quite enough in him for our admiration, although we never can compare him with some among the ancients. For the human heart is the world of poetry: the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.

*Michel-Angelo.* You have been accustomed, O Madonna, to contemplate in person those illustrious men who themselves were the destinies of nations; and you are therefore less to be satisfied with the imaginative and illusory.

*Vittoria.* There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those, also, are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies; compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is, indeed, far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence, the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings,

will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

*Michel-Angelo.* By the wise, indeed; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.

*Vittoria.* It was beautifully and piously said in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius which springs from obscurity in the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force? If great poets build their own temples, as indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.

*Michel-Angelo.* First, we must find the priests; for ours are inconvertible from their crumbling altars. Too surely we are without an Aristoteles to precede and direct them.

*Vittoria.* We want him, not only for poetry, but philosophy. Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened for a season the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispersed the unwholesome vapor that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immodesty, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was recalled from banishment; Æschylus followed; the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stands. Symphonies were heard,—what symphonies! so powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival. The conquerors of kings until then omnipotent,—kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon, and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes,—the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes.

*Michel-Angelo.* We have no poetry of this kind now, nor have we auditors who could estimate or know it if we had. Yet, as the fine arts have raised up their own judges, literature may, ere long, do the same. Instead of undervaluing and beating

down, let us acknowledge and praise any resemblance we may trace to the lineaments of a past and stronger generation.

*Vittoria.* But, by the manners and habitudes of antiquity, ours are little to be improved. Scholars who scorn the levity of Ariosto, and speak disdainfully of the Middle Ages, in the very centre of the enchantment thrown over them by the magician of Ferrara, never think how much we owe, not only to him, but also to those ages: never think by what energies, corporeal and mental, from the barbarous soldier rose the partially polished knight; and high above him, by slower degrees, the accomplished and perfect gentleman, the summit of nobility.

*Michel-Angelo.* Oh that Pescara were present!—Pescara! whom your words seem to have embodied and recalled!—Pescara! the lover of all glory, but mostly of yours, Madonna!—he to whom your beauty was eloquence and your eloquence beauty, inseparable as the influences of Deity.

*Vittoria.* Present! and is he not? Where I am, there is he, for evermore. Earth may divide; Heaven never does. The beauty you speak of is the only thing departed from me, and that also is with him, perhaps. He may—I hope he may—see me as he left me; only more pacified, more resigned. After I had known Pescara, even if I had never been his, I should have been espoused to him; espoused to him before the assembled testimonies of his innumerable virtues,—before his genius, his fortitude, his respectful superiority, his manly gentleness. Yes, I should have been married to his glory; and, neither in his lifetime nor when he left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any other alliance. The very thought, the very words conveying it, are impiety. But friendship helps to support that heavy pall to which the devoted cling tenaciously for ever.

*Michel-Angelo.* Oh! that at this moment—

*Vittoria.* Hush! hush! Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness: the weaker terminate in the sterile sand; the stronger, the vale of tears. If there are griefs—which we know there are—so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them. We sometimes spring above happiness, and fall on the other side. This hath happened to me; but strength enough is left me to raise myself up again, and to follow the guide who calls me.

*Michel-Angelo.* Surely God hath shown that mortal what his own love is, for whom he hath harmonized a responsive bosom, warm in the last as in the first embraces. One look of sympathy, one regret at parting, is enough, is too much: it burdens the heart with overpayment. You cannot gather up the blossoms which, by blast after blast, have been scattered and whirled behind you. Are they requisite? The fruit was formed within them ere they fell upon the walk: you have culled it in its season.

*Vittoria.* Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

Did we not begin to converse on another subject? Why have you not spoken to me this half-hour?

*Michel-Angelo.* I see, O Donna Vittoria, I may close the volume we were to read and criticise.

*Vittoria.* Then, I hope you have something of your own for me instead.

*Michel-Angelo.* Are you not tired of my verses? Your smile is too splendid a reward, but too indistinct an answer. Pray, pray tell me, Madonna!—and yet I have hardly the courage to hear you tell me—have I not sometimes written to you?—

*Vittoria.* My cabinet can answer for that. Lift up your sphinx, if you desire to find it. Any thing in particular?

*Michel-Angelo.* I would say, written to you with—

*Vittoria.* With what? A golden pen?

*Michel-Angelo.* No, no.

*Vittoria.* An adamantine one?

You child! you child! are you hiding it in my sleeve? An eagle's plume? a nightingale's? a dove's? I must have recourse to the living sphinx, if there is any, not to the porphyry. Have you other pens than these? I know the traces of them all; and am unwilling to give you credit for any fresh variety. But come, tell me, what is it?

*Michel-Angelo.* I am apprehensive that I sometimes have written to you with an irrepressible gush of tenderness, which is



but narrowed and deepened and precipitated by entering the channel of verse. This, falling upon vulgar ears, might be misinterpreted.

*Vittoria.* If I have deserved a wise man's praise and a virtuous man's affection, I am not to be defrauded of them by stealthy whispers, nor deterred from them by intemperate clamor. She whom Pescara selected for his own must excite the envy of too many; but the object of envy is not the sufferer by it: there are those who convert it even into recreation. One star hath ruled my destiny and shaped my course. Perhaps,—no, not perhaps, but surely,—under that clear light I may enjoy unreprieved the enthusiasm of his friend,—the greatest man, the most ardent and universal genius, he has left behind him. Courage! courage! Lift up again the head which nothing on earth should lower. When death approaches me, be present, Michel-Angelo, and shed as pure tears on this hand as I did shed on the hand of Pescara.

*Michel-Angelo.* Madonna, they are these; they are these! Endure them now, rather!

Merciful God! if there is piety in either, grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!

## XX. THE COUNT GLEICHEM; THE COUNTESS; THEIR CHILDREN, AND ZAIDA.\*

*Countess.* Ludolph! my beloved Ludolph! do we meet again? Ah! I am jealous of these little ones, and of the embraces you are giving them.

Why sigh, my sweet husband?

\* Andreas Hundoirff relates that the Pope sanctioned the double marriage of Count Gleichem, who carried his second wife into Thuringia, where she was well received by the first, and, having no children, was devoted to her rival's. [Landor's authority for this tale is not more recondite, so far as I can discover, than the "Biographie Universelle," where he found the story and the allusion to Andreas Hundoirff, whose name he spells Hundoirff. (Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

Come back again, Wilhelm ! Come back again, Annabella ! How could you run away ? Do you think you can see better out of the corner ?

*Annabella.* Is this indeed our papa ? What, in the name of mercy, can have given him so dark a color ? I hope I shall never be like that ; and yet everybody tells me I am very like papa.

*Wilhelm.* Do not let her plague you, papa ; but take me between your knees (I am too old to sit upon them), and tell me all about the Turks, and how you ran away from them.

*Countess.* Wilhelm ! if your father had run away from the enemy, we should not have been deprived of him two whole years.

*Wilhelm.* I am hardly such a child as to suppose that a Christian knight would run away from a rebel Turk in battle. But even Christians are taken, somehow, by their tricks and contrivances, and their dog Mahomet. Beside, you know you yourself told me, with tear after tear, and scolding me for mine, that papa was taken by them.

*Annabella.* Neither am I, who am only one year younger, so foolish as to believe there is any dog Mahomet. And, if there were, we have dogs that are better and faithfuller and stronger.

*Wilhelm (to his father).* I can hardly help laughing to think what curious fancies girls have about Mahomet. We know that Mahomet is a dog-spirit with three horsetails.

*Annabella.* Papa, I am glad to see you smile at Wilhelm. I do assure you he is not half so bad a boy as he was, although he did point at me, and did tell you some mischief.

*Count.* I ought to be indeed most happy at seeing you all again.

*Annabella.* And so you are. Don't pretend to look grave now. I very easily find you out. I often look grave when I am the happiest. But forth it bursts at last : there is no room for it in tongue or eyes or anywhere.

*Count.* And so, my little angel, you begin to recollect me.

*Annabella.* At first, I used to dream of papa ; but, at last, I forgot how to dream of him, and then I cried ; but, at last, I left off crying. And then papa, who could come to me in my sleep, seldom came again.

*Count.* Why do you now draw back from me, Annabella?

*Annabella.* Because you really are so very, very brown; just like those ugly Turks who sawed the pines in the saw-pit under the wood, and who refused to drink wine in the heat of summer, when Wilhelm and I brought it to them. Do not be angry: we did it only once.

*Wilhelm.* Because one of them stamped and frightened her, when the other seemed to bless us.

*Count.* Are they still living?

*Countess.* One of them is.

*Wilhelm.* The fierce one.

*Count.* We will set him free, and wish it were the other.

*Annabella.* Papa, I am glad you are come back without your spurs.

*Countess.* Hush, child, hush!

*Annabella.* Why, mamma? Do not you remember how they tore my frock when I clung to him at parting? Now I begin to think of him again: I lose every thing between that day and this.

*Countess.* The girl's idle prattle about the spurs has pained you: always too sensitive; always soon hurt, though never soon offended.

*Count.* O God! O my children! O my wife! it is not the loss of spurs I now must blush for.

*Annabella.* Indeed, papa, you never can blush at all, until you cut that horrid beard off.

*Countess.* Well may you say, my own Ludolph, as you do; for most gallant was your bearing in the battle.

*Count.* Ah! why was it ever fought?

*Countess.* Why were most battles? But they may lead to glory even through slavery.

*Count.* And to shame and sorrow.

*Countess.* Have I lost the little beauty I possessed, that you hold my hand so languidly, and turn away your eyes when they meet mine? It was not so formerly,—unless when first we loved.

That one kiss restores to me all my lost happiness.

Come, the table is ready; there are your old wines upon it; you must want that refreshment.

*Count.* Go, my sweet children! you must eat your supper before I do.

*Countess.* Run into your own room for it.

*Annabella.* I will not go until papa has patted me again on the shoulder, now I begin to remember it. I do not much mind the beard; I grow used to it already: but indeed I liked better to stroke and pat the smooth laughing cheek, with my arm across the neck behind. It is very pleasant even so. Am I not grown? I can put the whole length of my finger between your lips.

*Count.* And now, will not *you* come, Wilhelm?

*Wilhelm.* I am too tall and too heavy: she is but a child. (*Whispers.*) Yet I think, papa, I am hardly so much of a man but you may kiss me over again,—if you will not let her see it.

*Countess.* My dears! why do not you go to your supper?

*Annabella.* Because he has come to show us what Turks are like.

*Wilhelm.* Do not be angry with her. Do not look down, papa!

*Count.* Blessings on you both, sweet children!

*Wilhelm.* We may go now.

*Countess.* And now, Ludolph, come to the table, and tell me all your sufferings.

*Count.* The worst begin here.

*Countess.* Ungrateful Ludolph!

*Count.* I am he: that is my name in full.

*Countess.* You have, then, ceased to love me?

*Count.* Worse, if worse can be: I have ceased to deserve your love.

*Countess.* No: Ludolph hath spoken falsely for once; but Ludolph is not false.

*Count.* I have forfeited all I ever could boast of,—your affection and my own esteem. Away with caresses! Repulse me, abjure me; hate, and never pardon me. Let the abject heart lie untorn by one remorse. Forgiveness would split and shiver what slavery but abased.

*Countess.* Again you embrace me; and yet tell me never to pardon you! O inconsiderate man! O idle deviser of impossible things!

But you have not introduced to me those who purchased your freedom, or who achieved it by their valor.

*Count.* Mercy ! O God !

*Countess.* Are they dead ? Was the plague abroad ?

*Count.* I will not dissemble—such was never my intention—that my deliverance was brought about by means of—

*Countess.* Say it at once—a lady.

*Count.* It was.

*Countess.* She fled with you.

*Count.* She did.

*Countess.* And have you left her, sir ?

*Count.* Alas ! alas ! I have not ; and never can.

*Countess.* Now come to my arms, brave, honourable Ludolph ! Did I not say thou couldst not be ungrateful ? Where, where is she who has given me back my husband ?

*Count.* Dare I utter it !—in this house.

*Countess.* Call the children.

*Count.* No ; they must not affront her ; they must not even stare at her : other eyes, not theirs, must stab me to the heart.

*Countess.* They shall bless her ; we will all. Bring her in.

[*Zaida is led in by the Count.*]

*Countess.* We three have stood silent long enough ; and much there may be on which we will for ever keep silence. But, sweet young creature ! can I refuse my protection, or my love, to the preserver of my husband ? Can I think it a crime, or even a folly, to have pitied the brave and the unfortunate ? to have pressed (but alas that it ever should have been so here !) a generous heart to a tender one ?

Why do you begin to weep ?

*Zaida.* Under your kindness, O lady, lie the sources of these tears.

But why has he left us ? He might help me to say many things which I want to say.

*Countess.* Did he never tell you he was married ?

*Zaida.* He did, indeed.

*Countess.* That he had children ?

*Zaida.* It comforted me a little to hear it.

*Countess.* Why, prithee, why ?

*Zanga.* When I was in grief at the certainty of holding but the second place in his bosom, I thought I could at least go and play with them, and win perhaps their love.

*Countess.* According to our religion, a man must have only one wife.

*Zaida.* That troubled me again. But the dispenser of your religion, who binds and unbinds, does for sequins or services what our Prophet does purely through kindness.

*Countess.* We can love but one.

*Zaida.* *We*, indeed, can love only one; but men have large hearts.

*Countess.* Unhappy girl!

*Zaida.* The very happiest in the world.

*Countess.* Ah, inexperienced creature!

*Zaida.* The happier for that, perhaps.

*Countess.* But the sin!

*Zaida.* Where sin is there must be sorrow; and I, my sweet sister, feel none whatever. Even when tears fall from my eyes, they fall only to cool my breast; I would not have one the fewer; they all are for him; whatever he does, whatever he causes, is dear to me.

*Countess (aside).* This is too much. I could hardly endure to have him so beloved by another, even at the extremity of the earth. (*To Zaida.*) You would not lead him into perdition?

*Zaida.* I have led him (Allah be praised!) to his wife and children. It was for those I left my father. He whom we love might have stayed with me at home; but there he would have been only half happy, even had he been free. I could not often let him see me through the lattice; I was too afraid. And I dared only once let fall the watermelon; it made such a noise in dropping and rolling on the terrace: but, another day, when I had pared it nicely, and had swathed it up well among vine-leaves, dipped in sugar and sherbet, I was quite happy. I leaped and danced to have been so ingenious. I wonder what creature could have found and eaten it! I wish he were here, that I might ask him if he knew.

*Countess.* He quite forgot home, then!

*Zaida.* When we could speak together at all, he spoke

perpetually of those whom the calamity of war had separated from him.

*Countess.* It appears that you could comfort him in his distress, and did it willingly.

*Zaida.* It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved, is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.

*Countess.* And even this too?—you did this?

*Zaida.* Fifty times.

*Countess.* Insupportable!

He often, then, spoke about me?

*Zaida.* As sure as ever we met: for he knew I loved him the better when I heard him speak so fondly.

*Countess (to herself).* Is this possible? It may be—of the absent, the unknown, the unfear'd, the unsuspected.

*Zaida.* We shall now be so happy, all three.

*Countess.* How can we all live together?

*Zaida.* Now he is here, is there no bond of union?

*Countess.* Of union? of union? (*Aside.*) Slavery is a frightful thing! slavery for life, too! And she released him from it. What, then? Impossible! impossible! (*To Zaida.*) We are rich—

*Zaida.* I am glad to hear it. Nothing anywhere goes on well without riches.

*Countess.* We can provide for you amply—

*Zaida.* Our husband—

*Countess.* Our!—husband!—

*Zaida.* Yes, yes; I know he is yours too; and you, being the elder and having children, are lady above all. He can tell you how little I want: a bath, a slave, a dish of pilau, one jonquil every morning, as usual; nothing more. But he must swear that he has kissed it first. No, he need not swear it; I may always see him do it, now.

*Countess (aside).* She agonizes me. (*To Zaida.*) Will you never be induced to return to your own country? Could not Ludolph persuade you?

*Zaida.* He who could once persuade me any thing may now command me every thing: when he says I must go, I go. But he knows what awaits me.

*Countess.* No, child ! he never shall say it.

*Zaida.* Thanks, lady ! eternal thanks ! 'The breaking of his word would break my heart ; and better *that* break first. Let the command come from you, and not from him.

*Countess (calling aloud).* Ludolph ! Ludolph ! hither ! Kiss the hand I present to you, and never forget it is the hand of a preserver.

## XXI. DANTE AND GEMMA DONATI.<sup>1</sup>

*Gemma.* We have now been blessed with seven children, my dear husband !

*Dante.* And the newly-born, as always happens, is the fairest, lovely as were all the rest.

*Gemma.* Whether it so happens or not, we always think so ; the mother in particular. And your tenderness is like a mother's.

*Dante.* What a sweet smile is that, my Gemma ! But do not talk long, although you talk with the voice and the serenity of an angel. How fresh you look ! escaped from so great a danger, and so recently. A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew ? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

There is something playful, I perceive, in your thoughts, my little wife ! Cannot you as readily trust me with them as with the playfulness about them ?

*Gemma.* I do not know whether I can.

*Dante.* Beware ! I shall steady those lips with kisses, if they are not soon more quiet. Irresolute ! why do not you tell me at once what is thrilling and quivering at each corner of your beautiful mouth ?

*Gemma.* I will, my Dante ! But already it makes me graver. Healthy as is the infant, it was predicted by the astrologer and

[<sup>1</sup> The only daughter of Dante and his wife Gemma was christened Beatrice. This child, however, who was his youngest, must have been born before Dante's exile in 1301, for he never saw either Florence or Gemma after that date. (Works, ii., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]



caster of nativities, and the prediction has been confirmed by the most intelligent of nurses, that it must be our last.

*Dante.* While I look on it, I think I could not love another so well.

*Gemma.* And yet you have loved them all equally, tenderest of fathers, best of husbands !

*Dante.* Say *happiest*, my Gemma ! It was not always that you could have said it : and it may not be always ; but it shall be now.

*Gemma.* Well spoken ! yes, it shall. Therefore promise me that henceforward you will never again be a suitor for embassies abroad, or nail down your noble intellect to the coarse-grained wood of council-boards.

*Dante.* I can easily and willingly make that promise.

*Gemma.* Recollecting that they have caused you trouble enough already.

*Dante.* If they alone had occupied my mind, they would have contracted and abased it. The larger a plant is, the sooner it sickens and withers in close confinement, and in a place too low for it. But a mind that has never been strained to exertions, and troubled by anxieties, will never project far any useful faculty. The stream must swell before it fertilizes. It is pleasant to gaze on green meadows and gentle declivities ; but the soul, O my Gemma, that men look up to with long wonder, is suspended on rocks, and exposed to be riven by lightning. The eagle neither builds his nest nor pursues his quarry in the marsh.

*Gemma.* Should my Dante, then, in the piazza ?

*Dante.* However, we must all, when called upon, serve our country as we can best.

*Gemma.* Despicable is the man who loveth not his country ; but detestable is he who prefers even his country to her who worships him supremely on earth, and solely.

*Dante.* To me a city is less than a home. The world around me is but narrow ; the present age is but annual. I will plant my tree in Paradise ; I will water it with the waters of immortality ; and my beloved shall repose beneath its shadow.

*Gemma.* O Dante ! there are many who would be contented to die early, that after ages might contemplate them as the lover did,—young, ardent, radiant, uncrossed by fortune, and undis-

turbed by any anxiety but the gentlest. I am happier than poetry, with all its praise and all its fiction, could render me. Let another be glorious: I have been truly blessed.

If Florence had never exiled you, if she had honored you as highly as she must honor you hereafter,—tell me, could you have loved her as you loved your Bice?

*Dante.* You also loved Bice.

*Gemma.* Answer me plainly and directly, sly evader!

*Dante.* We can hardly love the terrestrial as we love the heavenly. The stars that fall on the earth are not stars of eternal light: they are not our hope; they are not our guidance; they often blight, they never purify. Distinctions might have become too precious in my sight, if never a thought of her had intervened.

*Gemma.* Indignant as you were at the injustice of your fellow-citizens, did not the recollection of the little maid honey your bitter bread, and quite console you?

*Dante.* I will pour into your faithful bosom not only all my present love, but all my past. I lost my country; I went into another, into many others. To men like me, irksome is it, O Gemma, to mount the stairs of princes; hard, to beseech their favor; harder, to feel the impossibility of requiting it; hardest of all, to share it with the worthless. But I carried with me everywhere the memory of Bice: I carried with me that palladium which had preserved the citadel of my soul. Under her guard, what evil could enter it? Before her image, how faintly and evanescently fell on me the shadows of injury and grief!

*Gemma.* Brave, brave Dante! I love you for all things; nor least for your love of her. It was she, under God, who rendered you the perfect creature I behold in you. She animated you with true glory, when she inspired you with the purity of her love. Worthier of it than I am, she left you on earth for me.

*Dante.* And with nothing on earth to wish beyond.

Ought I to be indignant that my country has neglected me? Do not men in all countries like those best who most resemble them? And would you wish me to resemble the multitude who are deluded? Or would you rather that I were seated among the select who are in a situation to delude? My Gemma, I could never, by any knowledge or discipline, teach foxes to be honest, wolves to be abstemious, or vipers to be grateful. For

the more ravenous I have excavated a pitfall, deep and durable as the foundations of the earth; to the reptile I toss the fire. Let us love those who love us, and be contented to teach those who will hear us. Neither the voice nor the affections can extend beyond a contracted circle. But we may carry a wand with us, and mark out with it that circle in every path of life. Never in future will I let men approach too near me. Familiarities are the aphides that imperceptibly suck out the juices intended for the germ of love. Contented with the few who can read my heart, and proud, my sweet Gemma, of the precious casket that encloses it, I am certainly this day the happiest of men.

*Gemma.* To-morrow you shall be happier.

*Dante.* By what possibility?

*Gemma.* It is too late in the evening to carry our infant to the baptismal font; but to-morrow, early in the morning, in the presence of God and angels, in the presence of the blessed Virgin, I name it Beatrice.

*Dante.* Gemma, she hears thee! Gemma, she loves thee for it more than she ever could love me: for this is heavenly!

*Gemma.* How much I owe her! Under her influence hath grown up into full maturity the happiness of my existence.

*Dante.* And of mine. Modesty is the bridemaide of Concord. She not only hangs her garland on the door of the nuptial chamber, but she bestrews with refreshing herbs the whole apartment every day of life. Without her, where is harmony, or what is beauty? Without her, the sight of returning spring has bitter pangs in it; without her, the songs of love in the woodland, and the symbols of mated innocence on the tree apart, afflict the bosom, sensitive no longer but to reminiscences and wrath. Can it be wondered that she who held my first affections holds them yet?—the same spirit in another form, the same beauty in another countenance, the same expression in another voice,—the girl Beatrice in the bride Gemma. Oh how much more than bride! but bride still!

*Gemma.* Kiss me, Dante! And now let me sleep! Gently! Do not disturb the child,—your Beatrice to-morrow. Further, further from the cradle! Your eyes upon her would surely awaken her. Beloved! beloved! how considerate and careful! I am sleepy. Can I sleep? I am too happy!

XXII. LEONORA DI ESTE AND FATHER PANIGAROLA.<sup>1</sup>

*Leonora.* You have, then, seen him, father? Have you been able—you who console so many, you who console even me—to comfort poor Torquato?

*Panigarola.* Madonna, the ears of the unhappy man are quickened by his solitude and his sorrow. He seemed aware, or suspicious at least, that somebody was listening at his prison-door; and the cell is so narrow, that every sound in it is audible to those who stand outside.

*Leonora.* He might have whispered.

*Panigarola.* It would have been most imprudent.

*Leonora.* Said he nothing? not a word?—to prove—to prove that he had not lost his memory? His memory—of what? of reading his verses to me, and of my listening to them. Lucrezia listened to them as attentively as I did, until she observed his waiting for my applause first. When she applauded, he bowed so gracefully; when I applauded, he only held down his head. I was not angry at the difference. But tell me, good father! tell me, pray, whether he gave no sign of sorrow at hearing how soon I am to leave the world. Did you forget to mention it; or did you fear to pain him?

*Panigarola.* I mentioned it plainly, fully.

*Leonora.* And was he, was gentle Torquato, very sorry?

*Panigarola.* Be less anxious. He bore it like a Christian. He said deliberately,—but he trembled and sighed, as Christians should sigh and tremble,—that, although he grieved at your ill-

[<sup>1</sup> "In those days the famous Father Panigarola came to Ferrara, where he had preached the Lent before with much applause; he was high in favour with the Duke and the Princesses; and to him Tasso wrote asking that he would be good enough to visit him. Then Tasso begged that Panigarola would kiss Leonora's hand for him, if she were better, and tell her that he grieved much for her illness, which he had not lamented in verse by reason that to do so was repugnant to his nature; but that if he could serve her in any other way he was very ready, especially if she desired to hear any glad songs. I do not know if Panigarola was in time to do this kindness." Serassi, "Life of Tasso." (Last Fruit, 1853; Works, 1876.)]

ness, yet that to write, either in verse or prose, on such a visitation of Providence, was repugnant to his nature.\*

*Leonora.* He said so? could he say it? But I thought you told me he feared a listener. Perhaps, too, he feared to awaken in me the sentiments he once excited. However it may be, ready I feel the chilliness of the grave: his words breathe it over me. I would have entreated him to forget me; but to be forgotten before I had entreated it!—O father, father!

*Panigarola.* Human vanity still is lingering on the precincts of the tomb. Is it criminal, is it censurable in him, to anticipate your wishes?

*Leonora.* Knowing the certainty and the nearness of my departure, he might at least have told me through you that he lamented to lose me.

*Panigarola.* Is there no voice within your heart that clearly tells you so?

*Leonora.* That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with the throbbings round about it. We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

*Panigarola.* Madonna, this is too passionate for the hour. But the tears you are shedding are a proof of your compunction. May the Virgin and the saints around her throne accept and ratify it!

*Leonora.* Father! what were you saying? What were you asking me? Whether no voice whispered to me, assured me? I know not. I am weary of thinking. He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tossed up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

*Panigarola.* Be composed, be calm, be resigned to the will of

Mr Milman, in his *Life of Tass*, interprets the expression. *Genio* and *ingenio* do not always signify *genius*. His words are "*a certain secret repugnance of his genius*;" but Tasso meant *temper* or *disposition*. *Ingenium* has the same meaning in Latin. Milton was not thinking about his genius when he wrote,—

"Cæteraque *ingenio* non subeunda meo."

Heaven; be ready for that journey's end, where the happier who have gone before, and the enduring who soon must follow, will meet.

*Leonora.* I am prepared to depart: for I have struggled (God knows) to surmount what is insurmountable; and the wings of Hope will sustain and raise me, seeing my descent toward earth too swift, too unresisted, and too prone. Pray, father, for my deliverance; pray also for poor Torquato's: do not separate us in your prayers. Oh, could he leave his prison as surely and as speedily as I shall mine, it would not be more thankfully! Oh that bars of iron were as fragile as bars of clay! Oh that princes were as merciful as death! But tell him, tell Torquato,—go again; entreat, persuade, command him,—to forget me.

*Panigarola.* Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above, might not avail perhaps. You smile, Madonna!

*Leonora.* I die happy.





MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.





## MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

### I. MARCHESE PALLAVICINI AND WALTER LANDOR.<sup>1</sup>

AT Albaro near Genoa I rented the Palace of Marchese Pallavicini. While he was presenting the compliments on my arrival, the wife of his bailiff brought me fish and fowl from the city, and poured upon the table a basketful of fruit.

*Landor.* The walk has tired you, my good woman. The hill indeed is rather steep, but it is short; and you appear, like the generality of Genoese countrywomen, strongly built.

*Pallavicini.* She has been frightened. When the Neapolitans and English landed here in the Bay, she was in childbed.

*Landor.* Poor woman! the alarm must have been great indeed, before you knew that the general was an Englishman.

"Ah, sir!" was all she replied.

Signor Marchese, do inform me what she means.

*Pallavicini.* It is better to forget if we can the calamities of war, which usually are the heaviest in the most beautiful countries.

*Landor.* Indulge me however in my request. Curiosity is pardonable in a stranger, and, led by humanity, is admissible to confidence.

*Pallavicini.* You had begun, sir, to say something which interested me, in reply to my inquiry how you liked our scenery. I shall derive much more satisfaction from your remarks on our architecture and gardens, than you can derive from my recital of an inhumanity. It is fair and reasonable, and in the course of

[<sup>1</sup> *Imag. Convers.* i., 1824. i., 1826. *Works*, i., 1846. *Works*, vi., 1876.]

things, that we should first arrive at that which may afford us pleasure, and not flag toward it wearied and saddened, and incapable of its enjoyment.

*Landor.* I am pleased, as I observed, by the palace opposite, not having seen in Italy, until now, a house of any kind with a span of turf before it. Like yours and that opposite, they generally encroach on some lane, following its windings and angles lest a single inch of ground should be lost; and the roofs fight for the centre of the road. I<sup>2</sup> am inclined to believe that the number of houses of which the fronts are uneven is greater than of the even; and that there are more cramped with iron than uncramped. These deformities are always left visible though the house is plastered, that the sum expended on the iron and labor may be evident. If an Italian of condition spends a lira, he must be seen to spend it: his stables, his laundry, his domestics, his peasants, must strike the eye together; his pigsty must have witnesses like his will. Every tree is accursed, as that of which the holy cross was fabricated, and ought to be swept away. You are surely the most hospitable people in the world: even that edifice which derives its existence and its name from privacy stands exposed and wide open to the stranger, wherever it stands at all.

When I resided on the Lake of Como, I visited the palace of Marchese Odeschalchi. Before it swelled in majesty that sovereign of inland waters; behind it was a pond surrounded with brickwork, in which about twenty young goldfish jostled and gasped for room. The Larius had sapped the foundation of his palace, and the Marchese had exerted all his genius to avenge himself: he composed this bitter parody. I inquired of his cousin Don Pepino, who conducted me, when the roof would be put on: he looked at me, doubting if he understood me, and answered in a gentle tone, "It was finished last summer." My error originated from observing red pantiles, kept in their places by heavy stones, loose, and laid upon them irregularly.

"What a beautiful swell, Don Pepino, is this upon the right," exclaimed I: "the little hill seems sensible of pleasure as he dips his foot into the Larius."

"There will be the offices."

[<sup>2</sup> From "I" to "evident" (5 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

"What! and hide Grumello? Let me enjoy the sight while I can. He appears instinct with life, nodding the network of vines upon his head, and beckoning and inviting us; while the fig-trees and mulberries and chestnuts and walnuts, and those lofty and eternal cypresses, stand motionless around. His joyous mates, all different in form and features, push forward; and, if there is not something in the air or something in my eyesight illusory, they are running a race along the borders. Stop a moment: how shall we climb over these two enormous pines? Ah, Don Pepino! old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers<sup>3</sup> leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. What a sweet odor is here!—whence comes it?—sweeter it appears to me and stronger than of the pine itself."

"I imagine," said he, "from the linden; yes, certainly."

"Is that a linden? It is the largest, and I should imagine the oldest upon earth, if I could perceive that it had lost any of its branches."

"Pity that it hides half the row of yon houses from the palace! It will be carried off with the two pines in the autumn."

"O<sup>4</sup> Don Pepino!" cried I; "the French, who abhor whatever is old and whatever is great, have spared it; the Austrians, who sell their fortresses and their armies, nay, sometimes their daughters, have not sold it: must it fall? Shall the cypress of Soma be without a rival? I hope to have left Lombardy before it happens; for events which you will tell me ought never to interest me at all, not only do interest me, but make me (I confess it) sorrowful."

Who in the world could ever cut down a linden, or dare in

[<sup>3</sup> First ed. reads: "command. Palaces and temples and aqueducts and amphitheatres rise up before it readily: but it must either wait or pass away before venerable trees. What a sweet," &c.]

[<sup>4</sup> From "O Don Pepino" to "Cæsar" (37 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

his senses to break a twig from off one? To a linden was fastened the son of William Tell, when the apple was cloven on his head. Years afterward, often did the father look higher and lower, and search laboriously, to descry if any mark were remaining of the cord upon its bark! Often must he have inhaled this very odor!—what a refreshment was it to a father's breast! The flowers of the linden should be the only incense offered up in the churches to God. Happy the man whose aspirations are pure enough to mingle with it!

How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! How many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens, what similitudes to the everlasting mountains, what protestations of eternal truth and constancy, from those who now are earth,—they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The caper and fig-tree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain.

To see this linden was worth a journey of five hundred miles. It looked directly up the lake, in the centre of its extremity, and facing the boundary mountains of the Val-Tellina.

The cypress of Soma, where the first battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio, is in my opinion the object most worth seeing in Italy, unless it be the statue at the base of which fell Cæsar.

*Pallavicini*.<sup>5</sup> One would imagine it must surely be the patriarch of the vegetable world.

*Landor*. Lest, Signor Marchese, you should remain in doubt whether any other tree may be older, I shall refer you to Pietro della Valle, a lively, sensible, and veracious traveller, and credulous only where credulity is necessary to salvation. He mentions a terebinthus with three trunks growing from one root; and St Jerome writes that it was there in his time, and that it was holden in great veneration by the people round. I

[<sup>5</sup> From "*Pallavicini*" to "world" (2 lines) added in 3rd ed. From "*Landor*" to "Valle" (16 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

do not believe the terebinthus to be so durable as the cypress; not being so slow in growth, and the branches more easily broken by the wind, whence the rain is admitted, cracks and crevices are made, and insects lodge in them and enlarge them. The antiquity of this terebinthus must have been extraordinary in the time of St Jerome, to be so distinguished from other trees, and held even then in veneration; and its appearance could have become but little changed in the twelve centuries between his visit and that of Pietro della Valle.<sup>6</sup> Not many years ago, a tree even of higher antiquity was living and flourishing at Patras. It was a cypress, mentioned by Pliny, and seen by Spon, who visited the country in the year 1676. He represents it as of that species which here in Italy you call the *female*; a more beautiful tree than the other, but generally thought to be of shorter duration, from its horizontal branches (when extremely long) being subject to be broken by the weight of snow. The trunk, in the time of Spon, was eighteen French feet in diameter.

*Pallavicini.* You passed by Soma in going to Milan on your way to Como. I would gladly see that lake, which detained you three whole years among a people so rude and barbarous.

*Landor.* Barbarous do not call it, though indeed it may be too much so. It was in Como I received and visited the brave descendants of the Jovii;<sup>7</sup> it was in Como I daily conversed with the calm, philosophical Sironi: and I must love the little turreted city for other less intrinsic recollections. Thither came to see me the learned and modest Bekker; and it was there, after several delightful rambles, I said farewell to Southey.

<sup>6</sup> Second ed. reads: "Valle. I do not believe that in England we have any oak or yew (for cypresses do not flourish with us) older than about a thousand years. There is one of the latter on my estate at Lanthorn, near the abbey, which the oldest of the inhabitants tell me, they never heard of being different in its condition. The decay must have begun two or three centuries." From "Not" to "Como": 11 lines added in 3rd ed.]

[<sup>7</sup> First ed. reads: "Jovii, and my bosom feels at this moment that there I pressed to it the calm philosophical Sironi. I must love that city too for other recollections. Thither came . . . it was there I shed my last tear when I said farewell to Southey." From "If" to "contrary" (5 lines) added in 3rd ed. First ed. reads: "our cities are in much better taste," &c.]

*Pallavicini.* If ever I should again have business at Milan, I might almost be tempted to visit the Larius, greatly as I should be ridiculed at Genoa for a journey of curiosity. We Italians study more the works of Art than of Nature; you Englishmen the contrary.

Our towns, to continue the subject on which we began, are in much better style than our villas.

*Landor.* They indeed are magnificent, and appear the more so after the wretched streets of France. In that country almost every thing animated is noisy, and almost every thing inanimate is misshapen. All seems reversed; the<sup>8</sup> inhabitants of the north are darker than those of the south: indeed, the women of Calais are much browner than any I have seen in Italy; the children, the dogs, the frogs, are more clamorous than ours; the cocks are shriller. But at worst we are shocked by no contrast; the very language seeming to be constructed upon stinks, and dirt and ugliness going together. While in Italy we cannot walk ten paces without observing the union of stateliness and filth, of gorgeous finery and squalid meanness; and the expressions of vice and slavery are uttered in the accents of angels. The churches are fairly divided between piety and prostitution, leaving the entrance and a few broken chairs to beggary and vermin. Here always is something of misapplied paint and importunate gilding. A couple of pepper-boxes are mounted on St Peter's, which also exhibits the incredible absurdity of two clocks in its front; a dozen of mass-boxes range the Colosseum; the Pantheon is the tomb of a siddler.

*Pallavicini.*<sup>9</sup> I have been in London, and was much surprised at the defects of architecture in your capital. Not only Rome, Genoa, Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Milan, but Paris itself, excels it: and how incomparably more magnificent must have been the public works of Athens!

*Landor.* Those both of Paris and London would not constitute a third of the Piræus alone, of which the length exceeded

[<sup>8</sup> First ed. reads: "the women have hoarse voices; the men squeal. The children . . . shriller." From "But" to "stinks" added in 2nd ed.; from "and dirt" to "together" added in 3rd ed. Three lines below, from "and the" to "angels" added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>9</sup> From "*Pallavicini*" to "plants" (199 lines added in 3rd ed.)

six miles ; the height was sixty feet, not reckoning the foundation, and the breadth at top about twelve. It was of square stones, fastened together by cramps of iron and by molten lead.

*Pallavicini.* Being begun and carried on in the greatest haste, I wonder how the Athenians had leisure for the squaring of stones, each of which weighed several tons.

*Landor.* This question has never been discussed. In my opinion, those of the greatest bulk were taken from the ancient walls of the city, which not only were useless now its boundaries were quadrupled in extent, but which obstructed the communications and deformed the beauty of the place. These originally were erected by one of those societies of itinerant masons, which, like many colonies, are called Pelasgian. I suspect they were Etrurians ; a people more early on the road to civilization than the inhabitants of Hellas, although they never carried it to the same extent. They, indeed, were the Chinese of Europe.

*Pallavicini.* Surely you undervalue them.

*Landor.* Far from it. I was speaking of the ancient : Greece alone, of all the nations on the globe, rivals the modern. But there is no evidence or probability that the arts in old Etruria ever equalled the same in China ; where moreover the powers of imagination and reflection raise our wonder in their earlier writers. The great wall of China quite obscures the Piræus by its magnitude, unequal as it is in its utility and its beauty ; which may be imagined, although faintly, if we recollect that to the main walls of the Piræus were added two others ; one four miles long, the other somewhat shorter, each adorned with statues.

*Pallavicini.* This work, then, exceeded any the Romans themselves have built.

*Landor.* The Romans did less in their city than in the conquered territories. The greatest of their labors was the wall against the Caledonians : the most solid and majestic was the bridge across the Danube. In theatres they excelled the Athenians : those at Athens were worthy of Pollio and Seneca ; those at Rome, of Æschylus and Sophocles. The Romans, in ancient times as in modern, found plenty of materials among the ruins. A band of robbers and outcasts saw on the banks of the Tiber a city so little dilapidated that it served them to inhabit. They repaired the roofs with sedge and rushes, deposited their plunder



within the two fortresses dedicated to Saturn and to Janus, grew thrifty and religious with no abatement of enterprise or stint of spoliation, found order more and more necessary, and consented to elect with more regularity and ceremony their captains and arbitrators. Gods and priests were imported from all quarters after every foray, together with oxen, sheep, swine, grain, and household utensils. As, however, from their habits of life they had brought no women with them, and female captives were in insufficient number, they took others by fraud and violence from the villages around. The pastoral and unwarlike inhabitants were as submissive to them as they are at present to the native bandits, and perhaps gave them the same assistance and information on their excursions. The Sabines, who afterward became more courageous from the necessity of discipline forced upon them by incessant aggression, were at this time among the least martial and the least enterprising of nations. Unable to recover their wives and daughters, they soon made peace.

*Pallavicini.* We Ligurians long withstood the Romans; and their historians and poets for this reason, while they extol the Sabines, show us no mercy. From your account of our conquerors, it appears that they were at least as uncivilized as any inhabitants of the Peninsula.

*Landor.* More so than any. No spacious and commodious mansion, no august temple, was erected in five hundred years: so uncouth was the genius of the people. The magnificence of Syracuse and of Corinth, the most elegant and splendid cities in Europe, left little impression on the destroyers. Their cups were (as they termed it) of barbaric gold, while their temples and the gods within them were of clay. Captured Veii soon supplied Rome with a large assortment of richer images. Lucullus was the first of the nation who had any idea of amplitude in architecture. Julius Cæsar, to whom glory in all her forms and attributes was more familiar than his own Penates, meditated the grandest works of utility and decoration, in the city and out; but he fell a victim to insatiable ambition, and left nothing memorable in his birthplace but Pompey's statue. Augustus did somewhat in adorning the city; but Augustus was no Pericles. Tiberius, melancholy at the loss of a young and beautiful wife borne away from him by policy, sank into that dreadful malady which blighted

every branch of the Claudian family ; and, instead of embellishing the city with edifices and sculpture, darkened it with disquietudes and suspicions, and retired into a solitude which his enemies have peopled with monsters. Such atrocious lust, incredible even in madness itself, was incompatible with the memory of his loss and with the tenderness of his grief. Nero—in the beginning of his government, and indeed five entire years, a virtuous and beneficent prince—was soon affected by the same insanity, but acting differently on his heart and intellect. He never lost sight of magnificence, and erected a palace before which even the splendors of Pericles fade away. Plutarch, in the *Life of Publicola*, tells us that he himself had seen at Athens the columns of Pentelican marble for the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter ; that their thickness was reduced at Rome, to the injury of the proportions ; after which he informs us that the gilding of the whole edifice cost twelve thousand talents. Now, the hall in the palace of Nero was as large as this temple ; the ground on which it stood was thirtyfold the extent, and the gilding so general that it was called the *Golden House*. At the decease of Nero, the masters of the world trembled to enter it ; removed from it the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Scopas and Lysippus, of Zeuxis and Apelles, of which probably all that were extant were assembled here ; poured forth the lava of the precious metal from its ceilings, its architraves, and its arches ; and constructed out of its kitchens and stables a bath and amphitheatre for the whole Roman people.

*Pallavicini.* Nero seems to have pacified them surprisingly, after burning down their houses.

*Landor.* The conflagration I believe to have arisen from the necessity of purifying the city after an endemical disease, and of leaving no narrow streets in the centre for its recurrence. The extreme love which the populace bore toward Nero long after his death is a proof that they did not attribute the fire to his cruelty or caprice ; and they were abundantly recompensed by his liberality. Nothing was left for the Flavian dynasty but to demolish and reconstruct ; nothing for Trajan but to register on marble his rapid victories, leaving his virtues to be inscribed on materials less perishable ; nothing for Hadrian but to imitate the finer works of the Athenians. Architecture then sank for ages. The Moors

introduced a style of it more fanciful and ornamental, which beside had this advantage,—it brought with it no recollections of deterioration and decay. The cathedrals in Spain are the most exquisite models of it; and illuminated manuscripts, which the Arabs, Turks, and Persians prize highly, gave, I imagine, those ideas on which the French, the Germans, and the English raised many noble edifices, collecting the heavier and more depressed masses of Italy.

*Pallavicini.* With Saint Paul's and Saint Stephen's before you, cottages are built like castles, and palaces like cottages; and where the edifice is plain and simple the window is a hole knocked in the wall, looking like an eye without an eyebrow or eyelashes; or else it is situated in the midst of an arch, as if a ruin had been patched up to receive it.

*Landor.* This idea we borrowed from Florence, and very lately. The Florentines turned their shops into palaces when they turned the name of silk-merchant into that of marquis: and the patchwork is equally visible in the house and in the master.

*Pallavicini.* Since I was in England, I understand that absurdities even more ludicrous are come into fashion, and that your architects fall back again on what they denominate the Elizabethan style. In fact, condemned by Nature to perennial twilight, you wainscot your apartments with the darkest oak, and impanel it in your ceilings; your windows are divided and traversed by thick stone-work, and the panes of glass, extremely small, are sometimes made darker by green and purple, and are held together by almost an equal quantity of lead.

*Landor.* True enough; and when we attempt to be more classical we run into as gross absurdities. Some of us would be Grecian in our houses, forgetting that the Greeks made a wide difference between the construction of a house and of a temple. Even if they had not, still the climates of the two countries are so different, that what would be convenient on the shores of the Ægean Sea would be ill placed on the shores of the British Channel. Exposed to our biting winds, the Corinthian acanthus would soon shed its beautiful foliage. And what, indeed, have we to do with the ram's skull and horns, belonging to the Ionian?—we, who slay no rams for sacrifice, and to whom, therefore,

such a decoration is without a memorial and without a meaning. But Ionian pilasters are admissible to the fronts of our houses, and Ionian columns to our public edifices. However, the ornaments of the capitals should be taken from what is indigenous and appropriate. The portals in England are despicably poor; whereas to these is greatly owing the dignity of the exterior; and the dignity of the interior to the staircase. In this, likewise, the best houses in London, with very few exceptions, are deficient.

*Pallavicini.* We Genoese are proud of our door-ways.

*Landor.* They are magnificent, so are many in Rome, and some in Milan. We have none in London, and few in the country; where, however, the staircases are better. These are usually oak. I inherit an old ruinous house containing one up which the tenant rode his horse to stable him.

Let us now reflect again a moment on Athens, which I think will be somewhat more to our satisfaction. A city not larger than Liverpool, and whose inhabitants might almost have been lost in Syracuse, produced, within the short period of two centuries (reckoning from the battle of Marathon), a greater number of exquisite models in war, philosophy, patriotism, oratory, and poetry,—in the semi-mechanical arts which accompany or follow them, sculpture and painting, and in the first of the mechanical, architecture,—than the remainder of Europe in six thousand years. She rises up again as from a trance, and is pushed back by the whole company of kings. The rulers of nations seem to think they have as much interest in abolishing the traces of her, if they can, as Alexander thought he had to demolish what were considered to be the monuments of the Argonautic Expedition. Darius felt differently. He believed that there is policy in content, both in keeping and causing it; he established by Mardonius a republican form of government in the Grecian cities of Ionia.

*Pallavicini.* Hush! do not speak of republics: the sound may blow a man's head off. We are safer among the trees. And now, if you have said all you proposed to say upon our buildings, let us return again to our plants.

*Landor.* Enter the gardens and approach the vases: do you perceive the rarity, the beauty, the fragrance, of the flowers? In one is a bush of box, in another a knot of tansy. Neptune is re-

cumbent on a bed of cabbages, and from the shell of a Triton sprout three turnips, to be sold.

*Pallavicini.*<sup>10</sup> Our first object in the garden is profit. The vicinity of Genoa produces a large quantity of lemons, and many families are supported by renting, at about thirty crowns, half an acre or less of lemon ground.

*Landor.* I mentioned the fact at Pisa, with some doubt and hesitation; and there I learned from Don Luigi Serviti and Signor Georgio Salvioni, both gentlemen of Massa di Carrara, the extraordinary fertility of a lemon-tree. A *wager* was laid in the year 1812 by Signor Antonio Georgieri, of Massa, with Marchese Calani, of Spezia, that at Croscello, half a mile from Massa, there was one which would mature, that season, fourteen thousand lemons; it exceeded the quantity. In Spain I was informed that a tree in favourable seasons might ripen nearly three thousand; in Sicily the same. The fruit, however, of the plant at Croscello is small, of little juice and bad quality: I presume it to be a wilding. This and the celebrated vine at Hampton Court are the two most extraordinary fruit-bearing trees of their kind on record; they have quintupled the most prolific.

We Englishmen talk of *planting* a garden: the modern Italians and ancient Romans talk of *building* one.\* Ours, the most beautiful in the universe, are not exempt from absurdities; but<sup>11</sup> in the shadiness of the English garden it is the love of retirement that triumphs over taste, and over a sense of the inconveniences.

Inhabiting a moist and chilly climate, we draw our woods almost into our dining-rooms; you, inhabiting a sultry one, condemn your innocent children to the ordeal of a red-hot gravel. The shallow well, called *pescina*, in the middle of every garden, contains just enough water to drown them—which happens frequently—and to supply a generation of gnats for the *villeggianti*. We again may be ridiculed in our turn: our serpentine ditches are fog-beds.

You should cover your reservoirs (an old hat or wig would do

[<sup>10</sup> From "*Pallavicini*" to "one" (20 lines) added in 2nd ed. from a footnote which appears in the 1st ed.]

\* Cui Cneius noster locum ubi hortos *edificaret* daret.—*Cic. ad Atticum*, Ep. xvi. l. ix.

[<sup>11</sup> From "but" to "inconveniences" (3 lines) added in 2nd ed. Three lines below, from "The shallow" to "nice" (32 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

it), and we should invite our Naiads to dance along the green a good half-mile from our windows.

The English are more zealous of introducing new fruits, shrubs and plants, than other nations; you Italians are less so than any civilized one. Better fruit is eaten in Scotland than in the most fertile and most cultivated parts of your peninsula. As for flowers, there is a greater variety in the worst of your fields than in the best of your gardens. As for shrubs, I have rarely seen a lilac, a laburnum, a mezereon, in any of them: and yet they flourish before almost every cottage in our poorest villages. I now come among the ordinary fruits. The currant, the gooseberry, and the raspberry—the most wholesome and not the least delicious—were domesticated among you by the French in some few places: they begin to degenerate already. I have eaten good apples in this country, and pears and cherries much better than ours; the other kinds of fruitage appeared to me unfit for the table, not to say uneatable; and as your gentlemen send the best to market, whether the produce of their own gardens or presents, I have probably tasted the most highly-flavored. Although the sister of Bonaparte introduced peaches, nectarines, and apricots from France, and planted them at Marlia near Lucca, no person cares about taking grafts from them.

We wonder in England, when we hear it related by travellers, that peaches in Italy are left under the trees for swine; but, when we ourselves come into the country, our wonder is rather that the swine do not leave them for animals less nice.

I have now, Signor Marchese, performed the conditions you imposed on me, to the extent of my observation; hastily<sup>2</sup> I confess it, and preoccupied by the interest you excited. I<sup>1</sup> may justly call on you to speak as unreservedly and explicitly.

*Pallavicini.* If you insist upon it, I will. Across the road, exactly four paces from your antechamber, were the quarters of your general; exactly forty-eight from his window, out of which he was looking, did this peasant woman lie groaning in labor, when several soldiers entered her bed-room and carried off the articles most necessary in her condition. Her husband ran under the apartment of the general, which faced the wife's, entreating his compassion. He was driven away.

[<sup>12</sup> From "I" to "will" (3 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

*Landor.* Was nothing done?

*Pallavicini.* A few threats were added.

*Landor.* Impossible ! impossible !

*Pallavicini.* Since, sir, we are in the regions of impossibility, do look again, I entreat you, at the palace just before us : and I am greatly mistaken if I cannot fix your attention upon something of higher import than a span of turf.

*Landor.* It is among the most magnificent and, what is better, the most elegant that I have hitherto seen in Italy ; for I have not yet visited the Venetian territory, and know merely from engravings the architecture of Palladio. Whose is it ?

*Pallavicini.* It belongs to the family of Cambiagi, to which our republic, while it pleased God to preserve it, owed many signal benefits, as doges and as senators. A private man from among them constructed at his own expense the most commodious of our roads, and indeed the first deserving the name that had ever been formed in Liguria, whether by moderns or ancients, though <sup>13</sup> Marius and Cæsar marched across.

*Landor.* How grand is that flight of steps upon which the children are playing ! These are my vases, Marchese ; these are my images ; these are decorations for architecture ; this is ornamental gardening, and suitable to all countries and climates. Take care, blessed creatures !—a fall from such a height !—

*Pallavicini.* Over those steps, amid the screams and embraces of those children, with her arms tied behind her, imploring help, pity, mercy, was dragged by the hair the Marchesa Cambiagi.

*Landor.* For what offence ?

*Pallavicini.* Because her husband had mastered his prejudices and resigned his privileges.

*Landor.* Signor Marchese ! the English general, whatever may be the public opinion of his talents and his principles, could never have known and permitted it.

*Pallavicini.* Perhaps not. I can only declare that his windows were filled with military men, if uniforms make them, and that he was there : this I saw. Your Houses of Parliament, M. Landor, for their own honor, for the honor of the service and of the

[<sup>13</sup> From "though" to "across" added in 3rd ed. Three lines below, from "this" to "climates." added in 2nd ed.]

nation, should have animadverted on such an outrage : he should answer for it.

*Landor.* These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two Houses. A pen !—he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this ?

## II. GENERAL KLEBER AND FRENCH OFFICERS.<sup>1</sup>

AN English officer was sitting with his back against the base of the Great Pyramid. He sometimes looked toward those of elder date and ruder materials before him, sometimes was absorbed in thought, and sometimes was observed to write in a pocket-book with great rapidity.

“ If he were not writing,” said a French naturalist to a young ensign, “ I should imagine him to have lost his eyesight by the ophthalmia. He does not see us : level your rifle ; we cannot find a greater curiosity.”

The arts prevailed : the officer slid with extended arms from his resting-place ; the blood, running from his breast, was audible as a swarm of insects in the sand. No other sound was heard. Powder had exploded ; life had passed away : not a vestige remained of either.

“ Let us examine his papers,” said the naturalist.

“ Pardon me, sir,” answered the ensign : “ my first inquiry on such occasions is *what’s o’clock ?* and afterward I pursue my mineralogical researches.”

[<sup>1</sup> Napoleon had intended to return from Egypt to Europe through Syria and Turkey. He was foiled in this undertaking, partly by Sir Sidney Smith’s resistance at Acre, and partly by an outbreak of the plague among his soldiers. After his return to Egypt, he learnt of the defeats sustained by the French during his absence, and deserting his army, he returned to France, leaving Kléber in command. Kléber was not only a good commander, but a man of character, one of the men of merit, whom the Revolution had not neglected. But his assassination, and the incompetency of Menou, his successor, who called himself Abdallah, and aimed at an Egyptian kingdom, completed the ruin of the French army. Their defeat by the English at Aboukir ended the expedition. (Imag. Convers., i., 1824. i. 1826. Works, i., 1846. Works, vi., 1876.)]



At these words he drew forth the dead man's watch, and stuck it into his sash, while with the other hand he snatched out a purse containing some zecchins: every part of the dress was examined, and not quite fruitlessly.

"See! a locket with a miniature of a young woman!" Such it was: a modest and lovely countenance.

"Ha! ha!" said the ensign: "a few touches, a very few touches,—I can give them,—and Adela will take this for me. Two inches higher, and the ball had split it: what a thoughtless man he was! There is gold in it too: it weighs heavy. Peste! an old woman at the back, gray as a cat."

It was the officer's mother, in her old age, as he had left her. There was something of sweet piety, not unsaddened by presage, in the countenance. He severed it with his knife, and threw it into the bosom of her son. Two foreign letters and two pages in pencil were the contents of the pocket-book. Two locks of hair had fallen out: one rested on his eyelashes, for the air was motionless, the other was drawn to the earth by his blood.

The papers were taken to General Kleber by the naturalist and his associate, with a correct recital of the whole occurrence; excepting the appendages of watch, zecchins, and locket.

"Young man," said Kleber gravely, "is this a subject of merriment to you? Who knows whether you or I may not be deprived of life as suddenly and unexpectedly? He was not your enemy: perhaps he was writing to a mother or sister. God help them! these suffer most from war: the heart of the far-distant is the scene of its most cruel devastations. Leave the papers; you may go: call the interpreter."

He entered.

"Read this letter."

"MY ADORED HENRY—"

"Give it me," cried the general: he blew a strong fire from his pipe and consumed it.

"Read the other."

"MY KIND-HEARTED AND BELOVED SON—"

"Stop: read the last line only."

The interpreter answered, "It contains merely the name and address."

"I ask no questions: read them, and write them down legibly."

He took the paper, tore off the margin, and placed the line in his snuff-box.

"Give me that paper in pencil, with the mark of sealing-wax on it."

He snatched it, shook some snuff upon it, and shrunk back. It was no sealing-wax; it was a drop of blood: one from the heart,—one only; dry, but seeming fresh.

"Read."

"Yes, my dear mother, the greatest name that exists among mortals is that of Sidney. He who now bears it in the front of battle could not succor me. I had advanced too far: I am however no prisoner. Take courage, my too fond mother: I am among the Arabs, who detest the French; they liberated me. They report, I know not upon what authority, that Bonaparte has deserted his army, and escaped from Egypt."

"Stop instantly," cried Kleber, rising. "Gentlemen," added he to his staff-officers, "my duty obliges me to hear this unbecoming language on your late commander-in-chief: retire you a few moments.—Continue."

"He hates every enemy according to his courage and his virtues: he abominates what he cannot debase, at home or abroad."

"Oh!" whispered Kleber to himself, "he knows the man so well!"

"The first then are Nelson and Sir Sidney Smith, whose friends could expect no mercy at his hands. If the report be anything better than an Arabian tale, I will surrender myself to his successor as prisoner of war, and perhaps may be soon exchanged. How will this little leaf reach you? God knows how and when!"

"Is there nothing else to examine?"

"One more leaf."

"Read it."

"WRITTEN IN ENGLAND ON THE BATTLE OF AROUKIR.

"Land of all marvels in all ages past,  
Egypt! I hail thee from a far-off shore;

I hail thee, doom'd to rise again at last,  
And flourish, as in early youth, once more.

"How long hast thou lain desolate! how long  
The voice of gladness in thy halls hath ceas'd  
Mute, e'en as Memnon's lyre, the poet's song,  
And half-suppress'd the chant of cloister'd priest

"Even he, loquacious as a vernal bird,  
Love, in thy plains and in thy groves is dumb;  
Nor on thy thousand Nile-fed streams is heard  
The reed that whispers happier days to come.

"O'er cities shadowing some dread name divine  
Palace and fame return the hyena's cry.  
And hoofless camels in long single line  
Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

"No errant outcast of a lawless isle,  
Mocker of heaven and earth, with vows and prayers,  
Comes thy confiding offspring to beguile,  
And rivet to his wrist the chain he wears.

"Britain speaks now: her thunder thou hast heard:  
Conqueror in every land, in every sea;  
Valor and Truth proclaim the almighty word,  
And, all thou ever hast been, thou shalt be."

"Defender and passionate lover of thy country!" cried Kleber, "thou art less unfortunate than thy auguries. Enthusiastic Englishman! to which of your conquests have ever been imparted the benefits of your laws? Your governors have not even communicated their language to their vassals. Nelson and Sidney are illustrious names: the vilest have often been preferred to them, and severely have they been punished for the importunity of their valor. We Frenchmen have undergone much: but throughout the whole territory of France, throughout the range of all her new dominions, not a single man of abilities has been neglected. Remember this, ye who triumph in our excesses. Ye who dread our example, speak plainly: is not this among the examples ye are the least inclined to follow?"

"Call my staff and a file of soldiers.

"Gentlemen, he who lies under the pyramid seems to have possessed a vacant mind and full heart, qualities unfit for a spy:

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indeed he was not one. He was the friend and companion of that Sidney Smith who did all the mischief at Toulon, when Elliot fled from the city; and who lately, you must well remember, broke some of our pipes before Acre—a ceremony which gave us to understand, without the formalities of diplomacy, that the Grand Signor declined the honor of our company to take our coffee with him at Constantinople."

Then turning to the file of soldiers, "A body lies under the Great Pyramid: go, bury it six feet deep. If there is any man among you capable of writing a good epitaph, and such as the brave owe to the brave, he shall have my authority to carve it upon the Great Pyramid; and his name may be brought back to me."

"Allow me the honour," said a lieutenant; "I fly to obey."

"Perhaps," replied the commander-in-chief, "it may not be amiss to know the character, the adventures, or at least the name"—

"No matter, no matter, my general."

"Take them, however," said Kleber, holding a copy, "and try your wits."

"General," said Menou smiling, "you never gave a command more certain to be executed. What a blockhead was that king, whoever he was, who built so enormous a monument for a wandering Englishman!"

### III. THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND CAPO D'ISTRIA.<sup>1</sup>

*Capo d'Istria.* Your Majesty now perceives the benefits of the Holy Alliance, and may remember my enumeration of them.

[<sup>1</sup> Lander has not treated Capodistrias very fairly in this Conversation. He was born in Corfu, not in a very exalted station, and rose to be the Foreign Minister of the Russian Empire. Lander speaks of Alexander as the leader of the reaction. It must not be forgotten that he was at first of a more liberal mind. He forced Louis XVIII. to grant a constitution to France at the Restoration, and it was only at a later date that his visionary liberalism was changed to a visionary preference for tyranny. Capodistrias was raised to office when the Emperor was a Liberal, and,

Here is a fact for every word. The Holy Allies cannot retract : they have admitted the principle ; they have gone to work upon it. Austria possesses Italy ; turbulence in adjacent States may be repressed by invasion : there is not a monarch in Europe who denies it ; not one who, whatever his fears, whatever his imprudence may be, will oppose by action or word your long-meditated conquest of the Turkish Empire.

*Alexander.* Capo d'Istria, you are a Greek ; and would engage me, prepared or unprepared, in war, for the defence of your native country.

*Capo d'Istria.* Pardon me, my Emperor ! a Greek, it is true, I am ; but you will find me not precipitate. The country of a statesman is the council-board of his prince. Let the pack bark in the kennel ; the shepherd-dog sleeps upon the wallet of his master.

*Alexander.* I<sup>2</sup> have never yet caught you running into vagaries and extravagances, such as even the learned and wise sometimes allow to themselves in their frowardness and warm

as his master became more and more timidly fearful of change, his influence waned. At the congress of Laibach, when the question of intervention to crush the Neapolitan insurrection was being considered, he opposed Metternich, but was beaten by him. Both men were equally able and unscrupulous, but Capodistrias was a liberal man and an honest one, and was free from that curious prejudice in favour of tyranny, which makes Metternich seem to modern eyes a man half dotard, half hangman. It is at this point of history that Landor has placed his dialogue, but later events might have shown him that he had misjudged Capodistrias. The outbreak of the Greek rebellion in 1821 had thrown Alexander's mind into greater confusion than ever. On the one hand, the traditions of Russia and the influence of Capodistrias urged him to intervene himself in favour of Greece ; on the other hand stood Metternich and the "Holy Alliance." The latter were the stronger. Capodistrias resigned and retired to Geneva (Aug. 1822). For seven years he remained in retirement. But after the battle of Navarino had driven the Egyptians from Greece, his countrymen called him to their assistance, and for some time he governed Greece, doing his best to restore order to a country where it had long been unknown. But his rule found enemies, and at length he offended the family of the Manromichaeli, who, says Kolkotrones ("Autobiog." p. 290), 'had poured out much of their blood in the cause of our independence, but it was a family which always had a propensity to commit assassinations.' Two of these killed Capodistrias on February 27, 1831, just as he was entering a church." (See Fyffe's "Modern Europe," vol. ii.)

[<sup>2</sup> From "I" to "antiquity" (30 lines) added in 2nd ed].

blood. Nothing is idler, nothing is more directly in opposition to the actual state of things happily re-established in Europe, nothing is attended by worse consequences, than to mention the ancient republics as models of good government, or their primary citizens as great men. I have agreed with my allies to banish or imprison the professors who in future shall do it; and I hope by degrees to introduce a general law (for Europe must be governed on one system), under the enactment of which law whoever is found guilty of printing or possessing any book, modern or ancient, containing such doctrines, shall be shut up in a fortress, or sent to join the armies on the frontier. Reason with yourself now: in such governments what should you or I be? Well may you bow; it is not to me, but to truth and conviction. England calls herself the mistress of letters, of liberty, of arts; and, indeed, she possesses more than any of what exist on our portion of the globe. In relation to her I will not talk of you or me; but suppose her to have produced the personages her unwary youth are ever prone to admire and applaud. According to her laws and usages, Brutus would have been hanged at Newgate; Cato, buried with a stake through his body in the high-road; Cicero, transported to Botany Bay; Phocion, instead of being called upon to serve his country some forty or fifty times, would have lost his election in any borough of the three kingdoms; and Aristides would not have been thought worth the oyster-shell on which his name was to be written in order to banish him.<sup>3</sup>

I am nauseated with this dust which people stir up about anti-quity. Come, give me your opinion, supposing war inevitable.

*Capo d'Istria.* First then, if war is inevitable, I must publish in the journals, on the testimony of merchants and bankers, that the differences are accommodated. The violence and pride of the Turkish character will indeed at last break off accommodation.\* Your good allies, at your earnest entreaty, will zealously interfere to avoid the effusion of blood: you must request their advice how to avert this tremendous evil; you must weep over the decrepit fathers of families, the virtuous wives, the innocent

[<sup>3</sup> Second ed. reads: "him; and the death of Epaminondas would be reported as coldly to the Court, by some general who can hardly write, as Picton's was lately. I am," &c.]

\* This happened three years after.

children, the priests at the altar, with God in their mouths, weltering in their gore.

*Alexander.* To<sup>4</sup> avoid remonstrance on Greece, I will now further tell you my reasons for what you think forbearance. It has been agreed privately among my brother rulers, that each, in the desire of peace and holiness, shall invade his weakest neighbour in a friendly and family way: first, however, protesting in the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity, that his armies on the frontier had never such an object or idea as invasion; and shall carry into execution these salutary plans, in all simplicity and sincerity, whenever he judges it convenient. It has beside been declared to me as the opinion of them all, that Turkey is not yet sufficiently despotic; that the janizaries are but Jacobins in loose trousers, and that the violence they often commit on the sublimity of their emperor is of dangerous example. We deem it requisite to insure our inviolability, and to execute what our good pleasure prompts us, not only without a struggle, but without a murmur.

*Capo d'Istria.* The worst part of their institutions and usages is the misapplication of the bowstring, which sometimes gives an awkward twang across the neck of a vizier; and, just the contrary of what one would suppose, is always the most terrible when it happens to have no arrow to work upon.

*Alexander.* Another thing. Do not you know that the liberation of Greece, if this liberation failed to make them my vassals, would be greatly and almost solely to the benefit of England? Be cautious; be silent: the ministers of England have at present no such suspicion. If they had, they would fit out a cutter and perhaps five-and-twenty marines, a force more than proportionate to that which they directed against Constantinople in the late war; and this they would be the better disposed to do, as it would authorize them in the eyes of Parliament and of the nation to appoint a commissariat of ten or fifteen, and about the same number of commissioners, so that every member of the Cabinet might have a new appointment at his disposal, with a comfortable half-pay for life after one month's service.

*Capo d'Istria.* Sire, not only England, but the potentates of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy, should in sound policy desire the formation of republics in Greece; considering

[<sup>4</sup> From "To" to "astray" (44 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

that country (of which they know nothing better) as a mere drain, whereby the ill humors of their subjects may be carried off. It should serve them as a warehouse of exportation for all those whose opinions are dangerous; just as America is to England. It is nearer at hand, may be reached at less expense; and here is this further advantage, that, if they should publish their opinions, neither the princes nor their subjects can read them: the former then cannot be offended, nor the latter led astray.

*Alexander.* How will France, England, Sweden, act upon this occasion?

*Capo d'Istria.* Your Majesty must know that England is not in a condition to equip twenty thousand troops, and that the maintenance of such a force in the field would cost her more than a hundred thousand would cost Russia. Her last year's expenses in the contest with France were triple the expenses of Russia in all the campaigns of Peter the Great; and her march to Paris cost more than the building of Petersburg. If her ministers had ever been men of calculation,—which they should have been above others from the habits and wants of their country,—they would have avoided, as Walpole did, nearly all continental wars, and would have been contented to throw in a military and monied force, there only where its weight and celerity must turn the balance. The<sup>5</sup> folly of others is as useful to us as our own wisdom would be without it.

*Alexander.* England is a brilliant performer, but bad timist.

*Capo d'Istria.* Employments in England are properties holden under certain families; and victories and conquests are secondary objects in her wars. Against the most consummate generals and the most enthusiastic troops in Europe was despatched an inexperienced young prince, in whom the soldiers having no confidence lost that which personal courage and national pride had implanted in them. Every new disgrace and disaster was a new reason for employing him: expedition followed expedition, defeat followed defeat. On another occasion, republicans were taken out of the prisons and brigaded with royalists, to fight for the king of France. They landed on the shores of their country, and slew their comrades. Afterward the city of Ferrol was to be attacked: neither the general nor any person under him knew

[<sup>5</sup> From "The" to "it" added in 3rd ed.]



its fortifications or its garrison. They saw the walls and turned back, although the walls on the side where they landed were incapable of sustaining one discharge of artillery, and the garrison consisted of half a regiment; and although the city of Corunna, seven miles distant, is commanded by the hills above it, with walls even more feeble and a garrison more defective, and <sup>6</sup> might have been taken at the same time by the same forces: an attack by sea would be hopeless. Buenos Ayres was assaulted by the bayonet, without a grain of powder; a stone-built city, the doors strongly chained across, the windows thickly grated. The condition of Antwerp was unexplored when an attack was to be made against it; nay, the English ministers had never heard that the island of Walcheren was unhealthy,—by which ignorance they lost three thousand men.

The Duke of Wellington himself, then untitled, was superseded by two generals, one after the other, at the moment when he had gained the most arduous of his victories. Nelson's brave heart was almost broken by persevering injustice and by insolent neglect. He returned, like another Bellerophon, from unexpected and undesired success. Constantinople which never contains fewer than forty thousand fighting men, was to be assailed by four thousand English,—a number not sufficient to garrison the seraglio, as your Majesty will find next October.

The ministers of England have squandered away the resources of their country among their supporters and dependants; the people are worn down with taxes, and hardly anything short of an invasion could rouse them again to war. Beside, in a time of discontent it is dangerous to collect together so large an army as would be sufficient for any important purpose. A <sup>7</sup> declining nation, it appears to me, must fall before it can recover its strength; as a ball must strike the earth before it can rebound.

*Alexander.* But look away from England to the Continent.

*Capo d'Istria.* The armies there have not yet done what they are destined to do. Pertinacity among rulers, in making them the instruments of their ambition, has made them the arbiters of their fate. I would not speak so clearly, if I

[<sup>6</sup> From "and" to "grated" (5 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>7</sup> From "A" to "*Capo d'Istria*" (5 lines) added in 3rd ed. First ed. reads: "purpose. The armies of Europe have not," &c.]

were not convinced that your Majesty will find full occupation for yours. Soldiers can never stand idle long together: they must turn into citizens or into rebels.\* The janizaries are only a translation of the Pretorian-guards.

*Alexander.* This seems true; and certain I am that England is little formidable to me just now.

*Capo d'Istria.* Strike the blow, and she will be less. If she attack you, let her attack you in possession of Turkey, not in writing a declaration of war. Threaten her with exclusion for twenty years from your ports, if she moves.

*Alexander.* Her high spirit would not brook this language.

*Capo d'Istria.* Her spirit must rise and fall with her condition. She has thrown her enemy upon the ground, but he will rise up first. In a time of the greatest plenty England removes a tax upon malt, to the advantage of the brewer only. She will proceed in conciliating first one trade, then another, until she sacrifices her *sinking-fund*, which ought to be sacred as the debt itself. It should never have been diminished; on the contrary it should have been augmented with whatever could have been curtailed from unnecessary and ostentatious offices. Yet<sup>b</sup> I confess I do indeed entertain some fears on the part of England.

*Alexander.* All at once!

*Capo d'Istria.* Yes, Sir! I am afraid that even a short delay may give her time to turn herself and open her eyes. It is her interest that we do not interfere in the affairs of Greece; it is her interest to watch over them, brood over them, and foster them secretly into full maturity. If she thinks wisely, or thinks at all, she will consider the minor constitutional governments and the secondary maritime powers not merely as members, but as vital parts of herself. By the provisions of the Holy Alliance, Russia has obtained the same power and the same right of interfering in the political affairs of Europe as she obtained by her victories over the Turks in those of Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Your Majesty has wiped away with the soft part of the pen what the British minister thought he had written indelibly in the treaty of Vienna.

\* This was written in 1823, printed in 1824; the events of 1825 confirmed it.

[<sup>b</sup> From "Yet" to "Adriatic" (34 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Alexander.* I shall certainly make some demonstrations, on the side both of Greece and of Spain. The English, I hope, may be intimidated. If they should assist South America, I hope, views of commerce in that quarter will be clouded, and Africa, my conquest utterly shut out.

*Capo d'Istria.* England looks so long at an object that her eyes grow dim upon it. What she most should deprecate is, her must at last expect,—a violent and long conflict with her liberated provinces. The best, the only allies she could conciliate are the rising States of the south; she should be the first to help them in their distress, the most assiduous to strengthen them in their growth.

*Alexander.* I must prevent this.

*Capo d'Istria.* Alas, Sire! you could as easily prevent it from another planet. At present you are among the least formidable of her enemies: you never can touch her but on the Mediterranean or Adriatic. No<sup>9</sup> nation seems yet to have divined the importance of California. The Russians, I hope, are destined to teach it. Possession of this country was taken by Drake, who called it *New Albion*. It is wonderful that the English should never have thought it worth occupation; the more especially since their intercourse with China. Once possessing it, they could hardly by any possible effort be driven out; certainly not by the Mexicans, who never have attempted to conciliate the natives.

If indeed England sits down quietly, and sees you take possession, as you propose to do, of California and the coasts to the north of that province, by consent of the Spanish king, then indeed may she have reason to tremble all the present century for her dominions in Hindostan. The conquest of them you will always find impracticable from the side of Tartary, through which Bonaparte, in the crassitude of his ignorance, fancied a road was to be opened. If the Americans and English permit your Majesty to occupy as much of the American shore as you by your imperial *ukase* lay claim to, you become the arbitrator in the first dispute between them, and possess the commerce that should belong to both. I am afraid that, instead

[<sup>9</sup> From "No" to "natives" (9 lines) added in 3rd ed.; from "If" to "umpire" (27 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

of this, another kind of Holy Alliance may be formed against you; and that America, Sweden, England, Austria, Prussia, may discover the necessity of putting a stop to your career: nor would it be surprising if, after some future and not distant war, Odessa should be the capital of an independent and rich kingdom, standing up erect between you and Turkey, and bounded by the Danube and the Sea of Azof. Take *while* you can and *what* you can. England may not always be the dupe of a minister whom the lustre of a diamond brings down from his highest flight, and a snuff-box shuts up for your pocket. Make haste, Sir, the liberty of Greece--and crush it.

*Alexander.* I had began to doubt of your sincerity, my faithful friend, and almost to question the soundness of your politics. In our menacing the Turkish empire, the interference of France is much to be apprehended; do not you think so, Capo d'Istria?

*Capo d'Istria.* The good King of France is occupied in rocking to sleep the martial spirit of his children, as he calls them.<sup>10</sup> The better part of his army is favorable to the cause of Greece; and the Spartan life is pitched to the carnagrole. France wants colonies; England has too many. To England the most successful war is, on this account, more disastrous than to her defeated adversary: her conquests are the worst of evils to her colonies, and the destruction of another's commerce is a violent shock to hers. Cyprus, or Egypt preferably, would abundantly compensate France: either would accelerate the decadence of her rival, or at least increase her distresses. France will be persuaded by England to make some feeble remonstrances, but your Majesty will be informed of their import. Supposing (for nothing is impossible) that England should confide in her sincerity, it could produce no more than an intemperance of language, the echoes of which boisterousness would sound but feebly on the shores of the Bosphorus.

*Alexander.* The spirit of your countrymen is not a spirit which I am disposed to encourage. I abhor republicanism.

*Capo d'Istria.* So your Majesty should. I feel no such

[<sup>10</sup> First ed. reads: "them. He is the most clear-sighted man in his dominions; and had he been king of France five and thirty years ago, a reform, which might afterwards have been done away, would have prevented the Revolution. The better" &c.]

abhorrence : but your Majesty shall find that my speculations are lowered down to policy and duty. Leave the Greeks, my countrymen, to their own efforts for a time : every day will produce some new atrocity ; mutual hatred will increase ; mutual efforts will be made incessantly ; both parties will exhaust themselves ; the Turkish cavalry, the strength of the empire, will perish where it cannot act, and among the mountains and defiles it will want both exercise and provender. The Greeks, on becoming your subjects, under whatever form of government, — whether absolute, mixed (permit me an absurdity), or free, — will be heartily glad to repose ; and granting that their fibre still quivers, their strength will be unable to trouble or molest you. Propose to the King of Persia the invasion and possession of the best Turkish provinces, such as Bagdad and Damascus ; offer him either a great or a small force, whichever he chooses, of the infantry now quartered on his borders. This will prove your sincerity and ensure his success : and you may *mediate* and recover the whole when the sons contend for the kingdom. Beside,<sup>11</sup> there is an obscure and ancient prophecy, that, as the empire of Persia was conquered by one Alexander, the empire of Turkey will be conquered by another.

*Alexander.* I never heard of this before. It hath some weight with me. Nothing can resist a good old prophecy.

*Capo d'Istria.* The Turks have also another : that Constantinople will be entered by the northern gate. Their bones will crack between these prophecies, if we clap them together vigorously and opportunely.

*Alexander.* But Austria will not assist, and may oppose, me.

*Capo d'Istria.* God grant it ! Her assistance, at the best, would only be in cutting up the prey ; but her opposition would end in being cut up herself. The united kingdoms of Poland and Hungary ! We must be fashionable, may it please your Majesty : *united* is the word of the day — unless we talk of marriages. The next year may produce that which must happen within the next twenty. The Adriatic is the boundary of the Eastern empire.<sup>12</sup> No Runic spell was ever so powerful as the

[<sup>11</sup> From "Beside" to "opportunely" (9 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

[<sup>12</sup> First ed. reads : "empire ; the line above it is imaginary both to the geographer and politician *Alexander*," &c. From "no" to "Alliance" (8 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

three words, *Italy is free*. They would disband every army on the continent, and carry you as in a whirlwind to the British Channel. You do not want so much ; but what you want you may have. Power says as softly and as invitingly to your Majesty, as love said to an Emperor in former times, *Imperatori quod libet licet* : a principle which forms the basis of the Holy Alliance.

*Alexander*. I again acknowledge my apprehension of France, both from her perpetual favor toward Turkey since the reign of Francis the First, and from her jealousy of any continental superior.

*Capo d'Istria*. Apparently there is reason from these motives ; but others operate in a contrary direction. France will be cautious of raising up a military chief. She remembers how much has been effected by one unworthy of her confidence, one great only by the littleness of his competitors ; and she remembers that her king was imposed upon her by the conqueror.<sup>13</sup> The command of armies excites to ambition, and every officer expects promotion under a new dynasty. The king will avoid this by the preservation of peace, which is as necessary to him as war ever was to his predecessor.

Let us now take another view of the subject, and look beyond the king toward the army. Three hundred thousand French bodies lie<sup>14</sup> exposed and stiff along your territory. Place the French army between a Russian and a Turkish, and say to it, "Frenchmen, here are those who slew your companions in arms, unprovoked aggressors ; and here, on the other side, are those with whom hitherto you have lived in amity,—the slaughterers and oppressors of the Greeks, those children of Leonidas and Epaminondas, the nation which founded Marseilles, Ajaccio, and Aleria, and left imprinted its finest features on your character : " they would consult their glory rather than their revenge ; and their only hesitation would be, whether it allowed them to attack the weaker enemy. A single spark fires and explodes them.

I must remark to your Majesty that Russia is the sole country

[<sup>13</sup> First ed. reads : "conqueror ; and in vain will you demonstrate, as you easily may, that she has produced no man so temperate and wise within the memory of the living. The command," &c.]

[<sup>14</sup> First ed. reads : "lay."]

in the world whose policy is immutable. Russia, like the star that shines above her, must remain for ever a guide to steer by. The policy of England has varied more frequently than that of any other nation on record, because in general a new administration deems it necessary to change the system of the former. The persons who now administer the affairs of that country are persons of humble birth and humbler genius, and are maintained in their places by the timidity of the aristocracy, and by the contempt of all classes for the leaders of opposition. They will hazard nothing: they are far more prudent (weak as they are) than any past ministry for half a century. As we have entered into the French national feeling, so will we now into the English; and I am confident of discovering that no hostility is to be apprehended by your Majesty from the system of either Cabinet or the spirit of either people.

The Englishman, in all respects the contrary of his neighbor, is too great and too fierce a creature to be gregarious. He has little public honor, much private: his own heart makes large demands upon him, national glory none. The innermost regions of Hindostan, the wildest shores of the American Lakes, should have repeated the language of England. This is power; this is glory. Rome acquired it, and civilized the world by it,—with how much scantier stores of intellect, how much less leisure, how much less intercourse, how much less philanthropy, how much less wealth! England would not assist the Greeks from any regard to their past glory, or with any prospective view to her own, but because they have suffered much and fought bravely. When the populace has pelted the king amid his guards (a ceremony not uncommon), and some have been dismounted in the performance of their duty, they have always been hailed with loud cheers. Let a foreigner be attacked and defend himself in London, he raises up an army in his favor by the first effort of courage, and the brother of his antagonist clears the ground and demands *fair play* for him: such is the characteristic expression of this brave unbloody people. All in other countries crowd about the strong: he alone who prevails is in the right; he alone who wants no assistance is assisted. The Englishman is the friend of the desolate and the defender of the oppressed. Hence his hatred and contempt of those who presume to an equality with him in other States, and the suddenness with which he

breaks off intercourse from the few whom he has admitted to his society. • On these principles your Majesty will prepossess a most powerful and generous people; and although in the opinion of a few the national interest is concerned in maintaining the Turkish empire, the popular mind will aid you in its overthrow.

On no other resolution than the conquest of Turkey was it prudent in your Majesty to grant the dominion of Italy to Austria. The occupation of Naples does not require an army, four regiments and four hangmen could keep the whole peninsula in subjection. We wanted from governments an acknowledgment of the dogma that every ebullition of the public sentiment should be compressed. We obtained it; we saw it acted on. The first regiment of Austria that marched to Naples paved a road for your guards to Constantinople. Why should we break it up again; why abandon a line of policy both ends of which are in our hands? England<sup>15</sup> in the former city did not stand merely neutral. The whole correspondence, perfidious and traitorous as Englishmen must denominate it, between the king, then at Vienna, and his son, ostensibly at the head of the government, was carried on through the hands and under the cover of a British envoy. Supposing, which is impossible, that any continental power dares to oppose you, is there any that would be so powerful in hostility as the Greeks in amity? Every male of that nation, from puberty to decrepitude, would take up arms; even her women, her bishops<sup>16</sup> her sacristans, her singers.

*Alexander.* But France, England, Austria, might confederate.

*Capo d'Istria.* Their confederation would act more feebly than the efforts of one singly, and would ruin the finances of the only State among them which hereafter might injure you materially. They could not hold together three months; the very first would serve for the seed-time of discord. France has a long account to settle with several on her confines: they know it, and will keep themselves shut closely up at home.

Sweden and Prussia have one only warranty for their integrity. Prussia may expect and obtain much if England moves a foot.

[<sup>15</sup> From "England" to "envoy" (6 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>16</sup> First ed. reads: "her bishops, her hospodars. But England," &c. "*Alexander*," and one line below, "*Capo d'Istria*," added in 3rd ed.]



Whatever your Majesty could take away from Sweden is of no value to you, and would be taken only as a punishment for defection. She will therefore seek to cultivate the friendship of a potentate, interested more in preserving than in ruining her, alone capable of either, and alike capable of both. She sees the necessity of peace: for, although her soldiers have been at all times the best that ever marched upon the earth, they never marched without some great object; and none such is now before them. The Swedes are the most orderly and the most civilized people on the continent. Lovers as they are of their country, if they felt an unnecessary weight of taxes they would change their habitations, well knowing that Swedes make Sweden, in whichever hemisphere. The finest countries in the world are unoccupied. Avarice hath seized a few bays, a few river-banks, a few savannahs, a few mines, of America: the better and greater part remains unpeopled. Emigration has only begun: the colonists at present there are merely explorers. What rational creature would live where the earth itself is taken away from him by Nature one-half of the year, where he sees nothing but snow and sky one-half of his lifetime, if the produce of his labor and the exercise of his will were not perfectly his own? Are light and warmth worth nothing?—They cost much in every cold climate. There must also be a great expenditure in more costly clothing, in more copious food, in more spirituous beverage, in more profuse and wasteful hospitality. For solitude is intolerable, even to the morose and contemplative, without warmth or light. Every man then is severely taxed by the North itself: rewards, comforts, enjoyments, privileges, should be proposed and invented to detain him; not impositions, not hardships. Sweden, whoever be her king, whatever her constitution, must avoid them; and must employ all imaginable means of procuring from her own soil her food, her raiment, and her luxuries. She should interdict every unnecessary importation; and her worst land should be proved to be capable of producing fruits from which may be extracted strong and delicious and salutary liquors. Such is the beneficence of Providence,—rarely well seconded, and often thwarted and intercepted,—that the least fertile countries and the least genial climates would mature vinous fruits, and administer a beverage more wholesome and more grateful than fifty parts in

sixty of the grape-wines brewed in Italy and Spain. This is perhaps the first time, since the reign of Cyrus, that a minister of state ever talked on such matters. When I was twenty years younger, I should have come forward with fear and blushes, if I had a word to say to my emperor on plums, cherries, currants, and raspberries. But a laborer may forget his weariness amid the murmur of his hives, and a citizen be attached to his native soil by an apple-tree or a gooseberry-bush. Gardeners are never bad subjects. Sweden will encourage agriculture, plantation, and fishery. The latter is the most fertile of her possessions, and wants no garrisons or encampments. These occupations will deaden excitability to war, without injuring the moral and physical force by which, whenever it is necessary, it may be supported. But she appears to me farther removed from such a necessity than any other nation in the world; and your Majesty may calculate, for the remainder of your life, on her neutrality.\*

One argument answers all objections. If the Holy Allies agreed that Naples should be invaded because the Neapolitans were turbulent, how greatly more forcible is the reason when a more powerful nation is not only more turbulent, but when the same principles as those of the Neapolitans are in action on one side, and a fanaticism in hostility to Christianity on the other! Your Majesty is head of the Greek Church: bishops and patriarchs have been massacred by the Mahometans. The<sup>17</sup>

\* It cannot be expected by those who know of what material the cabinets of Europe are composed, that any person in them should reason either thus benevolently or thus acutely. This is a blemish in my book; which, however, would be worse without it. The practice of Shakespeare and Sophocles is a better apology for me than I could offer of my own. If men were to be represented as they are, who would care about the greater part of the greatest? My three volumes would shrink into one, and two-thirds of it would be flat and fruitless. Principles and ideas are our objects: we must reflect them from hard and smooth, from high and low, and lead people where they can see them best, and are most inclined to look at them. To both speakers are attributed more wisdom and reflection than they possess. It is as difficult in life to show that those who are little *are* little, as to show that those who are great *are* great: and in dialogue it is even more so; for if all men were represented in it just as they are, the reader would throw the book aside with indifference or disgust.

[<sup>17</sup> From "The" to "examination" (4 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

Treaty of Jassy in 1791, and of Bucharest in 1812, cede to Russia the right of protecting the Greek Church; many of whose members, priests and primates, have been condemned to imprisonment without proof and without examination. It becomes not the dignity of your Majesty to grant any accommodation on such outrages. You might have pardoned (which would have been too much) the insult offered to your ambassador; you might have yielded to the entreaties of your allies in forbearing from the same steps as had been taken by Austria; you might have permitted the aggrandizement of that powerful empire; but you cannot abandon the Church of God, placed under your especial care and sole protection.

*Alexander.* Capo d'Istria! is it you who talk in this manner?

*Capo d'Istria.* No; it is your Majesty.

*Alexander.* I<sup>18</sup> have not always found the high pleasure from my conquests which I was led by my ministers and generals to expect. When I had purchased of old Cronstadt the entrance into Finland, and when I heard of its being the happiest and best cultivated portion of the North, and inhabited by not only the most industrious but the most civilized and honest and peaceable of men, I expected the compliments of the empress my mother; who, instead of them, calmly said to me, "Son Alexander! if you have done well, my congratulations are unnecessary; if otherwise, they will serve you little." And saying this she left me with her blessing, to visit and comfort a young man in the hospital, whose leg had been amputated that morning; and I found her, on her return, making out an order for the money she should remit to his parents, until he could help them as before by his business as a carpenter.

*Capo d'Istria.* Sire, let the history of the Impress-Mother be engraven on the hearts of fifty millions, and read by as many millions as you permit to read; yet, like novels and romances, it will interest few beyond the hour, and influence still fewer even so long; while the heroism of your Majesty must leave an indelible impression on many generations, and those who do not read will be as sensible of it as those who do.

*Alexander.* I am not quite certain that God approves of what my mother disapproves. While we were walking half a mile over

[<sup>18</sup> From "I" to "Alexander" (66 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

scarlet cloth to render him thanks for the victories of our arms in Finland; he knew as well as I do that they were not the victories of our arms, but of our mint; and he sees the Swedish and Russian orders, which Cronstadt wears upon his bosom, drawn back from by the people as if they were flakes of cotton from Cairo. Yet this is according to our religion, and to that of every Christian church in the world; and many princes have done worse in zealously serving Heaven. My brother Ferdinand of Spain has a sister the most religious woman upon earth, who did the other day what puzzled me; and I cannot say even yet whether it is altogether as it should be. She resolved to offer a silver lamp to the Virgin Mary, whose eyes by this time, the duchess piously considers, may want rather more light than they did formerly. When it was brought to her palace by the silversmith, he, as he held his workmanship in one hand, presented the other to her treasurer for payment. She herself came graciously forth from her apartment, surveying her offering with reverential joy, ejaculating a prayer and a laud; and, turning to the tradesman, said she entertained no doubt whatever that the lamp was of proper weight, but that the hook by which it was to be suspended seemed too short. He answered that he had measured it, and had found it to correspond with her royal order.

"Let us see," said she, "whether it hangs as it should do before the picture."

A chair was brought; the silversmith hung up his lamp. As he descended, still gazing on it, and stopping with both hands its oscillation, the duchess touched his arm gently with the extremities of two fingers, and said with religious firmness, "Remove it at your peril! it is now consecrated; beware of sacrilege!" She then crossed herself before the Holy Virgin, and implored her protection for herself, and for each of her children by name, and for her brother Ferdinand, and her brother Carlos, and her brother Francesco, and her sister of Portugal, and her cousins at Naples, and her other cousins living and dead, and for her poor blind sinful people, and above the rest of them, after the clergy and cloistered, for that artificer behind her who would remain all his life un-

*Capo d'Istria.* Ah! that is carrying legitimacy a trifle too far: just conquest is another thing. Princes have an undoubted

right to the coined money of their subjects; but plate and jewels should only be taxed, and not taken in the concrete.

*Alexander.* My armies cannot stir in this season of the year; the Turks can march all winter.

*Capo d'Istria.* Let them: we shall have occupation enough in preparing stores and proving our sincerity. We shall be compelled into the war when we are ready. Wait only until after the Ramadan: the fierceness of the Turks will subside by fasting, and differences will arise between the European and Asiatic troops.

*Alexander.* We cannot speculate on the latter case; and our soldiers also will fast.

*Capo d'Istria.* Or not; as your Majesty pleases. The Christian is the only religion, old or new, in which individuals and nations can dispense, by another's permission, with their bounden duties: such are fasts, courtesies, crosses, genuflections, processions, and other bodily functions.

*Alexander.* This would be a religious war; and Islamism may send into the field half a million of combatants.

*Capo d'Istria.* Then is victory ours. Devastated provinces cannot furnish provisions to one-third of the number in one body; and they would fight, not for articles of faith, but for articles of food,—Turk against Turk, not against Greek and Russian. He who has the best commissariat has the strongest army. Your Majesty can bring into the field as large a force as the enemy, a force better disciplined and better supplied: hence the main body will be more numerous; and with the main body the business of the war will be effected. March directly for Constantinople. All great empires have been lost and gained by one battle, your own excepted. The conquest of the Ottoman will be achieved by one: twenty would not win Rhodes. He who ruined the Persians at Marathon was repulsed from the little rock of Paros. I beg your Majesty's pardon for such an offence against the dignity of diplomacy as a quotation of ancient history, at a time when the world abounds with young *attachés à la légation*, all braver than Miltiades, more virtuous than Aristides, and more wise than Solon. Your Majesty smiles: I have heard their patrons swear it upon their honor.

*Alexander.* The very thing on which such an oath should be

sworn : the altar is worthy of the offering, and the offering of the altar.

*Capo d'Istria.* A great encounter within sight of Constantinople throws the most distant dominions of the Sultan into your hands : Selim, the prophet, and Fate bend before you. Precedents are good for all, even for Russia ; but Russia has great advantages which other powers have never had and never will have. Remember, now and for ever, she alone can play deep at every table, and stake nothing.

#### IV. BONAPARTE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.<sup>1</sup>

*President.* Sire, while the car of Victory is awhile suspended in its course, and mothers are embracing those pledges of affection which a frightful Revolution hath spared to their maternity, happy France is devising, under the auspices of her immortal hero, new pangs and afflictions for the tyrants of the ocean. The radiant star that shone upon your Majesty's nativity throws a lustre that eclipses the polar. It embellishes our soil, and renders it fruitful in all those resources of industry which will for ever keep it independent of distant and less happy climates. The beet-root, indigenous plant, satisfied all the wishes of a nation at once the most elegant and luxurious. "Frenchmen, I am contented with you," said her tutelary Genius : yes, your Majesty said it. Suddenly a thousand voices cry, "Let us make fresh sacrifices : we have wished ; it is not enough ; we will do more."

Ardent to fulfil their duties, and waiting but to be instructed how, the brave youth, and those whose grey hairs are so honourable, implore that paternal wisdom which never will cease to watch over them, that they may receive those august commands which will accomplish their destinies.

The enemy no longer pollutes our soil : France recovers her attitude. Your Majesty wishes no new provinces : greater tri-

[<sup>1</sup> *Imag. Convers*, i., 1824. i., 1826. *Works*, i., 1846. *Works*, vi., 1876.]

umphs, wider dominion, to the successor of Charlemagne and of Trajan! That mighty mind, to bless a beloved and grateful people, shall make the animal kingdom confederate with the vegetable. Such are his conquests: the only ones that remain for him to achieve.

From the calm of their retreats the sages of France step forth, —and behold the decree which your Majesty had already uttered at the bottom of their hearts.

*Bonaparte.*<sup>2</sup> Read it, and make haste.

*President.* "To put our implacable enemies to confusion; to drive proud Albion to despair; to abolish the feudal system; to wither for ever the iron arm of despotism; and to produce, or rather to place within the reach of all your Majesty's subjects, those luxuries which a long war, excited by the cupidity of the monopolizing islanders, seemed to have interdicted to our policy, and which our discretion taught us manfully to resign, it is proposed that every regiment in the French service be subjected to a mild and beneficent diabetes. Our chemists and physicians, ever laboring for the public good, have discovered that this disposition of the body, which if improperly managed might become a disease, is attended with the most useful results, and produces a large quantity of saccharine matter.

"The process was pointed out by Nature herself in the person of your Majesty, and of several of the grand dignitaries of the Empire, when the barbarians of the North flew from their capital, which they reduced to ashes, and threw themselves in consternation on the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe, to the very shores of the Cimbrian Chersonese."

*Bonaparte.*<sup>3</sup> Strike out that foolery. Now start again.

*President.* "I therefore have the honour of submitting to your Majesty, that the sugar, the produce of this simple operation, be made subsidiary to that of the beet-root in the proportion of one-third; and that this lively and long-desired sugar, so salutary to man from its prior relationship with his constituent principles, and so eager for its reunion, be the only sugar used in the French Empire and among the good and faithful allies of your Majesty: and further, that, after the expiration of fourteen years, every

[<sup>2</sup> From "*Bonaparte*" to "*President*" added in 3rd ed.]

[<sup>3</sup> From "*Bonaparte*" to "*President*" added in 3rd ed.]

Power in amity with France may fabricate it within its own territory.

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of Switzerland, was graciously pleased to make the following reply." May<sup>4</sup> it please your Majesty to dictate one?

*Bonaparte.* Write.

"Sir, President of my Senate, I am content with you. My Minister of the Interior shall be charged to carry your proposition into effect."

And now you are here, you may lay your heads together and prepare an address to me on the birth of my son, the King of Rome. President! why do you lift up your shoulders?

*President.* May it please your Imperial Majesty, the glorious prince, whom France and the whole world sighs for, is unborn.

*Bonaparte.* What the devil is that to you? He will be born within a day or two, or at most a week, and I may not have leisure or inclination to send after you again. Write down my words.

"The star which, on the day of my birth, promised me a son, accomplishes its promise. The King of Rome descends on earth, already the defender of monarchy and religion.

Have you written, monsieur, what follows?

*President.* Yes, Sire; although imperfectly.

"France, to commemorate the event, will aggravate on some future day the grief and malignity of proud Albion, seizing in her despite the noblest monument she left behind in Egypt. That pyramid from which forty ages spoke to your Majesty the purest French is destined to stand at the bottom of your staircase at the Tuileries, and to bear on its summit the plumed hat of your adorable infant."

*Bonaparte.* The sentiment is truly French.

*President.* "Memnon shall resound the name to his satellite the Odeon."

*Bonaparte.* Bravo!

*President.* "And every department of the empire shall respond to the annunciation."

[<sup>4</sup> From "May" to "write" added in 3rd ed. Four lines below, from "And" to end of conversation added in 3rd ed.]



*Bonaparte.* Sounding and sensible; but you have fallen from Memnon. Make a dash again at England.

*President.* "Too long has France permitted the frightful chariot of Juggernaut, driven by relentless Albion, to crush the children of India. Her eagle has one more flight, only one more, to make. From the summit of that pyramid she shall cover with her wing the Thames, the Hydaspes, the Indus, and the Ganges, protecting the innocent and tearing the proud to pieces. No longer shall monopoly, with feudality in her train"—

*Bonaparte.* Stop there; alter that; reverse the order: feudality comes first.

*President.*—"Contract and poison the sources of existence. The laborer shall prune his vine unmolested in the happy plains of Cashemir; and Beauty, the child of France, shall deign to accept her graceful shawl, earnest of gratitude and good-will. The Georgians and Circassians, now groaning under the odious yoke of England"—

*Bonaparte.* Of Russia, I think, or Turkey. But let that pass: my good people will never find it out.

*President.*—"Shall throw it off their necks at the approach of the first French soldier; and Phasis and Choäpes and Liffy shall roll their golden sands to the feet of their deliverer. To accomplish in one campaign these high destinies, a son, worthy of his august genitor, in happy hour is born to your Majesty. Egypt, from whom your star removed you, Sire, lies desolate. The palace of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, and the Ptolemies, flew open in vain at the distant sound of your foot. Never more shall it rejoice in your presence; but your legions, under their young Alcides, already invincible by his father's name, shall carry him thither on their conglomerated arms, to solemnize the banquet of Victory.

"Resound, O Memnon, thy prelude to that morning-star, to which the brightened countenances of all nations are uplifted! Take thy station, O Pyramid, at the bottom of a staircase which a hundred kings have mounted and descended, but only one great man!"

*Bonaparte.* President! take some lemonade.

An instructive volume might be composed of the speeches made to Bonaparte and Louis XVIII. The adulation here falls short of

that presented to Charles X., by M. le Comte de Sèize, President of the Court of Cassation. "*Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent : ils sont tous de dignes de-cendants de St Louis et de Henri IV. Ce sont toujours les mêmes vertus, la même foi, la même clémence, le même amour pour le peuple, le même désir de concilier les libertés publiques et les droits sacrés du trône.*" There is only one truth in all this, but it is too much of one: "*Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent.*" The eulogy was delivered in the reign of Ferdinand VII. of Spain and Ferdinand IV. of Naples.

## V. GENERAL LACY AND CURA MERINO.<sup>1</sup>

*Merino.* General, we have fought in the same cause, and I shall be sorry if our sentiments at last diverge. What is peace if there be not concord?

*Lacy.* Enthusiasm makes way for reflection, and reflection leads to that concord which we both desire. We think first of our wrongs, and afterward of our rights. Injustice may become, where there is any thing to be stirred, a lighter evil to the sufferer than to the worker.

*Merino.* We talk of the people and of parliaments, and, as it appears to me, are blindly following the restless and changeful French. In fact we are ready in our politics to build up a tower of Babel. Shall these unbelievers persuade

[<sup>1</sup> Satire, even Landor's satire, can hardly outrun the facts, when it takes as its subject the royal faction, which misgoverned Spain after Ferdinand's restoration in 1814. The Cura Merino — half bigot, half brigand — was one of the clerical faction, who disgraced the king and themselves. He raised a guerilla band to assist the French invaders, who came to restore Ferdinand after the Revolution of 1819; at a later period he was one of the leaders of the robber bands, who supported Don Carlos. Lacy was a commander, who had won distinction in the national resistance to Napoleon. He endured the misrule of Ferdinand for a time, but in 1819 he attempted a military rising in Barcelona. The troops did not answer to his call, and he was arrested. Ferdinand, unmoved by appeals for mercy, called forth by Lacy's character and past exploits, determined his death. But he feared to provoke popular indignation. Lacy was secretly conveyed to Minorca, and there shot. For the history of Spain, see Baumgarten, ii., esp. p. 206. (Imag. Convers., ii., 1824. ii., 1826. Works, i., 1846. Works, vi., 1876.)]

us that they are the cleverest people in the world, by sweetening us a cup of chocolate with a bunch of turnips or a truss of hay, or by whipping us off a leg while we are saying an *Ave-Maria*? Let them instruct us in surgery and chemistry, but let them always be considered as our inferiors in morality and government.

*Lacy.* Here, Señor Cura, we agree perfectly. Prosperity has made them so giddy, adversity cannot sober them. The varnish that once covered their sharp and shallow character cracked off in the dogdays of the Revolution, and they have lost the greatest of their virtues, their hypocrisy. Although I have fought against them and against their partisans, while they were under the same banners, yet I would gladly see all Spaniards in amity and at home. The French action, as you call it, fought for the same object as we did.

*Merino.* How! they fought for our beloved Ferdinand?

*Lacy.* They fought for our beloved Spain, for her independence, for her freedom. Ought they to be persecuted because they were betrayed? Should we murder a man because he has fallen into a pit; or starve him to death because he has gone for bread to another baker than ours?—and liberty is surely, like bread, an article of the first necessity to a Spaniard.

*Merino.* They followed not their lawful king.

*Lacy.* Did we? Did any wise man? Did not all implore him to remain? Did not all deprecate and detest that lowest of degradation which he neither scorned nor shunned, but ran into and courted?

*Merino.* It was God's will. As for those rebels, the finger of God—

*Lacy.* Prythee, Señor Cura, let God's finger alone. Very worthy men are apt to snatch at it upon too light occasions: they would stop their tobacco-pipes with it. If Spain, in the opinion of our late opponents, could have obtained a free Constitution by other means, they never would have joined the French. True, they persisted: but how few have wisdom or courage enough to make the distinction between retracting an error and deserting a cause! He who declares himself a party-man, let his party profess the most liberal sentiments, is a registered and enlisted slave: he begins by being a zealot and ends by being a

dupe ; he is tormented by regret and anger, yet is he as incapable from shame and irresolution of throwing off the livery under which he sweats and fumes, as was that stronger one, more generously mad, the garment empoisoned with the life-blood of the Centaur.

*Merino.* How much better is it to abolish parties by fixing a legitimate king at the head of affairs !

*Lacy.* The object, thank God, is accomplished. Ferdinand is returning to Madrid, if perverse men do not mislead him.

*Merino.* And yet there are Spaniards wild enough to talk of Cortes and Chambers of Peers.

*Lacy.* Of the latter I know nothing ; but I know that Spain formerly was great, free, and happy, by the administration of her Cortes : and, as I prefer in policy old experiments to new, I should not be sorry if the madness, as you call it, spread in that direction.

There are many forms of government, but only two kinds ; the free and the despotic : in the one the people hath its representatives, in the other not. Freedom, to be, must be perfect : the half free can no more exist, even in idea, than the half-entire. Restraints laid by a people on itself are sacrifices made to liberty ; and it never exerts a more beneficent or a greater power than in imposing them. The nation that pays taxes without its own consent is under slavery : whosoever causes, whosoever maintains, that slavery subverts or abets the subversion of social order. Whoever is above the law is out of the law, just as evidently as whoever is above this room is out of this room. If men will outlaw themselves by overt acts, we are not to condemn those who remove them by the means least hazardous to the public peace. It even my daughter brought forth a monster, I could not arrest the arm that should smother it : and monsters of this kind are by infinite degrees less pernicious than such as rise up in society by violation of law.

In regard to a Chamber of Peers, Spain does not contain the materials. What has been the education of our grandees ? How narrow the space between the horn-book and *sanbenito* ! The English are amazed, and the French are indignant, that we have not imitated their Constitutions. All Constitutions formed for the French are provisional. Whether they trip or tumble, whether

they step or slide, the tendency is direct to slavery ; none but a most rigid government will restrain them from cruelty or from mischief : they are scourged into good humor and starved into content. I have read whatever I could find written on the English Constitution ; and it appears to me, like the Deity, an object universally venerated, but requiring a Revelation. I do not find the House of Peers, as I expected to find it, standing between the king and people. Throughout a long series of years, it has been only twice in opposition to the Commons : once in declaring that the slave-trade ought not to be abolished ; again in declaring that those who believe in transubstantiation are unfit to command an army or to decide a cause.

*Merino.* Into what extravagances does infidelity lead men, in other things not unwise ! Blessed virgin of the thousand pains ! and great Santiago of Compostella ! deign to bring that benighted nation back again to the right path.

*Lacy.* On Deity we reason by attributes ; on government by metaphors. Wool or sand, embodied, may deaden the violence of what is discharged against the walls of a city : hereditary aristocracy hath no such virtue against the assaults of despotism, which on the contrary it will maintain in opposition to the people. Since its power and wealth, although they are given *by* the king, must be given *from* the nation,—the one has not an interest in enriching it, the other has. All the countries that ever have been conquered have been surrendered to the conqueror by the aristocracy, stipulating for its own property, power, and rank, yielding up the men, cattle, and metals on the common. Nevertheless, in every nation the project of an upper chamber will be warmly cherished. The richer aspire to honors, the poorer to protection. Every family of wealth and respectability wishes to count a peer among its relatives, and, where the whole number is yet under nomination, every one may hope it. Those who have no occasion for protectors desire the power of protecting ; and those who have occasion for them desire them to be more efficient.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom. You would imagine that the British peers have given their names to beneficent institutions, wise laws, and flourishing colonies ; no such thing : instead of which, a slice of

meat between two slices of bread derives its name from one; a tumble of heels over head, a feat performed by beggar-boys on the roads, from another. The former, I presume, was a practical commentator on the Roman fable of the belly and the members, and maintained with all his power and interest the supremacy of the nobler part; and the latter was of a family in which the head never was equivalent to the legs. Others divide their titles with a waistcoat, a bonnet, and a boot; the more illustrious with some island inhabited by sea-calves.

*Merino.* I deprecate such importations into our monarchy. God forbid that the ermine of his Catholic Majesty be tagged with the sordid tail of a monster so rough as feudality!

*Lacy.* If kings, whether by reliance on external force, by introduction of external institutions, or by misapplication of what they may possess within the realm, show a disposition to conspire with other kings against its rights, it may be expected that communities will (some secretly and others openly) unite their moral, their intellectual, and, when opportunity permits it, their physical powers against them. If alliances are holy which are entered into upon the soil usurped, surely not unholy are those which are formed for defence against all kinds and all methods of spoliation. If men are marked out for banishment, for imprisonment, for slaughter, because they assert the rights and defend the liberties of their country, can you wonder at seeing, as you must ere long, a confederacy of free countries, formed for the apprehension or extinction of whoever pays, disciplines, or directs, under whatsoever title, those tremendous masses of human kind which consume the whole produce of their native land in depopulating another? Is it iniquitous or unnatural that laws be opposed to edicts, and Constitutions to despotism? O Señor Merino! there are yet things holy: all the barbarians and all the autocrats in the universe cannot make that word a byword to the Spaniard. Yes, there may be holy alliances; and the hour strikes for their establishment. This beautiful earth, these heavens in their magnificence and splendor, have seen things more lovely and more glorious than themselves. The throne of God is a speck of darkness, if you compare it with the heart that beats only and beats constantly to pour forth its blood for the preservation of our country! Invincible Spain! how many of

thy children have laid this pure sacrifice on the altar! The Deity hath accepted it: and there are those who would cast its ashes to the winds!

If ever a perverseness of character, or the perfidy taught in courts, should induce a king of Spain to violate his oath, to massacre his subjects, to proscribe his friends, to imprison his defenders, to abolish the representation of the people, Spain will be drawn by resentment to do what policy in vain has whispered in the ear of generosity. She and Portugal will be one: nor will she be sensible of disgrace in exchanging a prince of French origin for a prince of Portuguese. There<sup>2</sup> is a north-west passage to the golden shores of Freedom; and, if pirates infest the opener seas, brave adventurers will cut their way through it. Let kings tremble at nothing but their own fraudulence and violence; and never at popular assemblies, which alone can direct them unerringly.

*Merino.* Educated as kings are, by pious men, servants of God, they see a chimera in a popular assembly.

*Lacy.* Those who refuse to their people a national and just representation, calling it a chimera, will one day remember that he who purchases their affections at the price of a chimera purchases them cheaply; and those who, having promised the boon, retract it, will put their hand to the signature directed by a hand of iron. State after State comes forward in asserting its rights, as wave follows wave; each acting upon each; and the tempest is gathering in regions where no murmur or voice is audible. Portugal pants for freedom, in other words is free. With one foot in England and the other in Brazil, there was danger in withdrawing either: she appears however to have recovered her equipoise. Accustomed to fix her attention upon England, wisely will she act if she imitates her example in the union with Ireland; a union which ought to cause no other regret than in having been celebrated so late. If on the contrary she believes that national power and prosperity are the peculiar gifts of independence, she must believe that England was more powerful and prosperous in the days of her heptarchy than fifty years ago. Algarve would find no more advantage in her independence of Portugal, than Portugal would find in continuing detached from the other

[<sup>2</sup> From "There" to "unerringly," (6 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

portions of our peninsula. There were excellent reasons for declaring her independence at the time ; there now are better, if better be possible, for a coalition. She, like ourselves, is in danger of losing her colonies : how can either party by any other means retrieve its loss ? Normandy and Brittany, after centuries of war, joined the other provinces of France : more centuries of severer war would not sunder them. We have no such price to pay. Independence is always the sentiment that follows liberty ; and it is always the most ardently desired by that country which, supposing the administration of law to be similar and equal, derives the greatest advantage from the union. According to the state of society in two countries, to the justice or injustice of government, to proximity or distance, independence may be good or bad. Normandy and Brittany would have found it hurtful and pernicious : they would have been corrupted by bribery, and overrun by competitors, the more formidable and the more disastrous from a parity of force. They had not however so weighty reasons for union with France, as Portugal has with Spain.

*Merino.* To avoid the collision of king and people, we may think about an assembly to be composed of the higher clergy and principal nobility.

*Lacy.* What should produce any collision, any dissension or dissidence, between king and people ? Is the wisdom of a nation less than an individual's ? Can it not see its own interests ; and ought *he* to see any other ? Surround the throne with state and splendour and magnificence, but withhold from it the means of corruption, which must overflow upon itself and sap it. To no intent or purpose can they ever be employed, unless to subvert the Constitution ; and beyond the paling of a Constitution a king is *fera natura*. Look at Russia and Turkey : how few of their czars and sultans have died a natural death !—unless indeed in such a state of society the most natural death is a violent one. I would not accustom men to daggers and poisons ; for which reason, among others, I would remove them as far as possible from despotism.

To talk of France is nugatory : England then, where more causes are tried within the year than among us within ten, has only twelve judges criminal and civil, in her ordinary courts. A culprit, or indeed an innocent man, may lie six months in prison



before his trial, on suspicion of having stolen a petticoat or pair of slippers. As for her civil laws, they are more contradictory, more dilatory, more complicated, more uncertain, more expensive, more inhumane, than any now in use among men. They who appeal to them for redress of injury suffer an aggravation of it; and when Justice comes down at last, she alights on ruins. Public opinion is the only bulwark against oppression, and the voice of wretchedness is upon most occasions too feeble to excite it. Law<sup>3</sup> in England, and in most other countries of Europe, is the crown of injustice, burning and intolerable as that hammered and nailed upon the head of Zekklei, after he had been forced to eat the quivering flesh of his companions in insurrection.\* In the statutes of the North American United States, there is no such offence as libel upon the Government; because in that country there is no worthless wretch whose government leads to, or can be brought into, contempt. This undefined and undefinable offence in England hath consigned many just men and eminent scholars to poverty and imprisonment, to incurable maladies, and untimely death. Law, like the Andalusian bull, lowers her head and shuts her eyes before she makes her push; and either she misses her object altogether, or she leaves it immersed in bloodshed.

When an action is brought by one subject against another, in which he seeks indemnity for an injury done to his property, his comforts, or his character, a jury awards the amount; but if some parasite of the king wishes to mend his fortune, after a run of bad luck at the gaming-table or of improvident bets on the race-course, he informs the attorney-general that he has detected a libel on Majesty, which, unless it be chastised and checked by the timely interference of those blessed institutions whence they are great and glorious, would leave no man's office, or honor, or peace inviolable. It may happen that the writer, at worst, hath indulged his wit on some personal fault, some feature in the character far below the crown: this is enough for a prosecution; and the author, if found guilty, lies at the mercy of the judge. The jury in this case is never the awarder of damages. Are then the English laws equal for all? Recently there was a member of Parliament who declared to the people such things against the

3.

[<sup>3</sup> From "Law" to "lived" (77 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

\* Albrizzi *Sull' origine del Danubio and Repubblica Hungarica*.

Government as were openly called seditious and libellous, both by his colleagues and his judges. He was condemned to pay a fine, amounting to less than the three-hundredth part of his property, and to be confined for three months,—in an apartment more airy and more splendid than any in his own house. Another, no member of Parliament, wrote something ludicrous about Majesty, and was condemned, he and his brother, to pay the full half of their property, and to be confined among felons for two years! This confinement was deemed so flagrantly cruel, that the magistrates soon afterward allowed a little more light, a little more air, and better company; not however in separate wards, but separate prisons. The judge who pronounced the sentence is still living; he lives unbruised, unbranded, and he appears like a man among men.

*Merino.* Why not? He proved his spirit, firmness, and fidelity: in our country he would be appointed grand-inquisitor on the next vacancy, and lead the queen to her seat at the first *auto da fé*. Idlers and philosophers may complain; but certainly this portion of the English institutions ought to be commended warmly by every true Spaniard, every friend to the altar and the throne. And yet, General, you mention it in such a manner as would almost let a careless, inattentive hearer go away with the persuasion that you disapprove of it. Speculative and dissatisfied men are existing in all countries, even in Spain and England; but we have scourges in store for the pruriency of dissatisfaction, and cases and caps for the telescopes of speculation.

*Lacy.* The faultiness of the English laws is not complained of nor pointed out exclusively by the speculative or the sanguine, by the oppressed or the disappointed; it was the derision and scoff of George the Second, one of the bravest and most constitutional kings. "As to our laws," said he, "we pass near a hundred every session, which seem made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them."

This is not reported by Whig or Tory, who change principles as they change places, but by a dispassionate, unambitious man of sound sense and in easy circumstances, a personal and intimate friend of the king, from whose lips he himself received it,—Lord Waldegrave. Yet an Englishman thinks himself quite as free, and governed quite as rationally, as a citizen of the United States:

so does a Chinese. Such is the hemlock that habitude administers to endurance ; and so long is it in this torpor ere the heart sickens.

I am far from the vehemence of the English commander Nelson ; a man however who betrayed neither in war nor policy any deficiency of acuteness and judgment. He says unambiguously and distinctly in his letters, "All ministers of kings and princes are in my opinion as great scoundrels as ever lived."

*Merino.*<sup>4</sup> Certainly there is no reason to complain that he is ambiguous or indistinct in his phraseology.

*Lacy.* Versatility, indecision, falsehood, ingratitude, had strongly marked, as he saw, the two principal ones of his country, Pitt and Fox ; the latter of whom openly turned honesty into derision, while the former sent it wrapped up decently to market. Now if all ministers of kings and princes are, what the admiral calls them from his experience, "as great scoundrels as ever lived," we must be as great fools as ever lived if we endure them : we should look for others.

*Merino.* Even that will not do : the new ones, possessing the same power and the same places, will be the same men.

*Lacy.* I am afraid then the change must not be only in the servants, but in the masters, and that we must not leave the choice to those who always choose "as great scoundrels as ever lived." Nelson was a person who had had much to do with the ministers of kings and princes ; none of his age had more,—an age in which the ministers had surely no less to do than those in any other age since the creation of the world. He was the best commander of his nation ; he was consulted and employed in every difficult and doubtful undertaking : he must have known them thoroughly. What meaning then shall we attribute to his words ? Shall we say that "as great scoundrels as ever lived" ought to govern the universe in perpetuity ? Or can we doubt that they must do so, if we suffer kings and princes to appoint them at each other's recommendation ?

*Merino.* Nelson was a heretic, a blasphemers, a revolutionist.

*Lacy.* On heresy and blasphemy I am incapable of deciding ; but never was there a more strenuous antagonist of revolutionary principles ; and upon this rock his glory split and

[<sup>4</sup> From "*Merino*" to "phraseology" (2 lines) added in 3rd ed. From *Lacy* to "doctrines" (65 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

founded. When Sir William Hamilton declared to the Neapolitan insurgents, who had laid down their arms before royal promises, that, his Government having engaged with the Allied Powers to eradicate revolutionary doctrines from Europe, he could not countenance the fulfilment of a capitulation which opposed the views of the *coalition*, what did Nelson? He tarnished the brightest sword in Europe, and devoted to the most insatiable of the Furies, the purest blood! A Caroline and a Ferdinand, the most opprobrious of the human race and among the lowest in intellect, were permitted to riot in the slaughter of a Caraccioli.

The English Constitution, sir, is founded on revolutionary doctrines, and her kings acknowledge it. Recollect now the note of her diplomatist. Is England in Europe? If she is, which I venture not to assert, her rulers have declared their intention to eradicate the foundations of her liberties; and they have broken their word so often that I am inclined to believe they will attempt to recover their credit by keeping it strictly here. But the safest and least costly conquests for England would be those over the understandings and the hearts of men. They require no garrisons; they equip no navies; they encounter no tempests; they withdraw none from labor; they might extend from the arctic to the antarctic circle, leaving every Briton at his own fireside; and Earth like Ocean would have her great Pacific. The strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions: it lies in the omnipresence of her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilization. There are provinces she cannot grasp; there are islands she cannot hold fast: but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the magic words, *Be Free*. Every land wherein she favors the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she but forbids them to be stifled, is her own; a true ally, a willing tributary, an inseparable friend. Principles hold those together whom power would only alienate.

*Merino.* I understand little these novel doctrines; but Democracy herself must be contented with the principal features of the English Constitution. The great leaders are not taken from the ancient families.

*Lacy.* These push forward into Parliament young persons

of the best talents they happen to pick up, whether at a ball or an opera, at a gaming-table or a college-mess, who from time to time, according to the offices they have filled, mount into the upper chamber and make room for others; but it is understood that, in both chambers, they shall distribute honors and places at the command of their patrons. True, indeed, the ostensible heads are not of ancient or even of respectable parentage. The more wealthy and powerful peers send them from their boroughs into the House of Commons as they send race-horses from their stables to Newmarket, and cocks from their training-yard to Doncaster. This is, in like manner, a pride, a luxury, a speculation. Even bankrupts have been permitted to sit there; men who, when they succeeded, were a curse to their country worse than when they failed.<sup>5</sup>

Let us rather collect together our former institutions, cherish all that brings us proud remembrances, brace our limbs for the efforts we must make, train our youth on our own arena, and never deem it decorous to imitate the limp of a wrestler writhing in his decrepitude.

The Chamber of Peers in England is the dormitory of freedom and of genius. Those who enter it have eaten the lotus, and forget their country. A minister, to suit his purposes, may make a dozen or a score or a hundred of peers in a day. If they are rich they are inactive; if they are poor they are dependent. In general he chooses the rich, who always want something; for wealth is less easy to satisfy than poverty, luxury than hunger. He can dispense with their energy if he can obtain their votes, and they never abandon him unless he has contented them.

*Merino.* Impossible! that any minister should make twenty, or even ten peers, during one convocation.

*Lacy.* The English, by a most happy metaphor, call them *batches*, seeing so many drawn forth at a time, with the rapidity of loaves from an oven, and moulded to the same ductility by less manipulation. A minister in that system has equally need of the

[<sup>5</sup> Note in 1st ed. reads: "The opinions on our House of Commons, which I have attributed to Lacy, are those of a contemptuous Spaniard, not perfectly informed. We know better; but his character required them so. My own veneration for that assembly may be found expressed at the conclusion of the third Dialogue. (Henry IV. and Savage.)"]

active and the passive, as the creation has equally need of males and females. Do not imagine I would discredit or depreciate the House of Peers. Never will another land contain one composed of characters in general more honorable; more distinguished for knowledge, for charity, for generosity, for equity; more perfect in all the duties of men and citizens. Let it stand; a nation should be accustomed to no changes, to no images but of strength and duration: let it stand then, as a lofty and ornamental belfry, never to be taken down or lowered, until it threatens by its decay the congregation underneath; but let none be excommunicated who refuse to copy it, whether from faultiness in their foundation or from deficiency in their materials. Different countries require different governments. Is the rose the only flower in the garden? Is Hesperus the only star in the heavens? We may be hurt by our *safeguards*, if we try new ones.

Don<sup>6</sup> Britomarte Delciego took his daily siesta on the grass in the city-dyke of Barbastro: he shaded his face with his *sombrero*, and slept profoundly. One day, unfortunately, a gnat alighted on his nose and bit it. Don Britomarte roused himself; and, remembering that he could enfold his arms in his mantle, took off a glove and covered the unprotected part with it. Satisfied at the contrivance, he slept again: and more profoundly than ever. Whether there was any savory odour in the glove, I know not: certain it is that some rats came from under the fortifications, and, perforating the new defence of Don Britomarte, made a breach in the salient angle which had suffered so lately by a less potent enemy; and he was called from that day forward *the knight of the kidskin visor*.

*Merino.* Sir, I do not understand stories: I never found wit or reason in them.

*Lacy.* Let us return then to graver facts. England in the last twenty years has undergone a greater revolution than any she struggled to counteract,—a revolution more awful, more pernicious. She<sup>7</sup> alone of all the nations in the world hath suffered by that of France: she is become less wealthy by it, less free, less liberal, less moral. Half a century ago she was represented chiefly by her country-gentlemen. Pitt made the richer peers; the inter-

[<sup>6</sup> From "Don" to "facts" (16 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>7</sup> From "She" to "moral" (3 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

mediate, pensioners; the poorer, exiles; and his benches were overflowed with "honourables" from the sugar-cask and indigo-bag. He changed all the features both of mind and matter. Old mansions were converted into workhouses and barracks: children who returned from school at the holidays stopped in their own villages, and asked why they stopped. More oaks followed him than ever followed Orpheus; and more stones, a thousand to one, leaped down at his voice than ever leaped up at Amphion's. Overladen<sup>s</sup> with taxation, the gentlemen of England,—a class the grandest in character that ever existed upon earth, the best informed, the most generous, the most patriotic,—were driven from their residences into cities. Their authority ceased; their example was altogether lost, and it appears by the calendars of the prisons, that two-thirds of the offenders were from the country; whereas until these disastrous times four-fifths were from the towns. To what a degree those of the towns themselves must have increased, may be supposed by the stagnation in many trades, and by the conversion of laborers and artisans to soldiers.

The country-gentlemen, in losing their rank and condition, lost the higher and more delicate part of their principles. There decayed at once in them that robustness and that nobility of character, which men, like trees, acquire from standing separately. Deprived of their former occupations and amusements, and impatient of inactivity, they condescended to be members of gaming-clubs in the fashionable cities, incurred new and worse expenses, and eagerly sought, from among the friendships they had contracted, those who might obtain for them or for their families some atom from the public dilapidation. Hence nearly all were subservient to the minister: those who were not were marked out as disaffected to the Constitution, or at best as singular men who courted celebrity from retirement.

Such was the state of the landed interest; and what was that of the commercial? Industrious tradesmen speculated; in other words, gamed. Bankers were coiners; not giving a piece of metal, but a scrap of paper. They who had thousands lent millions, and lost all. Slow and sure gains were discreditable; and nothing was a sight more common, more natural, or seen with more indifference, than fortunes rolling down from their immense

[<sup>s</sup> From "Overladen" to "memory" (43 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

accumulation. Brokers and insurers and jobbers, people whose education could not have been liberal, were now for the first time found at the assemblies and at the tables of the great, and were treated there with the first distinction. Every hand through which money passes was pressed affectionately. The viler part of what is democratical was supported by the aristocracy; the better of what is republican was thrown down. England, like one whose features are just now turned awry by an apoplexy, is ignorant of the change she has undergone, and is the more lethargic the more she is distorted. Not only hath she lost her bloom and spirit, but her form and gait, her voice and memory. The weakest of mortals was omnipotent in Parliament; and being so, he dreamed in his drunkenness that he could compress the spirit of the times: and before the fumes had passed away, he rendered the wealthiest of nations the most distressed. The spirit of the times is only to be made useful by catching it as it rises, to be managed only by concession, to be controlled only by compliancy. Like the powerful agent of late discovery, that impels vast masses across the ocean or raises them from the abysses of the earth, it performs every thing by attention, nothing by force, and is fatal alike from coercion and from neglect. That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly and the most wisely: that state of society in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily and unrestricted intellectual exertion; where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws. Nations are not ruined by war: for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians and Jews and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement; the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed the last fragment. The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn, nor the weight and impetuosity of hailstones; it is not inundation nor storm, it is not pestilence nor famine: a few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such calamity. But that country is too surely ruined in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation; and there are they about to sink and perish, where the ruler has given, by an unexpressed and an unproved example, the lesson of bad faith.



*Merino.* Sir, I cannot hear such language.

*Lacy.* Why then converse with me? Is the fault mine if such language be offensive? Why should intolerance hatch an hypothesis, or increase her own alarm by the obstreperous chuckle of incubation?

*Merino.* Kings stand in the place of God among us.

*Lacy.* I wish they would make way for the owner. They love God only when they fancy he has favored their passions, and fear him only when they must buy him off. If indeed they be his vicegerents on earth, let them repress the wicked and exalt the virtuous. Wherever in the material world there is a grain of gold, it sinks to the bottom; chaff floats over it: in the animal, the greatest and most sagacious of creatures hide themselves in woods and caverns, in morasses and solitudes, and we hear first of their existence when we find their bones. Do you perceive a resemblance anywhere? If princes are desirous to imitate the Governor of the universe; if they are disposed to obey him; if they consult religion or reason, or, what oftener occupies their attention, the stability of power,—they will admit the institutions best adapted to render men honest and peaceable, industrious and contented. Otherwise, let them be certain that, although they themselves may escape the chastisement they merit, their children and grandchildren will never be out of danger or out of fear. Calculations on the intensity of force are often just; hardly ever so those on its durability.

*Merino.* As if truly that depended on men!—a blow against a superintending Providence! It always follows the pestilential breath that would sully the majesty of kings.

*Lacy.* Señor Merino, my name, if you have forgotten it, is Lacy: take courage and recollect yourself. The whole of my discourse hath tended to keep the majesty of kings unsullied, by preserving their honor inviolate. Any blow against a superintending Providence is too insane for reproach, too impotent for pity: and indeed what peril can by any one be apprehended from the Almighty, when he has Cura Merino to preach for him, and the Holy Inquisition to protect him?

*Merino.* I<sup>9</sup> scorn the sneer, sir; and know not by what right, or after what resemblance, you couple my name with the

[<sup>9</sup> From "I" to "jubilee," (19 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

Holy Inquisition which our Lord the King in his wisdom hath not yet re-established, and which the Holy Allies for the greater part have abolished in their dominions.

*Lacy.* This never would have been effected if the holy heads of the meek usurpers had not raised themselves above the crown; proving from doctors and confessors, from Old Testament and New, the privilege they possessed of whipping and burning and decapitating the wearer. The kings in their fright ran against the chalice of poison, by which many thousands of their subjects had perished, and by which their own hands were, after their retractings and writhings, ungauntleted, undirked, and paralyzed.

Europe, Asia, America, sent up simultaneously to heaven a shout of joy at the subversion. Africa, seated among tamer monsters and addicted to milder superstitions, wondered at what burst and dayspring of beatitude the human race was celebrating around her so high and enthusiastic a jubilee.

*Merino.* I take my leave, General. May your Excellency live many years!

I breathe the pure street-air again. Traitor and atheist! I will denounce him. He has shaved for the last time: he shall never have Christian burial.

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## VI. CAVALIERE PUNTOMICHIÑO AND MR DENIS EUSEBIUS TALCRANAGH.<sup>1</sup>

THE Cavaliere Puntomichino was the last representative of an ancient family. He was an honest and rich man: so that, when his intention was understood at Florence of travelling to England, it excited suspicion in some, and surprise in all: for Italians of that description were seldom known to have crossed the Channel. He went however, and remained there several years, reading our best authors, and wondering (as he informed me) at one thing only; which is, that there could really be in the whole human race so prodigious a diversity as he found in almost every five men he conversed with in our metropolis. "I have often

[<sup>1</sup> *Imag. Convers.*, ii., 1824. ii., 1826. *Works*, i., 1846. *Works*, vi., 1876.]

observed," said he, "more variety in a single household than I believe to exist in all Italy."

He never had about him the slightest taint of affectation; yet became he singular, and glaringly so, at his first introduction to the Academy of La Crusca. For he asserted three paradoxes: first, that no sentence or speech in a comedy should exceed a fair sheet in octavo; secondly, that no witticism should be followed by an explanation, in the dialogue, of more than two pages; and thirdly, that Shakspeare had nearly or quite as much genius as Goldoni. Henceforward he was a worthy man, but an oddity. His claim to the literary character I shall forbear to discuss; although I have many papers, not indeed of his own writing, but addressed to him by others, some of which go so far as to call him a nightingale, some a great doctor, some an eagle, some a phoenix, some a sun, and one both a sun and a phoenix. But this last was written by a rival of him who wrote the preceding, and therefore its accuracy may be suspected; and it was declared by the academy, after three sittings, to be more ingenious than correct.

His sedentary life had been unfriendly to his health, and he was seized in the beginning of this winter with repeated and severe attacks in the breast. As he had inherited a good property, and had collected many rare books, all the canonic and professors began to write *tributes, monodies, elegies, Musæ plangent, Etruriæ luctus*, and consolations to his heir,—no very distant relative, whose brother in the time of the French government had been hanged for a robbery at the age of eighteen.<sup>2</sup> He himself was in the galleys at Pisa for the murder of his father-in-law, who had educated him, and had promised to leave him his estate. On the death of the Cavaliere, it was foreseen that he, too late indeed for his happiness and sensibility, would be found innocent of an offence, for which the French laws in their precipitancy had condemned him. The proofs of this innocence were produced, the patron found, the sum stipulated, when the Cavaliere died. On opening the will, it appeared that he had destined his property to the maintenance of soldiers' widows, and the redemption of slaves from Barbary. *Diavoli!* and *cazzo!* and *cappari!* and *Bucco!*

[<sup>2</sup> First ed. reads: "eighteen, proving as others have done in various ways, that misfortune is attendant on early elevation. He." &c.]

tripped up and exploded the Muses and Etruria. Rosini, the Pisan professor, their choregus, who, printer no less than professor and poet, had already struck off his *Lamentation*, spoke more calmly and reasonably than the rest; saying manfully, "Gabriel, take down those sheets in papal quarto, and throw them upon the *Codes* of Napoleon: the thing won't do." The expected and expecting heir was accused of falsifying the evidences; and fresh severities were added for his attempts to corrupt justice.

Let me now revert to my first acquaintance with the Cavaliere. I never in my life accepted a letter of introduction, nor ever expressed a wish, whatever I might have felt, for any man's society. By some accident this peculiarity was mentioned to Puntomichino, and he called on me immediately. Returning his visit, I found him in the library; several English books were upon the table, and there was seated at the window a young gentleman of easy manners and fashionable appearance,—Mr Denis Eusebius Talcranagh, of Castle-Talcranagh and of Skurrymore-Park, county Down, and first cousin, as he informed me, of Lord Cowslipmead, of Dove's-nest-Hall, county Meath, a great fire-eater. I bowed; on which he fancied that I had known his lordship intimately. On my confessing the contrary, he appeared surprised. "You must however have heard something," continued he, "in your earlier days, of Sir Roderick James O'Rowran, my uncle, who, whenever he entered an inn with his friends, placed himself at the head of the table, and cried, 'Whiskey and pistols for eight!'"

It was now my turn to be mortified, and I could only reply that there were many men of merit whom it had never been my fortune to know. "Then, sir," said he, "ten guineas to one you never were in Ireland in your life; for you must have known him if you had met him, whether you would or not."

There was an infinity of good-humor in Mr Talcranagh; and if his ideas were not always perspicuous, they often came forth with somewhat of prismatic brilliancy. He acknowledged a predilection for the writers of his own country, "which," he said, "we authors are not apt to do." I then discovered that I had been conversing with a literary man, who had published an imperial folio of eleven pages on the Irish Wolf-dog.

"I sold my copies," said he, "and bought a tilbury and a

leash of setters. And now, sir, if ever you should print anything, take my advice : cuts in wood or cuts in stone, and a black-letter title-page, for your life ! I did it, without a knowledge of printer or publisher. To be sure, I was master of my subject, which goes a great way ; and then indeed I had a pair of extraordinary capital buckskins, which, it is true, began to carry on the surface, as Southey says of Flemish scenery,

‘A gray and willowy hue ;’

but I found a fellow in Cockspur-street<sup>3</sup> who procured me a favourable criticism for them. I went no further in expenditure, although Valpy was constantly at the heels of my groom Hononius, pressing him also to write a criticism on the *Wolf-dog of Erin* for the *Classical Journal*,—since I from ignorance of custom was too proud to do it,—and assuring him that, look as he might, and shake his head as he would, he was no Jew, and would do the thing reasonably. Sir,” added Mr Talcranagh smartly, “are you a friend to dogs ?”

“A thousand thanks to you, Mr Talcranagh,” cried I, “for asking me a question at last which I can answer in the affirmative. There is a sort of freemasonry among us, I verily believe ; for no dog, except a cur, a pug, or a turnspit, ever barks at me : they and children love me universally. I have more than divided empire : these form the best part of the world.” “Add the women,” shouted he aloud, “and here is my hand for you.” We saluted cordially.

“Indeed,” said I, “Mr Talcranagh, you have reason to be proud of your countrywomen, for their liveliness, their beauty, and their genius. The book before us, by Miss Edgeworth, which you were looking into, abounds in philosophy and patriotism ; there is nothing of commonplace, nothing of sickly sentiment, nothing of insane enthusiasm. I read warily ; and whenever I find the writings of a lady, the first thing I do is to cast my eyes along her pages, to see whether I am likely to be annoyed by the traps and spring-guns of interjections, or if any French or

[<sup>3</sup> First ed. reads : “Cockspur-street who could clean neatly, and these I sent with my best compliments to the prime hand in the \* \* \* \* *Review*, taking care to leave a bran new guinea in the watch pocket. This was enough. I went,” &c.]

Italian is sprinkled on the surface; and if I happen to espy them, I do not leap the paling. In these volumes I see much to admire, and nothing that goads or worries me into admiration."

"Gentlemen," said the Cavaliere, "I am as warm an admirer of the <sup>4</sup> Irish ladies in their authorship as either of you; and perhaps if one of them, lately here in Florence, had consulted me on a few matters and persons, I could have rendered her some service by setting her right. Travellers are profuse of praise and censure in proportion as they have been civilly or indecorously received; not inquiring nor caring whether the account be quite correct, if the personages of whom they write be of celebrity: for censure no less than praise requires a subject of notoriety. Many <sup>5</sup> English and Irish count a stranger of rank \* in this city, who did not even put on mourning at the decease of his wife's brother, Napoleon; though he owed to him the highest of his distinctions, and the greater part of his unwieldy fortune. He suffered to die here, imprisoned for debt, a woman once lovely, generous, and confiding; who had ruined herself to make her house appear worthy of his reception. At the moment when she was breathing her last in silence, in solitude, in want of sustenance, his palace resounded with music, with dances, with applauses to archdual guests and their magnificent entertainer. The sum expended on that night's revelry would have released her from captivity, and would have rescued her from death. Our fair traveller does not mention this; but did she not know it? She <sup>6</sup> has spoken of our patriots: what were they doing? They were contented to act in the character of buffoons before the court.

"Do you wish a little anecdote of the Florentine Russel, as she called the man? Go half a mile up the road to Bologna, and you will probably see before their cottage a family of thirteen, in tears. Ask them why they weep: they will inform you that our Russel, who administers and manages the estates and affairs

[<sup>4</sup> First ed. reads: "of Lady Morgan as either of you, and if she had consulted," &c.]

[<sup>5</sup> From "Many" to "it" (14 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

\* Prince Boigheve.

[<sup>6</sup> First ed. reads: "Lady Morgan has spoken of our patriots, the Russels of our city." From "They" to "Gallo" (35 lines) added in 2nd ed. The 2nd ed. has also another anecdote, but as it does not contain any interesting matter it has not been reprinted.]

of his father, has given them notice to quit their vineyard. Ask them for what reason: they will reply, 'We are thirteen in number; God has willed it. Some of us are too old, others too young, for work; our family has lived upon this little plot for many generations; many a kind soul, now in Paradise, has drawn water from this well for the thirsty traveller; many a one has given the fig off his bread at noon to the woman laboring with child, and resting on that stone. We have nothing now to give; no, not even a bunch of roses to our Protectress over the gate—mercy upon us! Until this unproductive season we have always paid our rent: we are now thirty crowns in arrears. We went to the good old lady; she shook her head, and said she would do what she could for us, but that her son managed, and he already knew the case.' On hearing this, they will tell you as they told me, their courage forsook them, groans burst simultaneously from every breast, desperation seized the adult and vigorous, agony the aged and infirm, and the first articulate sounds they uttered were, 'O God, there is none to help us!' An Englishman of stern countenance came up at the beginning of the narration; he looked at me with defiance, and seemed to say internally, 'Be off!' As they continued to speak, he closed his lips more strongly; the muscles of his jaw trembled more and more; he opened his eyes wider; I heard every breath of air he drew into his nostrils; he clenched his fist, stamped with his heel into the turf; cried, 'What can this cursed slave do here?' and throwing down a card of address, without a thought of their incapacity to read it, 'Venite da me!' cried he, in an accent rather like fury than invitation. He walked away rapidly: the wind was in his face; I saw something white blown over his shoulder at intervals till he reached the Porta San Gallo.

"There may formerly have been a virtuous or a brave citizen in the family so extolled—and indeed in what family has there not been, earlier or later?—but if those who now compose it are called Russels, with equal right may the cast horses of a sand-cart be called Bucephaluses. Strangers are disposed to consider us the vilest and most contemptible race in Europe; and they must appear to have reason on their side, if such creatures are taken for the best of us. Not<sup>7</sup> a single one of these flaming

[<sup>7</sup> From "Not" to "depressed" (7 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

patriots ever subscribed a farthing to aid the Spaniards or the Greeks, nor in furtherance of any agricultural or other useful association in their own country. Allowing to the Russel of the Bologna-road all his merits, I insist for the honor of my native place that no inhabitant of it, be his condition what it may, has fewer : I do not depress the one, nor will I suffer the other to be depressed. Patriotism has here a different meaning from what it has in England. A patriot, with us, is a man who is unfriendly to any established government, and who, while he flatters a native prince, courts over an invader. His only grievances are to pay taxes for the support, and to carry arms for the defence, of his country. He would loosen the laws as impediments to the liberty of action, with a reserve of those which secure to him the fruits of rapine and confiscation : those are provident and conservative, and enthroned in light by the philanthropy of the age. Hospitality is the virtue of barbarians—"

"Blood and *bounds* !" cried indignantly my young friend, "I would ask him, whoever he is, whether that was meant for me. If there is barbarism in a bottle of claret, there is as much of it in a corked as in an uncorked one."

"Sir," replied mildly Puntomichino, "I could point out to you a Russel of the Italian school, and it is no other than this who received unusual civilities in England ; and of all those gentlemen there who treated him with attention and kindness, of all with whom he dined constantly, not a single one, or any relative, was ever invited in his house even to a glass of stale barleywater or sugarless lemonade."

"Cavaliere," said I, "we more willingly give invitations than accept them. I speak of others, not of myself, for I have never been tempted to dine from home these seven years ; yet, although I am neither rich nor convivial, and hardly social, I have given at least a hundred dinners in the time, if not superb, at least not sordid ; and those who knew me long ago say, 'Landor is become a miser : his father did otherwise.'"

"Cappari !" exclaimed Puntomichino ; "this whole family, with thirty thousand crowns of income, has not done a ninetieth part of it within the memory of man."

"Faith ! then," interrupted Talcranagh, "it must have come into the Russels by a forced adoption. The Russels of England



are of opinion, right or wrong, that the first things are good principles; and the next, good cheer. I wish, sir," said he, looking mildly and somewhat mournfully at me, "I had not heard you say what you did about<sup>8</sup> not dining from home. I began to think well of you, I know not why; and I doubt not still—God forbid I should!—that you are a worthy and conscientious man. As for that other, I thank him for teaching me what I never should have learned at home, that a fellow may be a good patriot with a very contracted heart and as much ingratitude as he can carry to market. Why! you might trust a Correggio across his kitchen-chimney on Christmas-day; ay, Signor Puntomichino?"

"Gentlemen," said our host, "under the least vindictive of princes we may talk as loudly as we please of liberty, which we could not do without fear and trembling when we were in the full enjoyment of it. What are you pondering so gravely, Mr Tancranagh?"

"Woe!" replied he, "woe to the first family that ever dines yonder! Let them each take a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, against the explosion of mould from the grand evolution of the tablecloth! Now, concerning your ministers, there are some things not entirely to my mind, neither: your prinee, I dare to say, knows nothing about them."

Puntomichino looked calmly, and replied, "Our ministers are liberal, my young friend. They have indeed betrayed in succession all the sovereigns who employed them, yet they let every man do his best or his worst; and if you are robbed or insulted, you may insult or rob again. All parties enjoy the same plenitude of power."

"Plenitude! by my soul, Sir Cavaliere," cried Mr Tancranagh, "and a trifle, I think, to spare. One of them a few days ago did what a king of Great Britain and Ireland would not dare to do, and which, if the first potentate on earth had done in London, he would have been kicked down the stairs for his impudence. The exhibition of pictures at your Academy was announced as opening to the public at ten. His Excellency entered alone, and remained in the principal apartment until two, the doors of which

[<sup>8</sup> From "about" to "home" added in 3rd ed. Three lines below, 1st ed. reads: "man; but I would fain have thought well of you. As," &c.]

were locked to others. If it had been possible for him to have acted so among us, he would have been tossed in a blanket till the stars blinked upon him ; the people would have perfumed his frill and ruffles abundantly with home-made essences, would have added new decorations to his waistcoatful of *orders*, and would have treated his eagles with more eggs than they could swallow."

Puntomichino for a time was silent, and then said placidly, "Believe me, sirs, our government, which would be a detestable one for the English, is an excellent one for us. Every day in London brings with it what to a stranger looks like a rebellion, or at best a riot ; no mischief is done thereby. Your strength, which causes this irregularity, sustains you ; but weak bodies bear little fermentation."

"Wisely thought and well expressed," said Mr Talcranagh. "I am convinced that, if we had not a riot now and then in Ireland, we should be mopish and sullen as the English, or insincere and ferocious as the French. And I have observed, Signor Cavaliere, that, strange as it may appear, whenever there has been much of a riot there has been sunshine. Smile as you will, Mr Landor, I swear to the fact."

To which I answered, "Your assertion, Mr Talcranagh, is quite sufficient ; but is it impossible that the fine weather may have brought together a great concourse of people to the fair or festival, and that whiskey or beauty or politics or religion may have incited them to the exertion of their prowess?"

"There are causes that we know," replied he, "and there are causes that we know not. Inquiry and reflection are sensible things ; but there is nothing like experience, nothing like seeing with one's own eyes. We must live upon the spot to judge perfectly and to collect evidences. Philosophy ought to lead us, but only to a certain point : there we leave her, and joy go with her. I have seen impudent rogues in Dublin, and have fancied that the world could not match them : now what think you of a set of fellows, with coats without a collar, who take us by the hand, and say with the gravest face upon earth, 'The elements shall be elements no longer,' and strip them one after another of their treasured as easily as Lord *Redwhiskers* stripped a royal duke of his last curtain and carpet ? It is enough to make one grave, to think

on this abuse of intellect. Do<sup>9</sup> you know, Signor Cavaliere, we have lately had people among us, and learned ones, who doubted the existence of the Trojan war, on which chronicles are founded?"

"Sir," remarked Puntomichino, "the doubt is not of recent origin. Eberard Rudolph Roth attempted, in 1674, to prove from three ancient coins that Troy was not taken. What, if the *Iliad* should be in great measure a translation? Many of the names might lead us to suspect it: such as Agamemnon and Sarpedon, which are Oriental ones with dignities prefixed; *Aga* and *Sba*, which the Greeks and Romans, not possessing the shibboleth, could pronounce no otherwise. Thus they wrote *Sapor*, the same name (with the title preceding it) as *Porus*. *Aga* seems indeed to have migrated into Greece among the first Pelasgi, and designates in many things what is excellent,—as in *ἀγαθος*, *ἀγαπητος*, and several proper names, as Agamedes, Agasicles, Agatharcides; but *Memnon* is not Hellenic."

"Signor Cavaliere, I cannot keep up with you on your Turkish horse," cried aloud Talcranagh, "which is better for any business than the road. Upon plain ground nearer us, the acutest men may be much mistaken even after long experience. I assure you, I have found grossly inaccurate the first piece of information given me by a very cautious old traveller. He mentions the honesty of the Savoyards and the thievery of the Italians: now here have I been a fortnight, safe and sound, and have not lost a hair. I had not been twenty-four hours in Savoy when they had the meanness to steal my hatband. In future I shall be persuaded how illusory are sketches of national character."

"That<sup>10</sup> a traveller," said the Cavaliere, "may receive a wrong opinion of events and things after even a deep study of them, and with as much knowledge of the world as happens to most men, I myself have a proof in my late Uncle Fontebuoni. On that marriage, the best fruit of which was Peter Leopold, he was sent into France, to announce the event to the Court of Versailles; and after the Revolution, when the Directory was established, he resolved to revisit the country of pleasure and politeness. He resided there one month only; long enough, he

<sup>9</sup> From "Do" to "us" (20 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

<sup>10</sup> From "That" to "general" (48 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

protested to me, for any man in his senses. 'I have heard the same thing, uncle,' said I, 'and that not only politeness is swept away, but that the women are become most indecent and wanton.' 'Nephew Puntomichino,' he replied, 'in regard to politeness what you have heard is indeed too true; but, with all my hatred and abhorrence of the present system, I am obliged in conscience to declare that the women are more correct in their morals than they were formerly. A heart is to be touched only by a diamond pin; a head is to be turned only by a peruke *à la Lucrèce*, worth ten louis. A compliment did formerly; if one knelt, it was uncivil not to return the condescension by something as like it as possible.' This he said at dinner, with his tooth-pick in his fingers, wandering and flitting here and there for its quarry over the wold of his hard smooth gums. He was in his sixty-ninth or seventieth year when he went a second time to Paris, and never found out that women are made continent by our ages more often and more effectually than by their own."

"Well, that never struck me," said Mr Talcranagh. I was here startled by some musical accents from a sofa behind me. Puntomichino cried, "What are you about, Magnelli?" "I must go," replied he, "to the English minister's. He is composing an opera: he has every note ready, and only wants my assistance just to put them in order; which I shall have accomplished in three weeks by going daily, and taking my dinner and supper with him."

On this he left the room. "These musicians," said Puntomichino, "are people of no ceremony. He entered, as usual, without a word, threw himself upon the sofa, sat half an hour, and the first we heard of him was the hum of a dozen notes. His observation on parting is very similar to one from a gentleman at my next-door, a worthy creature, and fond of chess. 'Why so much embarrassment, Signor Gozzi?' 'It is not embarrassment,' answered he calmly, 'but reflection. I can move my man in a moment: I am only thinking where I may put him.' 'Ah! Signor Gozzi,' said a friend of mine who was present, 'if ministers of state would think about the same thing as long, they would dispose of places more wisely than they do in general.'"

"As for systems," said Mr Talcranagh, "come, Signor

Cavaliere, you have weighed them all. I have not patience to talk about them. Conclusions are drawn even from skin and bones: eyes, noses, teeth,—they will soon come (saving your presence).”

“I know not what they will come to,” was the timely reply of the Cavaliere; “but I can mention as wonderful a fact as the sunshine elicited by shillalahs. My father was a physiognomist, and when Lavater first published his work, ‘Now,’ cried he, rubbing the palms of his hands together, ‘men begin to write again as they should do.’ He insisted that a man’s countenance, in all its changes, indicated his virtues or vices, his capacities or defects. The teeth, among other parts, were infallible indexes; they were in the human visage what consonants are in the alphabet, the great guides, the plain simple narrators. Amid his apothegms was, ‘Never trust a man with a twisted tooth.’ In fact, of all I had ever seen and of all I have ever seen since under that description, not one has proved worthy of trust. I inquired of my father with submission, whether age or accident might not alter the indications. ‘By no means,’ exclaimed he emphatically; ‘if the indications are changed, the character is changed. God, before he removed the mark, removed the taint.’ He observed that, where the teeth turned inward, there is wariness, selfishness, avarice, inhumanity; where they turn outward, there is lasciviousness, prodigality, gaming, gluttony. I then doubted these indications, and imagined that a part of the latter was taken up against a priest not indeed in high reputation for sobriety or continence, who had offended my father in a tender quarter. My father had erected a stile for the convenience of his peasants; but the inscription was so prolix,\* he was forced to engrave the conclusion of it

\* Lest an inscription on a stile should surpass the reader’s faith, here is one *On a prince changing horses at a Villa*, to the intent, as it says expressly, that all men and nations and ages should know it: “Honorî Ferdinandî III. Aust.: qui ad veterem Etruriæ dominationem redux in hoc Capponianæ gentis prætorio xv. Kal. Octob. mccccxiv. tantisper substitit, dum rhedæ itinerariæ regalî substitueretur, qua urbem principem inter communes plausus et gaudii lacrimas introiret; herisque ob faustitatem eventûs dignitatemque sibi locoque ab hospite magno impertitam lætitiâ elatis pristinam benevolentiam comitate alloquiî gratique animi significatione declaravit; Marchio Petrus Robertus Capponius ad memoriam facti postgenitis omnibus tradendum.”

upon the church-porch. The Latin, as the priest acknowledged, was classical; yet he requested it might be removed to our dove-cote, which was farther off, and not by the side of any road. The exoteric teeth of the reverend gentleman by some unknown accident received a blow, which adjusted them between the extremes; and my father was asked, in joke, whether he had a better opinion of his spiritual guide since his improvement in dentition. 'Indeed I have,' he answered gravely; 'for so sudden and so great a change, whether brought about by the organic mutations of the frame, or by an irresistible stress with which certain sentiments or sensations may bear upon it, must be accompanied by new powers, greater or smaller, and by new qualities and propensities. Some internal struggle may in length of time have produced an effect not only on the fibres, but through them on the harder part of the extremities.' The favorable opinion of my father was carried to the priest; who lamented (he said) no dispensation of Providence by which he conciliated the better sentiments of so enlightened and charitable a man. He was soon a daily visitor at the house; entered into the studies of his Excellency, meditated on his observations, praised them highly, and by degrees had the courage to submit to so experienced a master a few remarks of his own. He pursued them farther; and I should blush to relate, if all Florence did not know it, that my stepmother, a young lady of twenty-four, aided him too deeply in his investigations, and confirmed my father, although not exactly by working the problem as he would have recommended, that an internal struggle may produce an effect not only on the fibres, but through them on the harder part of the extremities. Then too became it public that another husband had been the holy man's dentist, in consequence of too close an application to similar studies in his house."

At <sup>11</sup> the end of which calm narration up started Mr Talcranagh, and, several times pushing his fingers rapidly through the hair over his forehead, exclaimed; "Why! how! what! do you talk in this tone and manner? Did not you nor your father slay the devil alive? Did not you spigot him, nor singe him?"

"I was at school: my father," said the Cavaliere, "took his wife to Siena; proof enough that he resented the injury. In our country, as you know, every lady of quality has her *cavaliere*

[<sup>11</sup> From "At" to "exclaimed" (3 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

*serviente*. It serves to distinguish the superior order from the lower,<sup>12</sup> and belongs to none legitimately excepting those who by wealth or services have obtained the liberty to stick their knee-buckles on their coats with a tag of scarlet. My father, as you may suppose, was indignant that a priest out of the gates,—neither a *canonico* nor *maestro di casa*,—should beget his children, and aspire, as he would have done by degrees (for impudence is never retrogressive), to conduct his lady to her carriage. I have many books in which is the text written with his own hand, ‘Never trust a man with a twisted tooth;’ but I have searched in vain for any such sentence as, ‘Trust a man with an untwisted one.’ His enthusiasm seems to have cooled from the time that he found a scholar so capable of his place. Another<sup>13</sup> of my father’s maxims was, ‘Open a man’s mouth and look whether his under-jaw be uneven, with a curvature like a swine’s, which curvature is necessarily followed by the teeth; and, discovering these, you will infallibly find him swinish in one way or other: you will find him, take my word for it, slothful, or gluttonous, or selfish. I have observed few such who were not slothful, and never one who was not both selfish and gluttonous.’ ‘In the latter case, father,’ said I, ‘it will not be necessary to open his mouth for him. I may philosophize across the table, finding there all the instruments adapted to the process of investigation.’

“It would not demonstrate to you,” added my father, “how incorrigible is the nature of such men. Goffrido Piccoluomini is of the conformation I have described; and his parents, who themselves love good living, and who are liberal to excess, attempted to divert at a riper age the tendency they were unable to conquer in his childhood. Many means were resorted to, and failed. He had a cousin at Perugia, an heiress; rich, playful, beautiful, and accomplished. Several families were at variance, because the elder son of one had been preferred to the elder of another, this in the morning, that in the evening; and there were only two things in which they agreed,—first, that she was an angel of Paradise; secondly, that she was very wrong in not fixing her choice. To quiet these animosities, her father, whose health

[<sup>12</sup>First ed. reads: “lower who aspire to nothing better than the liberty,” &c.]

[<sup>13</sup>From “Another” to “Antonino” (132 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

was declining, resolved to join his brother Guido, the father of Goffrido, at the baths of Lucca. Goffrido was beckoning to a boy who carried a basket of trout upon his head, when the carriage drove up to the door. He stood before it, his eye this moment on the trout, that moment on his cousin. The boy had retreated a step or two, when he caught him with his right hand by the coat, and opened with the left the coach-door. He had not seen Leopoldina since she was a chubby ruddy child. There are blossoms in field and garden, which first are pink, and which whiten as they expand: Leopoldina was like one of these. Her face alone had retained its plumpness: she was rather pale and slender. At sight of Goffrido, who still held the boy's skirt, she not merely smiled but laughed; she would however have put her hand before her face, for she had been educated by a French lady of high rank, when she recollected that she must give it to her cousin who now held out his. Never had he felt the force of admiration to such a degree: his mouth was open; his teeth, white as ivory, but unlucky in their curvature, looked like a broken portcullis which would not come down. He actually loosed the fisher-boy's coat, and almost had forgotten, in the midst of his compliments, to desire he would go into the house; which he did, the first of the party.

"I am incapable of giving such descriptions as would suit a novel or romance, and must therefore do injustice to the young people. Goffrido is really a fine young man, blooming in health, and addicted to no pleasures but those of the table, which he thinks the most solid of all, and takes especial care shall not be the least durable. These however by degrees he divided awhile with more visionary and exalted. He failed in no kind of attention to his fair cousin; and, when her appetite seemed to flag a little, looked out for whatever was choicest at table, presented it to her with grace and disinterestedness, and pressed it on her attention with recommendations the most anxious, and with solicitude the most pathetic. Spring had passed away, long as it lingers in this delightful region, when some moral reflections, I know not from which first, induced the fathers to devise a union: and never were two children more obedient. "If my father wishes it, his will is mine," said Goffrido. "Dear sir, you have instructed me in my duty: dispose of your Leopoldina," was the answer of his



cousin. They agreed to remain together at the baths until the vintage, at which time they must be at Perugia, and the ceremony should be performed. It rarely happened now that either had a bad appetite; and if either had, the other did not observe it, for security had taken place of solicitude, and tenderness had made room for good-humor. The more delicate fruits are seldom conveyed in perfection up these mountains; they are generally bruised and broken. Goffrido, observing this, and corroborated in his observation by Leopoldina, rode manfully to Marlia, bought a basketful of the most lovely peaches, rolled up each separately in several fig-leaves, and returned for dinner. Surely some evil genius watches the anti-vestal fire of our lowest concupiscence, and renders it inextinguishable! Goffrido presented the peaches to Leopoldina, and she took, whether by choice or accident, the finest. Her lover, seeing it in her plate, fixed his heart upon it, and saying, "You have taken a bruised one," transferred it to his, and gave her two others. His mother said, laughing, "Goffrido, I see no bruise, let me look." He blushed deeply; he lost his presence of mind; he could not support the glance of surprise which his change of countenance alone had excited in his cousin, nor the idea of yielding to so light a temptation: he left the room. The old people sat silent; Leopoldina was afflicted, for she loved him. She too retired soon after; and, being alone, began to revolve in her memory her whole acquaintance with him; and this revolving of hers cast up many similar things against him. Finally her thoughts wandered as far as Perugia, and dwelt for a moment in the chain of ideas on a little boy, who a few years before had fought a battle with a stouter, for having taken a pear from her and bitten it before she could catch him. She remembered that, when she would have taken it back and eaten it, her champion cried, "No, Signora Leopoldina, the thief has bitten it; I will bring you another instead." "Poor Antonino!", sighed she, "what made me think of thee again?"

"He had not been one of her lovers. How could he have been? She was scarcely eleven years old, he only fourteen; beside, he was the son of the parish priest, and, what is more scandalous, the acknowledged son. The father had been reprov'd by his bishop, and threatened with suspension unless he denied it publicly. "My Lord!" answered the priest, "my

passions on this one occasion overcame my reason. The mother of the child, cruelly treated by her family for my transgression, sank under the double weight of shame and sorrow. 'Take my poor infant,' cried she: 'teach him, O unhappy man, to love God—as well as I thought I did!' and she expired in my arms. I have educated the child to virtue; the best reparation of my fault: falsehood, my lord, would be none."

"Leopoldina, on her return to Perugia, walked often on the field of battle,—a more important one not only to her but to us, if I may judge by the interest I seem to have excited, than that other in the vicinity where Hannibal vanquished the Romans. Antonino, she thought, avoided her; she had sometimes seen him, and fancied he had seen her. At last she was certain he had; for while she was talking with an old woman she perceived the old woman's eyes to wander from her toward the parsonage, and heard a window-blind close. She turned round. "Another time will do," said the old woman. "I must say he had patience enough: he has little to give me, but he brings it me himself when I cannot walk, or when it rains; and he comforts me as much by smiling and laughing as another could do by praying."

"I should like to look a little at Leopoldina's teeth," added my father, 'for she is a most singular girl. Would you believe it? she is grown at last as decisive as any in the city: she has declined the visits of all her lovers, and has declared to her parents that if she ever marries it shall be Antonino.'"

This Conversation is reported in a manner differing from the rest. The meaner of us have spoken but seldom. A conversation with a young Irishman of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general) is like a forest walk, in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather take a walk in another direction on the morrow.

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VII. MAUROCORDATO AND COLOCOTRONI.<sup>1</sup>\*

*Maurocordato.* Pope<sup>2</sup> Clement the Ninth died of vexation at being unable to succor the island of Crete. It is true, the Venetians who were expelled from it were of his church: we are separated from it only by a syllable. Is there neither pope nor king who can step over a syllable in our defence? Systematically have we been persecuted, regularly have we been abandoned; and I know not which despot is most deserving of our abhorrence and execration, whether he whose intolerable chains we have wrenched and cast away from us, or the colder barbarian the most forward to promise and the most able to afford us succor. Superseding this picture, and covering it as with a black crape, let us present another to our country, worthy to be placed on the next panel to that which represents the heroic Hofer, the last and truest defender of Austria, delivered up by her to his murderers. No crime of despotism, however enormous, is without a parallel. When we fancy we have reached that point of congelation above which it is impossible to breathe, we see another such hanging with all its horrors over our heads.

[<sup>1</sup> Maurocordato, one of the leaders of the Greeks during the earlier part of their revolt, was a Phanarist by birth, descended from a Greek family who had ruled in Wallachia as Hospodars. He was "superior to all his rivals in knowledge and breadth of view, but wanting in the faculty of action required by the times."—Fyffe, ii., p. 289. He was one of the heroic garrison, who held out in Missolonghi against the Turks. Colcotrones, in this dialogue, is probably Gennaïos Colcotrones, the son of Theodore Kolotrones, and a less important person than his father. He won his name Gennaïos at Tripolitza, when only seventeen years old. See the introduction to the "Autobiography of Théodore Kolotrones," by Mrs Edmonds, where details as to the various leaders of the Greeks are given. The story that Hofer was surrendered to the French by the Austrian Government, was used by Landor in a Conversation already printed. See Vol. ii., p. 280. Landor heard it from Southey. See Southey's "Life," vol. iv., p. 61. There is, however, no historical foundation for the story. The Englishman mentioned in the Conversation is Landor himself. (Imag. Convers., ii., 1824. ii., 1826. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

\* The elder; the younger was less faithful to his country.

[<sup>2</sup> From "Pope" to "heads" (18 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

The <sup>3</sup> calm, intelligent, and virtuous Giannone, a century ago edited his elaborate and faithful *History of Naples*, in which a few among the usurpations and frauds of the Popedom were exposed. Inquisitors and assassins were employed against him; and he was forced to abandon his profession of advocate, to leave his family, his friends, his country, and to seek protection where lately Hofer first and vainly sought it, in Vienna. The friendship of Prince Eugene could not defend him against the malice of the pope, working on the pusillanimity of the emperor. He was driven from Austria, and took refuge in Venice. Here also was a kind of Inquisition. Giannone was seized by night, and was cast before sunrise on the shores of the papal territory. He found means, however, of escaping to Geneva. After a residence of several months in that city, he was invited by an emissary of the Sardinian king to a villa on the opposite side of the lake; here he was arrested. For vindicating the privileges of the king against the pretensions of the pope his reward was a strict and solitary confinement, first in a fortress of Savoy, then in the citadel of Turin; where, after twelve years of imprisonment, he died.

*Colocotroni.* Say no more of the dead. The curses of good men are barren in our days, whatever they were formerly, and wither the heart they rise from, not the head they fall on. Why revert to Giannone? Why to Hofer? Is not Rhigas nearer?

*Maurocordato.* Yes. Rhigas,<sup>4</sup> we know, was born at Veles-tinos in Thessaly, about the year 1753. He was the primary mover in our glorious cause since the power of the Venetians was broken by the common enemy. Enriched by commerce, he left it early; and, collecting about him the few literary men \* whom our unfortunate nation at that time produced, went to Vienna and edited a journal. His inoffensive manners, his charity, his liberality, conciliated the hearts of all. The Government felt and acknowledged the utility of his labors: its new subjects were better disposed toward it, and others were more ready to become

[<sup>3</sup> From "The" to "Yes" (25 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

[<sup>4</sup> From "Rhigas" to "return" (60 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

\* Zabira, a Greek of Sialista, is reported to have left behind him a catalogue and biography of the Greek writers since the capture of Constantinople: he died in the year 1804.

so. Above all, the Servians, then under Paswan Ogloa, read with avidity the evangile of their freedom. The divan of Constantinople was informed of it; a demand was made that Rhigas be delivered up, and was at once acceded to. He and eight of his friends were seized by the police of Vienna, chained, thrown into a boat on the Danube, and committed to a Turkish guard.

In vain was the torture inflicted on them to extort the names of their accomplices. At the sight of Widdin, "O strong and beauteous city!" cried Rhigas, "residence of a wise and valiant prince! never hast thou seen him abandoning his defenders, nor intimidated by an enemy, far or near." The animated tone, the look of exultation in our proton martyr of resuscitated freedom, was the signal of death to his countrymen and himself. Apprehensive that it denoted the proximity of a rescue, the captain of the guard ordered the larger stones in the ballast to be fastened about their necks. During this operation they sang the Hymn of Liberty which Rhigas composed, and, when they had begun the louder chorus, were cast into the river.

*Colocotroni.* O Rhigas! who among the blessed sits nearer to thy God than thou? Hear me! look down on our country! the eyes of every angel will follow thine, and weep at its abandonment by the Christian princes.

Can no appeal be made to humanity by learning?

*Maurocordato.* In Austria no books are read but cookery-books, missals, and lives of the saints. Russia contains only one man of erudition, the archimandrite Hyacinthos, who has collected and translated the most valuable portion of Chinese literature. On suspicion of being a thinker, he has been banished to Archangel, and is dying by an affection of the lungs.

*Colocotroni.* In France, in England, is there none who will speak aloud for us?

*Maurocordato.* The literary men of France have a censor over them: upon which some have become missionaries and jesuits, and some Mahometans; others write odes on the triumphs of the Duc d'Angoulême, and on the *Trocadero* in the nursery of the Duchess de Berri. England has party-men in profusion. If a solitary sedate republican should rise up in that country, they would unite and tear him to pieces; just as the beggars of two streets against a stranger at the corner who (they suspect) may beg

*Colocotroni.* The English have no need of a republic, none of their habits or imaginations resting on it, and enjoying as they do what liberty they desire. Yet I cannot see why, when I myself am shaven, I should break the razor, or hinder the use of one in those who want it; as they do in regard to freedom, from an imperfect and erroneous calculation in the ledger-book. Nearly all the writers may indeed be hired by the Government, and the few of them who are not hired may live in expectancy of place and profit; yet the public is much interested in our cause, and has borne toward us that liberality for which nothing short of eternal gratitude can be an adequate return.

*Maurocordato.* General, I have received from an Englishman, who resides at Florence, a military map of Greece, in which all those places are accurately marked where great battles have been fought, and to which a topographical description is added, wherever it was to be found either in ancient historians or modern travellers.

*Colocotroni.* The ancients, who excelled us in most things of importance, excelled us principally in the variety of expedients for attack and defence. Every great general was a great inventor. Within the memory of man, I believe, not a stratagem has been thought of by any in Europe, be it old or new, original or borrowed. Campaigns are formed as much by a receipt as custards, and sieges as cheesecakes. I know the better part of Greece perfectly, and only wish your English friend could devise the means for me of bringing my enemy where beaten enemies were brought formerly.

The Greeks have performed, in the last three years, as many arduous actions as their ancestors ever performed within the same period, and have evinced a constancy such as they have never exhibited since the days of Pericles. The British force is composed of three nations, each striving for precedency in valor. Hence whenever a large body of troops is assembled there must be a portion of each, and vigor is exerted by all; but when smaller detachments of one nation are sent out on what they call diversions, we generally find them fail, there being no such spirit of rivalry and emulation. It cannot be dissembled that the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier; and the most

remarkable, where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting. Place any distinguished general of theirs where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain, and then inform me what are your hopes, and whether you expect from him the same activity and the same expedients. Whatever is done by the English is done by open force, to which nothing is precursory or subsidiary. Our enemies the Turks are somewhat of this character. Now I lay it down as a maxim, that the weaker of two powers at variance should never employ the same weapons as the stronger: when it cannot find better, at least it should look for what are different and unexpected. If we Greeks at present form our regiments on the model of the English, we shall lose half our strength. By good fortune, our troops are composed of men united by blood or neighbourhood, and partly put into motion by the spirit of love and concord, partly by emulation: for the different regions of Greece, you know, are just as much rivals now as they were anciently. In no other part of Europe is there in the military establishments the least consideration of moral force; vices and virtues are equally compressed: men are filed and packeted like pins and needles, according to their length,—an inch in stature divides two brothers, two friends, two rivals in the affections of the same mistress, leaving room for the union of the brave man and the coward. Nothing that is ridiculous, absurd, injurious, or offensive is omitted in the modern practice; and if your English commentator draws his conclusions from it, and recommends it to our imitation, we have only to thank him for his kind intent.

Greece has much to do, much not to do. God, who hath restored her miraculously to her enthusiastic and vigorous youth, will guide and protect her in it; and will open by degrees before her all the sources of knowledge, and all the means of improvement and prosperity.

*Maurocordato.* The paper I hold in my hand recommends the thing on which you particularly insist,—the diversity of weapon; nor does the author quote an English authority, but the authority of an American, who suggested it to his country when she was about to contend with a military force to which hers was disproportionate both in numbers and in discipline. “The interest,” says my correspondent, “I feel and have always felt in

the fortune of those who struggle to be free, persuades me to submit some reflections, perhaps not unimportant, to your country. If they were entirely my own," adds he, "I might hesitate more to offer them, although of late years I have studied these matters with some attention, and have examined them with some industry. Franklin proposed to the consideration of the Anglo-Americans, whether the bow be not a more effectual weapon than the musket. Its lightness, the ease with which it may be kept dry, with which it may be concealed and recovered, with which it may be loaded and discharged, with which it may be preserved in order or replaced, are not its only advantages.

"Patriotic as are the Greeks, there are many who, on receiving a musket from the Government, would be induced to return home, that they might rather employ it at the chase than in battle. The bow, at least in the beginning, would not serve the purpose, would never hold forth such an inducement, and nobody would buy it if offered for sale. When munition is exhausted in the villages and in the mountains (where we fight most frequently), the soldier can find no more, and is no longer a soldier for some days; while every wood and thicket, every house and shed, produces the material of arrows. Youths, from their tender age or from their idle habits, incapable of carrying heavy arms would carry a bow, it being no impediment either in attack or flight; and, if thrown away, it is little loss to them, and no advantage to the enemy.

"The advice of Franklin was not rejected because it was irrational or reprehensible, but because the Anglo-Americans were nearly all well exercised in the management of fire-arms, and because they found in the cities a superabundance of powder and shot. Far different in Greece: the choice is yet to be made; and you will surely make it," says our friend, "of that material which is at once the most plentiful and the most easy to work; that in which the exercise is the least laborious, and the attainment of skill the least difficult. Suppose two kinds of arms, or, if you please, two kinds of tactics, equally good; if either of these be unexpected by the enemy, that is preferable. Even the worst, the first time it is practised, will give the advantage to those who employ it, unless its defects be too evident



"The ancients," he thinks with you, "reasoned much more and much better on this business than the moderns; and they always used a great diversity of weapons in the same army, the advantage of which is demonstrated by Folard in his commentary on Polybius.

"The arrow acts in three manners,—rectilinearly, curvilinearly, and perpendicularly; the musket-ball in one only, the rectilinear. Twelve arrows are discharged before the musket can be discharged the third time, even supposing that it is always clean, and that it never misses fire. The musket without bayonet (as are many of ours) is very inconvenient; for we must often draw the sword, and then what becomes of it? while the bow, thrown in a moment across the shoulder, leaves the right hand at liberty, and the body unencumbered, for the other ways of defence or of attack.

"The Turks fight in close array, so that every arrow strikes either man or horse; and it is remarkable that a moderate puncture makes the horse intractable, while to a severe musket-shot he often seems for a time insensible. The report of fire-arms by night or in ambuscade betrays the soldier; the arrow not. Even by day it sometimes is expedient that death come veiled. The lock of fire-arms is the most important part of them, and is the most liable to injury from a blow, from a fall, or from service. The musket is composed of many parts, each subject to be detached or loosened, some to be lost, as the rod and the flint; and the loss may not be perceived until it is fatal.

"If any considerable body of archers, well supported, drew upon an unprepared enemy (and all at this day are so) they would gain, if not the battle, the advantage. No fire could produce such destruction, such confusion, or leave effects so immediately visible, so generally appalling.

"He who carries a bow instead of a musket may also carry provisions for five entire days; an incalculable advantage in a country laid waste on every side, and which will enable him in most situations to choose and change his encampment as he pleases. When a foot-soldier thus armed has taken the horse of an enemy, he may mount and use him, should circumstances require it; which he could not do with musket and bayonet, even in case of necessity.

"The bow has no need of cleaning ; the musket has need of it every day ; and after a march or an engagement, when it may want it most, the soldier feels little inclination to this surcharge of labor, and often has not tow, sometimes not water (as ours experienced on the mountains last summer, when even in the plains there was barely a sufficiency to quench their thirst). By the lightness of this weapon, and the little danger there is of its sounding loud in striking against any thing, munition-wagons and stores may be set on fire, applying to the arrow inflammable substances.

"The Turks are still masters of cities and fortresses which you must take. No nation defends a place so obstinately and courageously as they do ; and you have some which they will soon attack. Here the bow is greatly a better weapon than the musket. For, in the hurry of firing on those who mount to the assault, few balls are well rammed ; hence they fall out or fall inoffensively ; and nothing is more difficult than to hit a man, aiming at him perpendicularly. The arrow on this occasion would seldom miss. You<sup>b</sup> may have reason then to be glad that they no longer use the bow, in which formerly lay their strength."

*Colocotroni.* These observations are worth attention. What have you beside ?

*Maurocordato.* The observations on defensive armor are original and important. "Even so late as the reign of Louis XIV. the officer wore it. In the battle of Waterloo,—more glorious to the victor than any since that of Leuctra, if perhaps you except four others won by the same nation, at Cressy, at Agincourt, at Poitiers, and at Blenheim,—three regiments of light cavalry in succession were ordered to attack the French cuirassiers. Each made several charges, and lost the greater part of its men in killed or wounded.<sup>6</sup> If," adds my correspondent, "these English regiments had been defended by the armor I am about to propose for yours, they would have lost much fewer, and, although no troops are braver, more expert, or better dis-

[<sup>b</sup> From "You" to "strength" (2 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>6</sup> First ed. reads: "wounded. This, continues my author, belongs to history, and shall find its place there together with the inquiries and reflections it excites—an imprudence unexampled. If," &c.]

ciplined than the French cuirassiers, would probably have repulsed them; for the English horses were fresher, not having surmounted such acclivities, nor having toiled so long over a deep tenacious clay.

"Suppose it possible to discover a substance on which the seasons have little or no effect; which resists heat, cold, moisture: iron does not. Suppose it possible to discover a substance which leaves every limb its elasticity, its full play and action: iron does not. Suppose it possible to discover a substance in which the soldier, if necessary, may sleep: in iron he cannot."

In fact, General, he recommends the use of *cork* armor; the usual thickness of which material is sufficient to resist the bayonet, and which a musket-ball will rarely penetrate. "By employing this, the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantages of him who can; he may be knocked down in it, but he will not be killed nor badly wounded; seldom will a particle of it enter the flesh, and in case it should, no substance whatever is so easily extracted; nor will there ever be those contusions which are often mortal in the head, for although the sabre does not penetrate the metal, it indents it so deeply as to produce the same effect. We have experienced the dizziness that the helmet occasions in a few hours of exertion: this destroys both activity and strength. Nothing is so cool to the head as cork, or presents so equal and wholesome a temperature in all seasons. Its additional weight is imperceptible to the horse; nor is the dismounted soldier lost, as the steel-cased cuirassier is. This armor is cheap and durable; it occupies no time in cleaning, none in putting on; every one can mend or replace it."

Some of the other projects must be left to the discretion of our Government; they are political rather than military; they are calculated to act instantaneously and effectually, and the author says of them, "There are circumstances in which Themistocles should be heard before Aristides, and indeed without him."

He recommends that the *Acro-cerinthos*, and some other positions, should be flanked with strong Martello towers, and gives an account of an English ship of seventy-four guns utterly ruined off Corsica by such a tower, mounting one only.

Here is also a proposal to construct, or rather to employ (for we have them in many of our ports), gunboats similar to those used by the Russians in the battle of Tchesme.

*Colocotroni.* I hope we are not yet reduced to imitate the Russians in any thing. The least inventive of the human race, and the most hostile to inventions and improvements, can hardly be presented to Greeks for a model by one who appears well acquainted with our history, with our capacities, and with our wants.

*Maurocordato.* He informs me that the invention of this is due to his countryman and friend, General Bentham, a man equally distinguished for courage, humanity, and science.<sup>7</sup>

*Colocotroni.* I know almost as little of English inventors as the Emperor of Turkey, or Morocco, or Austria. War is my pursuit: come to the point; let me see his project. I may recommend it; for the wisest men and most useful things want recommendation, and the tongue of the fool is often requisite to the inventions of the wise.

*Maurocordato.* General Bentham commanded the naval armament of Russia at the battle of Tchesme, under (where princes are entrusted with command this word usually means *over*) Prince Potemkin. Gunboats had always been built solidly, with strong traverses, to prevent the recoil of the gun. Hence, after every fire the motion of the vessel was so violent and of so long continuance that the discharges were intermitted and uncertain. One would imagine that little experience was requisite to demonstrate how, leaving the cannon to its recoil and the vessel to its own action upon the water, no violent shock could be given, and how the succeeding charges would be more rapid and more easily directed. Instead of the old gunboat, constructed at much expense and soon ruined, he placed heavy cannon upon barks deemed before incapable of bearing them; but it was soon apparent that, on still water, they were adequate to destroy the most formidable ships of the line. The general showed the troops and mariners that the water itself gives the proper degree both of recession and of resistance, without danger to the gunner or detriment to the boat. The advantages of the invention are these: that the boats, if they

[<sup>7</sup> First ed. reads: "science, and whose brother I have heard represented as the only true philosopher of his nation since Locke. *Colocotroni*," &c.]

are to be built, do not cost a fifth of the others; that worse timber and a smaller quantity of it will serve; and that merchant-ships taken from the enemy may be converted into them.

*Colocotroni.* Do the English use them constantly? for in these matters they have more authority with me than in others.

*Maurocordato.* They do not; because they have no need of gunboats on their coasts, commanding, as they do, the ocean; because, too, their seas are tempestuous, and their expeditions for the greater part distant; and because they are reluctant that their enemies should acquire from them the benefit of an invention, by which they themselves could not profit in the same degree. The small gunboat not presenting a broadside to an enemy, the Turk, the worst of gunners, would hardly ever strike it; while it would rarely miss him, and would never fail to discourage where it might not disable.

My correspondent is urgent that every mariner and soldier on board should be armed with a bow, and with a longer and heavier pike than any in common use. Recurring to actions by land, he observes that the length of the pike gave the victory to the Greeks in the first battle against Xerxes, when the Immortals of that autocrat were repulsed by the Lacedæmonians, according to Herodotus, from this cause only. The bow is recommended at sea more earnestly, and in our gunboats and small boats most particularly, from the necessity of loading them lightly.

*Colocotroni.* Should any of these suggestions be introduced, it must be done suddenly, secretly, and diffusively.

*Maurocordato.* The political reflections of my correspondent will be the subject of some future consideration. To obtain our independence, he would propose to the Turk the same annual subsidy "as comes into the treasury at present," which is little more than a fifth of what is levied; he would engage that we should admit into our ports no vessel of a potentate at war with Turkey, and that we should sign no treaty of alliance with any one upon her confines; he would consent that the Greeks in Asia and other parts should be united in the territory bounded on the north by Olympus and the Ceraunians, on the east by the Ægæan Sea, and including Crete. Property should be exchanged by Turkish and Greek Commissioners, aided by the consuls of France, England, and Sweden, and the contract should be carried

into execution in three years. He informs me that many Christian and Jewish families have records of places in Crete, where the treasures of houses, of churches, and of monasteries were deposited on its subjugation. Turkey does not derive one hundred and eighty thousand zecchins annually from the conquest. She would readily compromise in a few years, probably on the breaking out of the first war, for the tax stipulated, and accept ten or twelve years' purchase. Indeed, on her expressing any doubt of security of our faith, we might offer as much with no fear of a refusal, and could obtain it by a loan from England. So moderate a debt would rather be a bond to unite us than a burden.

*Colocotroni.* A society of Englishmen no less patriotic has kindly sent to me three hundred Bibles, in readiness for the next campaign, with an exhortation to prohibit dancing in private houses, unless among persons of a certain age and rank; a remonstrance against what is usual at the corners of streets, or lanes, or stable-doors; and a form of prayer to be offered up in our churches.<sup>8</sup> Instead of this, our patriarch may be requested to insert in the Litany a petition to the Almighty, that in the bowels of his compassion it may please him to retain in the government of the Seven Isles his Excellency Sir Thomas Maitland, so that the people shall never cease to sigh for union with us; and that likewise in his infinite mercy he may remove all impediment to his Excellency by removing for ever Lord Guildford, in whose presence learning would almost forget her losses, and dismembered Greece her sufferings.

*Maurocordato.* Yes,<sup>9</sup> Greece shall arise again, like Ulysses from under the wand of Pallas, when his wrinkles were smoothened and his tattered garment cast away from him.

*Colocotroni.* Nevertheless, whatever arms she takes up, she may look forward to years of agony, and to more enemies than the Turk. All the old governments in Europe will attempt to increase our difficulties, and, when they have augmented them to the utmost in their power, will point them out as the natural fruits of insubordination,—for such they call resistance, which is the more criminal in their eyes, the longer and the more patiently you

[<sup>8</sup> First ed. reads: "churches. *Maurocordato.* Instead," &c.]

[<sup>9</sup> From "Yes" to "him" added in 2nd ed. In 2nd ed. both this and the succeeding speech are spoken by Colocotroni.]

have borne oppression. Happily we have no ally : we have an oppressor the less. If Spain or Portugal had any, that ally would model the adopted form of government ; in other words, would change the features without diminishing the weight of slavery. Providence, I trust, will favor our exertions : I would propose then to leave a wide space between us and the dominions of a government more systematically and more degradedly tyrannical. Indignant as we justly are at the unworthy treatment we have received, and conscious as we cannot but be that we are the undegenerate descendants of a people which never since the foundation of the world hath beheld a rival in glory, we must acknowledge that no conqueror is milder than the Turkish, no religion more tolerant, no judge more dispassionate, no law more equitable.

*Maurocordato*.<sup>10</sup> But many countries, once Grecian, lie desolate : Crete can hardly discover the traces of five amid her hundred cities. True, islands, which when free are the happiest of countries, are the most miserable when they are subjected. For the subjection endured under modern governments is far different in its effects from that endured under our ancestors and the Romans. Towns, harbors, and marts rose upon it. Be my witnesses on one side Cyprus, Lesbos, Chios, and ye starry host of Cyclades ! stand on the other Sicily, Sardinia, Ireland, with your herds of mendicants, your bands of robbers, your pestiferous marshes, and your deserted ports ! What countries are naturally more fertile ; what more wretched ? Wild theories have no rendered them so ; yet the only mischiefs to be extirpated are wild theories. The towns of the Valtellina under the protection of Switzerland, the cities of Ragusa and Genoa and Venice, had enjoyed a long prosperity, all several hundred years, some above a thousand ; and one had arrived by its prudence and industry at an age which appeared forbidden to human institutions, when suddenly a sage, too autocratical to be taught any thing by sages of another class, draws around his shoulders a cat's-skin hung with saints, and is informed, as he swallows his morning draught of brandy, that if they really were happy they were happy from wild theories, and must be corrected. Let<sup>11</sup> us, O Colocotroni, cast our eyes a

[<sup>10</sup> "*Maurocordato*" added in 3rd ed.]

[<sup>11</sup> From "Let" to "theories" (17 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

little way into the *wilds* of these theories ; no such wilds as Siberia can open to us, nor the Ukraine, nor the Chersonese, nor the plains of Hungary, nor the Campania of the Popes and Bourbons, each by nature so fertile, each by despotism so corroded and exhausted ; but such *wilds* as our Attica and our Thessaly and our Bœotia once rejoiced in,—wilds of equality, wilds where the heart of man in full expansion heaved high and freely through the course of ages, where the human form possessed such dignity as none other than a native of this country could represent or could imagine. Wild theories, that unite men in justice and amity ! Wild theories, that gave birth and nurture to every art and every science ; that even taught reason and humanity to the despot who lashed the sea !

Solon ! Aristides ! Epaminondas ! Phocion ! ye are authors and abettors of wild theories. Who <sup>12</sup> in the world, O Demosthenes, would listen to thy calumnious tongue against Philip ? Æschylus ! we deemed thee generous, heroic, self-devoted as thy own Prometheus ; thy blood we thought flowed for thy country, for civilization, for enlightened and free mankind. It flowed for wild theories ! O Sophocles ! O Euripides ! what lessons have you given us ? Wild theories !

And yet, sir (for scorn must have its period), if we use our memories and reject our reason, which autocrats would tell us we are bound to do,—as for national power, which many look chiefly to, as for national defence, which interests all, Rome existed in a state of infancy under her kings, of maturity under her consuls, of decrepitude and decay under her emperors. People are disposed to acknowledge that a monarch is more prompt in giving his orders for invasion and annoyance, and that he can commence hostilities with greater secrecy, and conduct them with greater decision. Glorious prerogative ! There must then be some strangely countervailing disadvantage in the form and structure of his government ; for never since the creation of the world was there an instance of a monarchy conquering a republic where the people were equally numerous, or within a third ; while republics in all ages have conquered many kingdoms,

[<sup>12</sup> From "Who" to "Philip" added in 3rd ed. ; from "Æschylus" to "where" (27 lines) added in 2nd ed.]



of which the population was the double and even the triple of theirs.

Monarchy has all her blood in the head; she looks healthy to those who see health in flushed faces, and strong to those who look for strength in swollen limbs. Strange deception! if indeed any thing is strange where all principles are perverted; where what is best must not be; where what is worst must be; where tyranny alone has rights, and usurpation alone has privileges.

*Colocotroni*.<sup>13</sup> "You shall enchain Poland; you shall do with Italy and Illyria what you please; you shall dismember free and happy Saxony."

"What! no more, my brothers?"

"Wait a little, our brother, wait a little! Wait, our brother, four years at farthest; then advance: you will be hailed as a deliverer from within and from without. His most Christian Majesty is anxious to recover the influence of his family in Spain; the English, who waged war to prevent it from having any, are not in a condition to interpose an impediment; and the ministers are more interested in suppressing the growth of constitutions than in maintaining the dignity of the throne."

The<sup>14</sup> Emperor of Russia has had the address, by the Congress of Verona, to involve the States of Europe in confusion; and within a year or two he will be able to execute his project on the side of Turkey, having first broken the sinews of Persia by pushing her on precipitately. Greece meanwhile will lie prostrate before her, ready and perhaps not unwilling to be bound by her, blinded as she is by feebleness.

*Maurocordato*. The other great Powers have declared on many occasions their resolution to set limits to the aggression of the Czar.

*Colocotroni*. Austria hath demonstrated that her sympathies are stronger with despotism than with us, or even than with Christianity. Her ships, both of commerce and of war, have repeatedly brought succor to the Turks, blockaded and besieged. Even the most Christian King hath conveyed in his navy the money sent by the Pasha of Egypt for the pay of his troops in

[<sup>13</sup> "*Colocotroni*" added in 3rd ed.]

[<sup>14</sup> From "The" to "but" (54 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

the Peloponnese. The military hirelings, who were the readiest instruments of Bonaparte's tyranny, are become the stirrup-holders (and indeed may without shame) of this ambitious satrap, who, barbarian as he is, is a soldier of more firmness and valor, a prince of more magnanimity and dignity, a politician of more clear-sightedness and conduct. If the French ministry has engaged them in such a service, it has acted with wisdom, and may triumphantly cry out to the factions, "See, what a detestable gang of rogues and vagabonds are not only those who long ago betrayed you, but those also in whom you still place your trust."

*Maurocordato.* The "Amaranthe," a French vessel of the royal navy, acted in the service of the Egyptians both before Rhodes and against Crete. But if the report be true that Cochrane is about to take a command in our defence, we may confidently hope that he will destroy any force the French government may appoint to act against us. The same blow will dissipate the Turks, and disunite the body of the Holy Alliance.

*Colocotroni.* Indeed it is time; unless the lowest in civilization are to supplant the highest.

*Maurocordato.* In the animal world the insects have the largest empire, in the political the Russians. Their dominion extends over a space equal to a third of the old world, and seven times larger than the nearest planet. The subjects are educated in blind submission; and about two millions are soldiers, or may become so, without any loss to agriculture. Is there no danger to Europe from so enormous a power, put into motion and directed by ministers who mostly have been raised from obscurity or from indigence, who have abjured their own countries, and must flourish on the decomposition of others? Lately, a vast portion of North America has been claimed by the Autocrat from the United States, Mexico, and England; beginning at the thirty-first and extending to the sixtieth degree: enough of itself to constitute three empires.

*Colocotroni.* If Russia should protect us—which God forbid!—she will break our bones by the weight of her wing; and other nations will fight over us, not for us. The people of England are zealous in our cause; but England is the only country in the world where the ministers are chosen from their dissimilitude to the people. I never think of them without the idea of the bear

ridden by the monkey,—the strong by the weak, the grave by the pert, the quiet by the mischievous. Since the time of Pitt the First (in this manner will politicians teach historians to write) she has been governed, with hardly an interval, by the most inordinate and desperate gamesters that ever her *subscription-bouses* drove penniless downstairs.

*Maurocordato.* There is an axiom, that the best if corrupted is the worst. It grieves me to think of England, once the favorite of Liberty, and sitting in light alone. All the French, however, cannot have lost entirely that spirit with which twenty millions were animated lately.

*Colocotroni.*<sup>15</sup> His most Christian Majesty is said in the Chamber of Deputies to be “destined by Providence to close the abyss of revolution.” He may perhaps close that abyss (as he would any other) by falling into it.

*Maurocordato.* The saints of the Holy Alliance punish with imprisonment and poverty those who write against the Christian religion, while they themselves act against it openly, and assist in crushing its defenders,—men descended from those who first received it among the Gentiles. Not only the Catholic princes, professing the most intolerant, the most rapacious, and the most insolent of superstitions, but the potent and sole protector of the Greek Church abandons it to the lust of the Mussulman. I dare not call this pusillanimity, still less dare I call it perfidiousness, baseness, infamy; but I may lawfully ask whether any prince, in modern days or ancient, has been guilty of a greater. For in my zeal in favor of royalty, always amiable, always august, and in our times more than ever, I would fondly hope that none has committed any thing beyond a peccadillo, and that in political computation even this is nothing worse. Diocletian, and the other Roman emperors who persecuted the Christians, did less than was done by their successors from pulpits and convents,—monks and priests, who took upon themselves the ridiculous title of pope. Religion was to be totally changed in the State by the Christians, and this change the civil power always prevents; but the popes, as these usurpers called themselves, were under no apprehension that the new religion should itself be

[<sup>15</sup> “*Colocotroni*” added in 3rd ed. Four lines below, “*Maurocordato*” added in 3rd ed. From “the” to “protect” (32 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

subverted, for it is one of their tenets that it never shall be; their only fear was that they should lose a portion of their power by the rejection of absurdities, and a portion of their wealth by the reduction of ceremonies to the simplicity and paucity of the original institution. These however, popes or pagans, are not so censurable as those princes whose power and riches are in no danger on any side, and who by seceding from the cause of humanity, which we vindicate and defend, expose to the world their utter indifference to that faith which they, one and all, have sworn publicly to protect.

*Colocotroni.* To rise against oppression; to teach our children their duties and their rights; to remind them of their ancestors, and to rescue them from the seraglio,—these are crimes! They are crimes, in the eyes of whom? Of those who profess the religion of Christ! holy men! sacred allies! catholic, apostolic! We, Maurocordato, are inconsiderate; we are rash, we are frantic. For what gain we by our vigils, fasts, and toils,—by our roofless houses, our devastated farms, our broken sleep upon the snowy mountains,—unless it be the approbation of our fathers now in bliss, and the consolatory hope of it from our posterity? The rest of Europe is reduced to slavery, one heroic race excepted. God alone can foresee the termination of our conflict; but of this we both are certain,—that, whenever we fall, in whatever part of Greece our bodies lie, they will lie by the side of those who have defended the same cause; and that there is not a pillar, in ancient days erected by a grateful country, that does not in its fragments tell our story.

## VIII. LOPEZ BANOS AND ROMERO ALPUENTE.<sup>1</sup>

*Banos.* At length, Alpuente, the saints of the Holy Alliance have declared war against us.

[<sup>1</sup> Lopez Banos was one of the followers of Quiroga, when that leader seized upon the Isle of Lions at the beginning of the revolution of 1820. The failure of Riego's attempt to induce the Southern parts of Spain to rise brought Quiroga into the greatest straits, and it was only the rising

*Alpuente.* I never heard it until now.

*Banos.* They direct a memorial to the King of France, inviting him to take such measures as his Majesty in his wisdom shall deem convenient in order to avert the calamities of war and the danger of discord from his frontier.

*Alpuente.* God forbid that so great a king should fall upon us ! O Lord, save us from our enemy, who would eat us up quick, so despitefully is he set against us !

*Banos.* Read the manifesto. Why do you laugh ? Is not this a declaration of hostilities ?

*Alpuente.* To Spaniards, yes. I laughed at the folly and impudence of men who, for the present of a tobacco-box with a fool's head upon it, string together these old peeled pearls of diplomatic eloquence, and foist them upon the world as arguments and truths. Do kings imagine that they can as easily deceive as they can enslave ; and that the mind is as much under their snaffle, as the body is under their axe and halter ? Bring before me one of them, Lopez, who has not violated some promise, who has not usurped some territory, who has not oppressed and subjugated some people,—then I will believe him, then I will obey him, then I will acknowledge that those literary heralds who trumpet forth his praises with the newspaper in their hands are upright and uncorrupted. The courage of Spain delivered the wretched kings from the cane and drum-head of a Corsican. Which of them did not crouch before him ; which did not flatter him ; which did not execute his orders ; which did not court his protection ; which did not solicit his favor ; which did not entreat his forbearance ;

in Corunna, Madrid, and elsewhere, that enabled him to hold his own. Lopez Banos was one of the two messengers sent by Quiroga to Cadiz after the success of the revolution, whose appearance there was the signal for the murderous attack made by the King's troops upon the people, who were rejoicing over the fact that the King had at last consented to grant a constitution. Banos was made a field-marshal by the King for his share in constraining the monarch to behave in a constitutional manner. Romero Alpuente was a politician of the violent school. He was, says Baumgarten (p. 333) "a stiffnecked deputy of radical principles, a man who bore all the obstinacy of the revolutionary dogmas engraved upon a haggard, deeply wrinkled face, a face of extraordinary ugliness." For the general history of the time, see Fyffe's "Modern Europe, ii.," or Baumgarten's "History of Spain," ii. (*Imag. Convers.* ii., 1824. ii., 1829. *Works*, i., 1846. *Works*, v., 1876.))

which did not implore his pardon? which did not abandon and betray him? No ties either of blood or of religion led or restrained these neophytes in holiness. And now, forsooth, the calamities of war and the dangers of discord are to be averted by arming one part of our countrymen against the other, by stationing a military force on our frontier for the reception of murderers, traitors, and incendiaries, and by pointing the bayonet and cannon in our faces! A beaten enemy now dictates terms and conditions; and this "most Christian Majesty" tells us that, unless we accept them instantly, the nephew of Henry the Fourth shall march against us—with his army, and his feather.

*Banos.* Ah! that weighs more.

*Alpuente.*<sup>2</sup> The French army will march over fields which already cover French armies; and over which the oldest and bravest part of it fled in ignominy and dismay before our shepherd-boys and hunters. What the veterans of Napoleon failed to execute the household of Louis will accomplish. Parisians! let your comic-opera-house lie among its ruins; it cannot be wanted this season. I<sup>3</sup> trust in Heaven that whoever leads them will find an abler in the leader of ours. Upon the summit of the Pyrenees, in the Seo de Urgel, is stationed the vigilant and indefatigable Mina. Among all the generals of the various nations that have come forward in our days on the same field, he is the only one who never lost a good opportunity of fighting, or seized a bad one.<sup>4</sup> He gained victories even when his escape from surrounding armies was deemed impossible; and he seems to think every soldier in his own a part of himself. Others, when they have ceased to command, deem it famous to excel the youngest officer in feats of licentiousness; he is abstinent from all light pleasures, knowing that whoever is most revered is best obeyed. Others trip from title upon title, and stoop to pick up pension

<sup>2</sup> "*Alpuente*" added in 3rd ed.]

<sup>3</sup> From "I" to "us" (22 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

<sup>4</sup> Second ed. reads: "one. Others, the best and most celebrated, with strings about them thicker set than the braces of their drums, have been so astonished at the magnitude of their victories, that they could give us no account of them; and (what is worse) have persecuted with hatred the memory of the generals to whom principally these victories were owing. Mina gained, &c.]"

after pension ; Mina is contented with the name of Mina, and the fare of a soldier satisfies him as completely as the fame.

Little is that, O Lopez, which any man can give us ; but that which we can give ourselves is infinitely great. This of all truths, when acted upon consistently, is the most important to our happiness and glory ; and I know not whether by ignorance or deceit it has been kept so long a secret from mankind.

I now have time to think for a moment on the troops which, you tell me, are coming against us.

What !<sup>5</sup> shall those battalions which fought so many years for freedom, so many for glory, be supplementary bands to barbarians from Caucasus and Imäus ? Shall they shed the remainder of their blood to destroy a cause, for the maintenance of which they offered up its first libation ? Time will solve this problem, the most momentous in its solution that ever lay before man. One would imagine that those who invented the story of Prometheus were gifted with the spirit of prophecy, announcing how human genius was in process of time to be chained for ever to the Scythian rock. Incredible is it, nevertheless, that a barbarian enthroned upon it should dictate his ravings to all nations !—a madman whose father was suffocated in his bed for less mischievous insanity. If we are conquered, of which at present I have no apprehension, Europe must become the theatre of new wars, and be divided first into three parts, afterward into two ; and the next generation may see all her States and provinces the property of one autocrat, and governed by the most ignorant and lawless of her nations.

*Barr.* We<sup>6</sup> Spaniards are accused of republicanism. The falsehood of this accusation is evinced by the plain acknowledged fact, that, when we could have established a republic, we declined it. On the contrary, we were persecutors—I am ashamed to say it—of those who first were liberal among us, and who believed (for the wretchedness of our condition led them thus far into credulity) that Bonaparte would be the deliverer of Spain. Every man who was inclined to republicanism was inclined to France ; and these were objects of hatred to our new

[<sup>5</sup> First ed. and second ed. read : "*Alpuente*. What," &c. Six lines below, from "one" to "insanity" (8 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>6</sup> From "We" to "forbearance" (101 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

government. The great favorers of republicanism are kings themselves; who now demonstrate to the world that no trust or confidence is to be reposed in them, and who have at all times shown a disposition to push their prerogative deep into the constitution of their States: not to mention, as aiding in the furtherance of the cause, the frugality and fairness of governments which are without those hard excrescences called kings. He of France is proclaimed by his confederates to be a virtuous one; yet he lies in the face of the universe: he declares he has no intention of attacking us, and, without any change in our conduct, he attacks.

*Alpuente.* He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king; yet when the pictures and statues at Paris were demanded back, he told Canova that he might indeed take those of his master, the pope, but desired him to bear in mind that it was without *his* consent. Now these things were restored to their old possessors by the same means and on the same principles as his throne was restored to him. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king; yet he refused the payment of debts contracted by him when he was not one, on pretext of an obsolete law.

*Banos.* You would make him out, Alpuente, a most detestable rogue; as vile and worthless as another of the same family, who exacted eighty-two thousand crowns for his private purse before he would sign a contract for furnishing with provisions the foreign troops that held him tight upon his throne, saying, "I too must have oil for my macaroni."

*Alpuente.* So far am I from wishing to point him out as a bad king, I acknowledge him to be among the best now living; yet certainly there is nothing in him to render us more enamoured of royalty, or more attached to the family of Bourbon.

*Banos.*<sup>7</sup> A pink orbicular good-dinner face, after praising the Lord of Hosts for his capons and oysters, beseeches him in his mercy and loving-kindness to lift a little his flaming sword over Spain, in defence of kings and faith; and then, in full confidence of the Lord's righteousness, orders out an army to assist him in the enterprise, and falls fast asleep.

*Alpuente.* Was the people of Spain, then, grown more idle, more vicious? Was it revolt that threw us into wretchedness;

[<sup>7</sup> "*Banos*," and 6 lines below, "*Alpuente*" added in 3rd ed.]



or (if the question is a lawful one) was it wretchedness that threw us into revolt?

*Banos.* The King of France can answer this, and will answer it one day, if God is what that king acknowledges he believes he is.

Our nation was beginning to flourish; the privileged orders had become reconciled to justice, and the lower had begun to experience her protection, when a king by distributing arms and money, by promising aid, protection, and honors, excited the ignorant and necessitous to insurrection and treason. And what king was this?—one whom treason and insurrection had twice driven from his throne. Neither he nor any one else could be unaware what calamities must ensue if his plan succeeded; and that the bravest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous of Spaniards, would be imprisoned, impoverished, exiled, murdered, to exalt the most cowardly, the most bigoted, the most perfidious, the most ungrateful,—a wretch whom his father had cursed, whom his mother had disowned, and whom the nation he betrayed and degraded had forgiven!

The most Christian King invades us, that a limited power, in every act beneficial to the people, and employed by the magistrates with such clemency and discretion as history in like circumstances never hath recorded, should be wrested from those who hold it by the choice and order of their fellow-citizens, and be transferred without stipulation or restriction to one who had usurped it from his parent, who had betrayed it to his enemy, and who never had exerted it a single hour but to the detriment and dishonour of his people. I do not condole with you, Alpuente, on what is ordinary; that even constitutional kings, abandoned and deceived us, and that equity and policy were disarmed by solicitation and falsehood. Nations are never aided by princes; not even when those princes, as far as the common eye can follow them, have walked in the paths of rectitude through life: and the worst of their fraternity have always been succored more zealously than the best. With such men it is easier for despots to make favorable treaties, and for intriguers to raise large fortunes.

*Alpuente.* It appears to be resolved by every prince in Europe that their counsels, administrations, and systems shall henceforward be the same throughout.

*Banos.* To what purpose? To condemn tens of thousands to want, imprisonment, death, exile, insult (I bring before you these calamities in the order we Spaniards feel them); hundreds of thousands to loss of property, loss of relatives, loss of friends; millions to barbarism; all to degradation! Men, formerly honored by the appellation of flocks, are now considered more like their grapes and olives,—good for nothing until trodden upon and pressed. They talk about order: what order is there, where one man is in place of all? They talk about civilization: what civilization is there, where there is imposed on the citizen not only that which he shall do and forbear, but that which he shall believe? They talk of law: what law is there, where a failure in belief is subject to a severer penalty than a failure in performance or forbearance? They<sup>8</sup> talk of domestic duties: what are those, where a wife is imprisoned for comforting her husband?\*

Thus, familiar and sportive with absurdity are cruelty and injustice! Cruelty in all countries is the companion of anger; but there is only one, and never was another on the globe, where she coquets both with anger and mirth. Yet in the Revolution of that people, marked by every atrocity for twenty years together, if there was more bloodshed than among the Spaniards, there was less suffering within equal periods; for triumphs lightened it. Spain heaves with abject weakness, and writhes under intolerable domination.

Domestic virtues, you see, are political crimes; and imprisonment is the reward of them from Catholic and most Christian kings. They imagine vain dangers, and cannot see real ones. Never was there a revolution, or material change in government, effected with so little bloodshed, so little opposition, so little sorrow or disquietude, as ours. Months had passed away, years were rolling over us, institutions were consolidating, superstition was relaxing, ingratitude and perfidy were as much forgotten by us as our services and sufferings were forgotten by Ferdinand, when emissaries and gold and arms,

[<sup>8</sup> From "They" to "ones" (15 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

\* Jose Espana perished on the scaffold; and his wife languished in prison because she had given him an asylum while a fugitive, instead of denouncing him.—Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, Vol. iii., p. 474.

and *Faith* inciting to discord and rebellion, crossed our frontier. The religion of Constantine and of Charlemagne—falsely called the Christian, and subversive of its doctrines and its benefits—roused brother against brother, son against father; and our fortresses, garnished with the bayonets of France, echoed with the watchword of the Vatican. The<sup>9</sup> name of God hath always been invoked when any great violence or injustice was to be perpetrated. No fatal blow against the liberties of mankind or against the tranquillity of nations hath ever been aimed without religion. Even the son of Tarquin, the violator of whatever is most dear in domestic and social life,—even he, on invading his country, called upon the gods to avenge the cause of kings.\* If Ferdinand had regarded his oath, and had acceded in *our* sense of the word *faith* to the constitution of his country,—from which there hardly was a dissentient voice among the industrious and the unambitious, among the peaceable and the wise,—would he have eaten one dinner with less appetite, or have embroidered one petticoat with less taste? Would the saints along his chapel-walls have smiled upon him less graciously; or would thy tooth, holy Dominic! have left a less pleasureable impression on his lips? Only two strong truths could have shocked him, instead of the many personal ones he drew upon his head; namely, that *dammable* does not mean *combustible*, and that *there* is the worst heresy where *is* imposture for the sake of power or profit. Such truths however are now, it appears, to be bundled up with gorse, broom, and hazel; and he who exposed the mysteries of the Inquisition † may soon be a prisoner in its lowest chambers, having been expelled from the territory, as might be expected, of the most Christian King. His most Christian Majesty insists “that Ferdinand may give his people those institutions which they *own* have from him only.” Yes, these are his expressions, Alpuente; these the doctrines for the propagation of which our country is to be invaded with fire and sword; this is government, this is order, this is faith! Ferdinand *was* at liberty to give us his institutions:

[<sup>9</sup> From “The” to “kings” (8 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

\* *Dii regum ultores adeste!*—*Liv.* II. 6.

† Lorente.

he gave them.<sup>10</sup> He restored to us the Inquisition ; he restored her with all her jewels about her, her screws and pulleys, her pincers and molten lead. He restored her encompassed with all her dignitaries, her ministers, and pursuivants, and familia's ; her insulting clemency, her perfidious pity, her triumphal jubilee, and her penal fires. Again he blesses us with processions, and missions, and miracles ; again we are regenerated in the flesh with fasts and scourges. And government in danger ? What ! under the wisdom and piety, the tutelage and intercession, of Ferdinand ? The priests are more powerful than God himself. So strange and intractable a creature was man, not only when he was made but when he was making, that God rested himself immediately after the operation. Now, Señor, here stands before you, from Astorga or Las Hermeras, a clever young prig of a priestling, puts a wafer into a baby-box, lifts it up half a cubit, and, by the body of St Iago ! out come a leash of Gods created at a word, and a-start at the tinkling of a bell.

*Alpuente.*<sup>11</sup> Señor Lopez, be graver on this. It was the belief of our country when she was better and happier than she is at present. The body of men who introduced it bring us now, by their evil courses, to disbelieve it. But such bodies, by immersion in it, would become turbid, and cause perhaps to be rejected the water of a purer stream. Whatever they touch they defile. They abjure the world, and they riot in its profusion. Let us abjure *them* ; and there cease the abjuration. Awake no man from a dream unless he struggles in it. A weak belief is preferable to a bitter unbelief.

*Banos.* If there exists in my garden a beautiful plant falling into an unsound condition, no longer upright, but stretching across the path, and attracting by its juices or its odor innumerable insects, which not only prey upon it but cover every other all around, and seize upon and corrode their buds and suck out their very pith,—although I may not perhaps cast it utterly away, I cut it down close to the ground, removing the weeds and dead in-

[<sup>10</sup> First ed. reads : " them : what were they ? The inquisition in all its terrors, absolute and arbitrary sway, scourges and processions, monks and missionaries, and a tooth of Saint Dominic to crown them all. Our priests," &c. ( 10 lines below).]

[<sup>11</sup> From "*Alpuente*" to "*Alpuente*" ( 20 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

cumbrances from about it, and hoping for straighter and healthier shoots another season.

*Alpuente.* To support the throne that crushes and the altar that chokes us, march forward the warlike Louis and the *preux* Chateaubriand. Behold them advancing side by side against the calm opponents of Roman bulls. The <sup>12</sup> French minister has given to his private friends a strange reason for going to war with us, telling them he must fight either in Spain or on the Rhine.

*Banos.* He was provoked then, not by the man before him, but by the man in the rear, and fairly kicked into courage. A brave citizen or brave nation resents a threat above an injury. Here neither was injury nor threat from us: they came from behind the scenes and beneath the lamps, from manager and prompter. Under the administration of this whining fox, more than thirty slave-vessels sailed in the present year from the port of Nantes only; all armed, all equipped with chains and instruments of torture. If he was ignorant of this, he was little fit to be minister; if he knew it, he was less. Often as he dips into letters, will he never come up again with a filament of dialectics, or a grain of undirty reasoning, on some part of him? Did <sup>13</sup> he not lately say to those who had been bleeding in the battles of their country, "Constantinople has not despotism enough to secure us from your liberty"? Did he not demand the punishment of death to be inflicted on the authors of seditious writings?

*Alpuente.* A decree so sanguinary and raving never issued forth in the dog-days of the Revolution. No Louis, no Charles, conceived it; it was reserved as a supplement to *The Spirit of Christianity*. And this imbecile Chateaubriand would wash out his inkstains with blood! This paralytic dwarf would shove on his unwieldy king into carnage!

*Banos.* Although his Majesty be brave as Maximin at a breakfast, he will find it easier to eat his sixty-four cutlets than to conquer Spain.

*Alpuente.* An imprudent step amid armies raised for the defence of other principles may be ruinous to his dynasty.

*Banos.* Principles do not mainly influence even the principled:

[<sup>12</sup> From "The" to "him" (15 lines) added in 2nd ed. where the whole of the addition is spoken by Banos.]

[<sup>13</sup> From "Did" to "*Banos*" (12 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

we talk on principle, but we act on interest. The French army will find little plunder; and the French people must endure new taxes. \*A Spanish war may precipitate Louis where an American war dragged<sup>14</sup> his elder brother. One rule is to be followed in all such revolutions as ours. I could lay it down plainly to you; but were I speaking to others, I would deliver it in the form of apologue.

*Alpuente.* Give it to me in that or any.

*Banos.* Two dogs were fighting for a bone: other dogs ran from the vicinity to take part in the quarrel. A man tossed the bone with his stick over the wall. As nothing now was to be fought for, the high belligerents parted: the others hurried back again, and quarrelled among themselves, until their masters whipped them soundly and kennelled them. At the first barking you hear, remove the bone.

*Alpuente.* In wars the least guilty are the sufferers. In these, as in every thing, we should contract as much as possible the circle of human misery. The deluded and enslaved should be so far spared as is consistent with security; the most atrocious of murderers and incendiaries, the purveyors and hirers of them, should be removed at any expense or hazard. If we show little mercy to the robber who enters a house by force, and less to him who enters it in the season of desolation, what portion of it ought to be extended toward those who, in the height of such a season, assail every house in our country? How much of crime and wretchedness may often be averted, how many years of tranquillity may sometimes be ensured to a nation, by one well-chosen example! Is it not better than to witness the grief of the virtuous for the debasement and suffocation of virtue, and the extinction of those bright, lofty hopes for which the juster and wiser in every age contended? Where is the man, worthy of the name, who would be less affected at the lamentation of one mother for her son, slain in defending his country, than at the extermination of some six or seven usurpers, commanding or attempting its invasion? National

[<sup>14</sup>First and 2nd eds. read: "dragged in its consequences Louis XVI., to a fate which, if he had not experienced it, he would be acknowledged to have deserved." "His elder brother" added in 3rd ed.; from "one" to "apologue" (4 lines) added in 2nd ed.; from "*Alpuente*" to "*Banos*" added in 3rd ed.; from "Two" to "bone" (7 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

safety legitimates all means employed upon it. Criminals have been punished differently in different countries : but all enlightened, all honest, all civilized men agree *who* are criminals. The Athenians were perhaps as well informed and intelligent as the people on Lake Ladoga ; they knew nothing of the knout, I confess, and no family among them boasted a succession of assassins in wives, sons, fathers, and husbands : but he who endangered or injured his country was condemned to the draught of hemlock. They could punish the offence in another manner : if any nation cannot, shall that nation therefore leave it unpunished ? And shall the guiltiest of men enjoy impunity from a consideration of modes and means ? Justice is not to be neglected because what is preferable is unattainable. A housebreaker is condemned to die : a citybreaker is celebrated by an inscription over the gate. The murder of thousands, soon perpetrated and past, is not the greatest mischief he does : it is followed by the baseness of millions, deepening for ages. Every virtuous man in the universe is a member of that grand Amphictyonic council, which should pass sentence on the too powerful, and provide that it be duly executed. It is just and it is necessary that those who pertinaciously insist on an unnatural state of society should suffer by the shock things make in recovering their equipoise.

*Banos.*<sup>15</sup> We have hitherto done our utmost to secure the advantages we have obtained. In every revolution, the landed property of the crown and clergy should be divided into parcels. Out of these the creditors of the State should first be paid ; afterward farms and tenements should be allotted to public officers in place of money, reverting to the government on their dismissal or decease ; lastly, the military should have their part on condition of serving well and faithfully a stipulated time, during which they might consign the care and culture of it to their fathers or brothers or friends. Should any such land be remaining unappropriated, it ought to be offered for sale, partly in small portions, partly in large : in the former case, that as many as possible be interested in obstructing the return of despotism ; in the latter, that the rich capitalists, who otherwise would be slow in doing it, might be stimulated by avarice, and might labor in loose traces for the public good. Whether the full value be paid is unimportant :

[<sup>15</sup> From "*Banos*" to "reprobation" (56 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

what we want to do, is to give men an interest in their country. Every village-priest should have an augmentation of revenue from the episcopal tables. No bishop should have more than three thousand crowns yearly, nor ever be permitted to sleep out of his diocese. The whole of his salary should be paid from the treasury; the whole of the priest's should accrue from the land assigned to him. No convent of males or females should be tolerated.

*Alpuente.* In your assignment of so large a sum as three thousand crowns annually to the bishop, your liberality far outstrips your equity, as I think I can easily and satisfactorily demonstrate to you. Suppose the priest has three hundred: do you believe the bishop is ten times wiser, ten times better, ten times more active? Do you imagine the duty is ten times more difficult in the performance of regulating the regulated (for such his clergy *should* be) than the other's in regulating the ignorant, as the greater part of his parishioners *must* be? Then, unless you insist, which no man is less ready to do, that the civil power should be subordinate in weight and dignity to the spiritual, you surely would not allow to the superintendent of few a larger stipend than to the superintendent of many; and yet, according to your suggestion, a bishop should be paid higher than an *Alcalde* or *corregidor*,—an absurdity so great (pardon me, good Lopez!) nothing but superstition could tolerate, nothing but despotism could devise. In the country where an archbishop is superior in rank to a general, a bishop to a colonel, things have not yet found their just proportions nor their full and final settlement. The poison may have evaporated or have been poured out, but the vessel is darkened by the dregs and crust. Enormity of absurdity and abuse, that the inmates of college and cloister, whose best learning are the actions of the just and brave, should, for possessing this knowledge of them, take precedency of those whose actions in the field have been as brave, whose decisions in the courts of judicature have been as just!

*Banos.*<sup>16</sup> We truly are less men than they! Be it so; but why are we? Because we left one with his ear against a girl's lips at the confessional, another at play with St Augustine, a third asleep in his innocence, and went forth against the invaders of

[<sup>16</sup> "*Banos*," and 6 lines below, from "And" to "ones" added in 3rd ed.]



our country, and brought back with us these scars; marks of ignominy and reprobation! And now, it appears, they are to be over-scored by flesh ones. We may indeed avoid a war if we will adopt the rickety children at the next door: if we will only build a house of peers we may live quietly in our own.<sup>17</sup> A peerage I consider as the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures both tame and wild for diversion and luxury. Such instruments are to kings what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks above the heads of the people with greater confidence and security.

*Alpuente.* The wisest and most independent of English parliaments declared the thing useless; but<sup>18</sup> Cromwell, when he seized the supreme power, thought it needful to resume such a support. If the opinion of his nation is now favorable to it, let us respect it; but let us also teach that nation to respect ours, always less biassed by private interests and less addicted to party. The principal gods of antiquity had each his favorite tree; and some nations too, the English for example, theirs,—the oak. The Spaniard has rather the qualities of the cedar: patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible.

Nothing should stand between the nation and chief magistrate; the laws alone should be checks: a free people can acknowledge no other. In these religion is included, which indeed is the great law-head whence they emanate. It is written in the heart of every man; but it is often so badly spelled as to become a matter of contest by the notaries who traffic in transcribing it.

The French, ridiculous as it may appear, would be our teachers. Let us not envy them the facility with which they build up constitutions and pull them down again, with which they take oaths and counter-oaths, with which while they violate honesty they declaim on honor; let us only ask of them who of their most applauded public men has not been both traitor and perjurer, who among them has not been the deserter of his country or its deluder? Ingratitude, the most odious of crimes in other countries, is not even a blemish there: the sign of the

[<sup>17</sup> First and 2nd eds. insert *Banos* before "A peerage," and he continues speaking down to "most lustrous paper" (54 lines below).]

[<sup>18</sup> From "but" to "support" (3 lines) added in 3rd ed.]

cross laid over the uniform heals it perfectly. Read over the list of marshals: which of them has not abandoned his benefactor? Which of them does not drink to the health of Louis from wine poured out to him by Napoleon?

*Banos.* Dignity without pride was formerly the characteristic of greatness: the revolution in morals is completed, and it is now pride without dignity.

*Alpuente.* The republic gave commissions for robbery; the despot gives keys to secure it; so that every thief, issuing from the foul and slippery alleys of politics, is glad to creep under the ermine. Look again at those French marshals, whose heads are now peeping out from it in quest of fresh plunder: to which of them does not my remark apply, even of those whose palms and foreheads are the least deeply branded?

*Banos.* France is powerful by the weakness of Spain, in some degree; and the elder branch of the Bourbons hath always had the means of inculcating this truth on the younger. "If your people are flourishing they will be strong; if they are strong they will be turbulent: the richer they are, the poorer will you be. Let them recover their rights, as they call them, and you will lose your mines and your chases." The most wretched nations make the most splendid kings, as the thinnest rags the most lustrous paper.

*Alpuente.* England, I trust, will exert her influence and her authority; for she loses what France gains.

*Banos.* There are two which you cannot trust at once. Experience and England. As <sup>19</sup> the Catholic Church holds that faith is not to be kept with heretics, so does the policy of England hold that none is to be kept with nations. On this she hath acted of late universally, but most openly and scandalously in her promises to Sicily. In regard to Spain, she seems resolved to adopt the principles of the Holy Alliance; her king, it is said, has approved them, and has expressed his regret that the Constitution did not permit him to enter into the confederacy; the first time, I believe, that a king of England has openly regretted the precautions imposed on him by the Constitution which placed his family on the throne. If we should go further than we have done, if we should vote on proofs of treason that our king has

[<sup>19</sup> From "As" to "Spain" (5 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

abdicated his, will England condemn in us what in herself she glorifies? No, England will not condemn us; but her government will abandon us.

*Alpuente.* Yet at this moment she could obtain from us more than her wars have given her. By the cession of a fortress, from which she derives no other advantage than the appointment of an old drowsy governor to about one hundred thousand crowns yearly, she might possess our African harbors, which alone would yield her the dominion both of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. She might also, by other compromises of what neither strengthens nor enriches her, be mistress of that American island which secures and provisions the others, and whence she would derive advantages beyond her calculation in those dreadful conflicts which must decide hereafter whether the mother or the daughter shall be mistress of the seas.

*Banos.* Spain once ruled them; England rules them now. Spain was as confident that her supremacy would be eternal as England now is. From the time that we adopted a French family and French principles we began to decay; and it is in vain that purblind politicians seek the germs of our corruption in America. Let us, Alpuente, rather look to that country for regeneration: there the Spaniard shoots up again; there also we perhaps may lay our bones at last.

*Alpuente.* Eighty years have thrown their burden upon mine: they are not worth the freight. I can still watch for my country; I can still mount guard. No voice is such an incentive to valor as the feeble voice of age; neither flag nor trumpet marshals it like a man of eighty stabbed on his threshold.

## IX. DON VICTOR SAEZ AND EL REY NETTO.<sup>1</sup>

*Saez.* The business of an enlightened prince is two-fold; namely, to unite kingdoms and disunite their inhabitants. This is

[<sup>1</sup> After the French intervention had restored Ferdinand to the throne, a reign of terror began for the liberal party in Spain. A stupid and cruel king, the stupidest and cruelest of a stupid and cruel line, surrounded

a truth so sound and solid, that it will keep its whole weight for another time and occasion, and indeed half the difficulty is surmounted already. Of a second truth nobody can be ignorant; that it is a kindness to lead the sober, a duty to lead the drunk; in which plight is to be considered a nation that fancies it can rule itself. Your Majesty will now perhaps favor me with what occurred in your interview with the arch-traitor?

*Rey Netto.* Quiroga did not place in my word the trust I had a right to expect.

*Saez.* What did you tell him?

*Rey Netto.* That I had need of his talents; and I earnestly pressed him to return with me to Madrid. He bowed and was silent. I added that my heart was royal: he seemed less assured than ever. Lastly that, whatever my mother might say to the contrary, I was a descendant of St Louis: he almost turned his back. I was so angry I could have killed him, if he had not faced about. I then began to show him my confidence; not, father, such confidence as I repose in you, the director of my conscience.

*Saez.* Sire, when our consciences ache we unbosom; when our bellies ache we unbutton. Confidence has no more to do in the one case than in the other; in fact, those who show a great deal of it gain none. Hens that cackle immoderately, and run about the straw-yard, and drop their eggs anywhere, in clean places or in foul, are carried to market and sold cheap. It is well that the rebel did not take you by the throat and strangle you: there are many who would have cried "Well done!" even though your Majesty had died without confession and extreme unction. To such a condition are piety and loyalty now reduced in Spain.

by priests both bigoted and terrified, despite all the remonstrances of the French commanders, did the worst that either were capable of. Baumgarten (ii., p. 592) seems to think that Riego's confession and recantation may be genuine. Landor's view is at least probable. Richly as Ferdinand deserves this attack, it is impossible not to regret that Landor wrote it. But he had taken part in the Spanish war of independence. He had held a commission in the Spanish army, until he threw it up on hearing that Ferdinand had recalled the Jesuits, and it is this connection with Spain which led him to attack Ferdinand in these conversations. (Imag. Convers., iii., 1828. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

*Rey Netto.* With my usual presence of mind I drew out and presented to him the image of St Antonio, and swore before it, calling it to witness, that I had quite forgotten all possible and imaginable reasons for displeasure and discontent with him. He looked upon the saint, and observing that it was not the leaden one, recoiled with distrust. If I had sworn upon the leaden one, would you have absolved me, father?

*Saez.* Venerable as indeed is that image, and manifold as are the miracles it has performed in the preservation of your Majesty, still, on this holy occasion, I would not have hesitated; and certainly if your Majesty had even kissed the saint, head and feet, my duty would have prompted me to absolve you.

*Rey Netto.* But the saint might have punished me with the nightmare, or even with his fire, before I could have confessed.

*Saez.* Supposing him angry. But why suppose him so?

*Rey Netto.* Because he knows that I have another image for such purposes, which has always answered them well enough.

“Mais les dieux sont trop grands pour être difficiles;  
Tout est payé d'un simple grain d'encens.” \*

*Saez.* In reconciliations we take down the scaling-ladder and prepare the mine.

*Rey Netto.* Quiroga, I doubt not, has dealings with the devil, who prompted him to look sharply, and to discover that the image was not the true one, and little or no better than a common Madonna or a paltry crucifix.

*Saez.* The malice of Satan is beyond our prudence and calculation. What, in the name of Our Lady, makes your Majesty laugh so heartily? True, indeed, your deliverance, which spreads such universal joy over the nation and over Europe, cannot be indifferent to yourself; but these are not the first moments of it: the first were, I remember, less rapturous. I look forward to quiet times, when your Majesty may follow the glorious example of his most Christian—

*Rey Netto.* No, no: not a word more about that. And I am surprised, Don Victor, that you should change your tone so suddenly. The French may have amnesties: they are made up

[\* In 1st ed. this quotation occurs in the following speech of Saez.]  
Delille.

of them. They remember nothing upon earth. Turn them into a new road, and they will run along in it until they find another ; then they make a sharp turn and trot on. But Spaniards have spinal bones in their backs, and bend slowly. You must collar them, and goad them, and bleed them under the tongue like oxen in spring, if they grow riotous. No amnesty ! no talk about it !

*Saez.* Sire, I had no such meaning. I would only have mentioned the innocent and devout office of his most Christian Majesty, in condescending to be the godfather of a bell in the Church of Saint Louis at Paris. The Duke Blacas was proxy, and promised, no doubt in his Majesty's name, to instruct the new Christian in its duties, to watch over its morals, and in short to educate it as a good child and good Catholic, until it come to years of discretion.

*Rey Netto.* This indeed is better than such things as amnesties, the idea of which banished from my royal breast the delight I foretasted in the agonies of Riego. The rogue Riego ! I had resolved how to punish him. My cousin Louis of Angoulême would not hear of racks and wheels, nor even of thumb-screws and other trinkets of justice ; and requested me never to renew the subject, lest any impediment or remonstrance on his part, if publicly known, might raise a mutiny in his army. I have been illuminated from above : my heart floats in the fulness of joy. The rogue Riego ! if there is an ass in Madrid, he shall be drawn along the streets by one. I will give orders, under my royal hand and seal, that the hurdle shall have some sharp-pointed sticks in it, with a nail or two here and there.\* I prayed to the archangel St Michael, and within a few minutes—ha ! ha ! ha !

*Saez.* Your Majesty is really too jocose with such heavenly names.

\* When Riego was taken prisoner, there was with him an English officer named Matthews, bearing a regular commission from the Spanish Government, constitutionally established, and sworn to be religiously observed by his Catholic Majesty. This officer was treated with every cruelty and ignominy for several months ; he was detained in solitary confinement, and kept without food at one time fifty-three hours. General Martin, called the Empecinado, was exposed in an iron cage, on festivals, in the public square of Roda. He killed many thousands of the French soldiers in the late war, and they abandoned him to those of the Faith.

*Rey Netto.* I cannot help it,—he knows my purity : I yield to his inspiration.

*Saez.* What did he inspire ?

*Rey Netto.* First, that the fetters should pinch the traitor's legs to the bone, swell them like his most Christian Majesty's, and blacken them like a *zampa di Modena*.

*Saez.* This is not a thought for laughter, but for justice.

*Rey Netto.* I cannot help it, upon my conscience.

*Saez.* The second inspiration, what was that ?

*Rey Netto.* My sides shake again and ache with laughter. It was that, before he is carted, a good dose of physic should be given to him ; for compunction is never so certain as with the belly-ache : it makes people as grave as the *Miserere*.

*Saez.* I know the rebel too well : nothing will move him—

*Rey Netto.* Not jalap ?

*Saez.* I would say, to confess his offences.

*Rey Netto.* Let there be monks enough about him, and I will force him to edify the people. I will make him sing and sigh, and beg pardon of St Iago and the Virgin ; of God, and man, and me. He may bristle like a wild boar of the Bierzo : I will make a lamb of him. He shall grin like a stuffed crocodile ; he shall sweat like a Jew in a *benito*, roasting at a royal marriage-feast in the good old times.

What think you, father, of these his last words ? Read them and correct them as you please.

*Saez.* He cannot speak better.

*Rey Netto.* I will despatch them instantly.

*Saez.* With strict orders that they be not printed before the offender is dead. Who wrote them ?

*Rey Netto.* Father Gil Roncallo of Valmaseda.

*Saez.* Father Gil is a Carmelite. I wonder<sup>t</sup> at his precipitancy. He may mean well ; but he must correct several of the expressions.

*Rey Netto.* I doubted at first whether it was quite proper to represent a man saying what he never said.

*Saez.* Very proper, if the glory of God be increased thereby. Beside, what is falsehood on earth may be truth in heaven ; for it is unlawful to suppose that any thing will be the same there as

here,—excepting our bodies, which we know will be identically what they are now, without the alteration of a single hair.

*Rey Netto.* Oh how comfortable! I do not mean the hair, but that blessed doctrine touching falsehood. What are you writing with your pencil under the last words of Riego?

*Saez.* “Gloria deo in excelsis!”

*Rey Netto.* “Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!”

*Saez.* Your Majesty should not have crossed yourself at *Deo*; but only at *demonio*, or *eretico*, or *constitucional*.

*Rey Netto.* Father, what have you been eating? Your garlic, I think, smells of mutton.

*Saez.* I only added a few ounces of mutton, as many of beef, pork, and veal, with a little virgin oil and garvances; and, having finished them, laid down my spoon and fork upon the plate as the clock was striking.

*Rey Netto.* You are truly religious; but godliness and garlic cannot always keep down virgin oil and garvances.

*Saez.* I must go to the mineral waters.

*Rey Netto.* Come with me to Sacedon.

*Saez.* They report that those of Toledo are good for the stomach.

*Rey Netto.* I would make you archbishop, if my family could do without it; and beside, I want you about me. You must always be my spiritual guide, my confessor.

*Saez.* No office is so glorious as that of guiding the conscience of my king, to extricate him from the machinations of his enemies, to examine his laws and treaties, to control his judges, to awe and regulate the Council of Castile, to provide that his taxes be punctually paid and honestly expended; and, above all, to provide that the royal house be maintained in its ancient dignity and lustre.

*Rey Netto.* That is to be minister.

*Saez.* Confessors must always rule ministers.

*Rey Netto.* I have scarcely any money: it would save me something if you would exercise both offices.

*Saez.* I am too poor: I cannot give cabinet-dinners. Cooks are the presidents of wars and treaties; turtles are the seals, and services of plate the wax.



*Rey Netto.* I<sup>3</sup> do not hear that any cook is a president; objections have been raised even against violinists and valets. As to hereditary wealth or poverty, take ten of the leading men in Europe and you will find either them or their fathers void of all inheritance. Even the honor of paternity, as to some of them, is still in abeyance; they have risen by the same merits as will raise you, without your piety and devotion. Faithful to the good cause, they have soon deserted their first admirers, who forsooth cried up their liberal principles.

*Saez.* These principles are not so much amiss when two gentlemen have but a pair of breeches between them; but every one who has a pair to himself, and common sense, is ashamed of acknowledging that they were ever his.

*Rey Netto.* Several of these gentlemen the kings my brothers have even made their cousins; some are dukes. For instance Fouché and Savary, and the Gascon whom you mentioned just now, and whom his most Christian Majesty would have made running-footman to an ambassador; but he humbly represented that, being born among rocks, he could not run upon level ground. My brother of France, the best-natured man in the world, happened then to be patting the breast of a plump and fresh-plucked pullet. He changed his royal resolution, and made a running-footman of the intended ambassador, and an ambassador of the intended running-footman. This, I understand, has drawn closer the ties of affinity between his most Christian Majesty and his most Mahometan, who feels himself highly complimented by the gradual adoption of his political system in every court of Europe.

*Saez.* It is much to be feared that the French will corrupt our people by their flutes and fiddles; and they are so fond too of chattering and of scribbling, that I should not wonder if—deliverers as they call themselves—they drew their pens against us, proving this thing and disproving that. Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the rear.

*Rey Netto.* Neither the fiddle-bow nor flute can overthrow us; but Heaven deliver us from the sharpness of the pen and

[<sup>3</sup> First ed. reads: "Bring my confessor; you will dine with me. I president, except one in Tuscany, where the people of the Austrian emperor do the business. As to," &c.]

from the wiliness of demonstration ! We have Chateaubriand on our side, if we can trust him.

*Saez.* The scholars on other benches may make a clatter and a clamor : the treasury-bench is the only bench that stands firm. As for Chateaubriand, he is not half so great a rogue as he would make you believe he is. He wishes the world to forget that he was an author of voyages and novels, pasquinades and puffs, and<sup>4</sup> is ambitious of rivalling the Fouchés,—a sort of ambition very natural to people who leave the pamphlet for the portfolio, the common reading-room for the king's cabinet. According to M. Talleyrand, one of these royal cousins, by his own peculiar virtue, has anticipated what we suppose may hereafter take place in heaven, by converting falsehood into truth. I hope, Sire, it was not the same person who swore that Napoleon was innocent as a child ?

*Rey Netto.* Between ourselves, there are worse men than Don Napoleon. I was never better lodged or better fed than at Vallancey. Don Napoleon gave me the most beautiful watch I ever saw, together with five seals, at parting. One of them plays chimes : you have nothing to do but to say three *paternosters* and wind it up, and it will chime of its own accord. The same Don Napoleon, too, gave me other things : a coral crucifix, which coral was once white, but became red through the blood of our Redeemer ; a silver gridiron, the original of that on which the blessed St Lorenzo suffered martyrdom ; and a rosary as miraculous as the chiming seal, good against musket-balls and pleurisies. But Prince Talleyrand, who was present, told me I must not tempt God by catching cold, nor by exposing my sacred person in battle : for none of these things was there any stipulation made by my brothers of the Holy Alliance. It is true, Don Napoleon laughed at me when he caught me first. This is natural. I laughed at him when he was caught.

*Saez.* The heretics did not punish him as they ought to have done.

*Rey Netto.* They might at least have pinched him and stuck a needle under his nail. But these kings—God help them !—

[<sup>4</sup> First ed. reads : “ and to be persuaded that he has nothing of the ungartered *bonhomme*, which passes, in all quarters for honesty and sincerity ; and in short is ambitious,” &c.]

have little power at present. They are kept in jeopardy by the constitutionalists, and are deprived of their confessors. "Kyrie eleison ! mater amabilis !"

*Sæx.* It will not be long so. All the princes in Europe, constitutional or legitimate, have one mind, one administration. Those of their ministers who talk the most boldly talk by permission ; and it is understood, as your Majesty knows, that it is only to delude the people and keep them quiet. What was done at Naples has been done at Cadiz, is doing in Greece, and will be done in America. Legitimate kings have no surer coadjutors than the ministers of constitutional. These know by experience that the people is a football, that it is fed with air, and that the party which kicks it farthest is the winner. They have begun to learn something from us.

*Rey Netto.* But they are so ungrateful as not to acknowledge it. As for religion, I have no hope of them ; they care not whether God laughs or cries ; they do nothing for his glory : no processions, no *autos da fé*, no embroidery, no artificial flowers, no head-dresses, no canopies, no candles. Surely, for the sake of keeping up appearances with him, they might paint a couple of poles white, stick a wick on the top, and place one on each side of him at the altar,—as they do in Italy, where piety of late years is grown frugal.

*Sæx.* Again and again ought we to render thanks to the Mother of God for our deliverance from the worst of them, as we did when they followed the French across the Pyrenees, and left our beloved country without stain.

*Rey Netto.* "Kyrie eleison ? jubilate domino ! Kyrie eleison ! Amen de profundis ! Amen dico vobis. Unus vestrûm, unus vestrûm traditurus est me. Jubilate domino. Kyrie eleison !"

*Sæx.* I do not despair of seeing the day when the Parliament of England, like that of France, will serve only to register royal edicts, and when her kings shall recommend to colleges and cathedrals the sound doctors of Salamanca.

*Rey Netto.* Sanguine as are my hopes, I sometimes am discouraged, and hardly can expect it. Heretics are very stubborn : fire alone can soften and bend them. At present we are able but to treat them as ferrets, and sew their mouths up. On this achievement the sons of Saint Louis are unanimously resolved.

**Saez.** Faith, hope, and charity are resplendent on your Majesty's countenance, whose gracious smiles, like beams from heaven, announce the certain accomplishment of your pious wishes.

**Rey Netto.** I did not smile about sewing up their mouths like ferrets; but—upon my life I cannot help laughing—do you think it practicable? They must be careful in binding well both arms and feet. Now, my dear father Don Victor, as there should always be some person to seize the legs of the criminal who is hanged, could not I be so disguised as to perform the office, and nobody know it? The hand of a man who dies by the halter is a cure for some diseases; a mere touch effects it. The leg of Riego, pulled as I should pull it, would to me be a panacea like the milk of St Catharine's neck, or the oil running from her body.

**Saez.** If his accomplices should ever hear of it, they would be exasperated to madness.

**Rey Netto.** I have ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung for my deliverance, not only in Spain, but also in my kingdoms of America and India: this will bring them to reason.

**Saez.** Those flourishing kingdoms will, I trust, furnish your Majesty with temporal no less than spiritual means of overcoming your enemies.

**Rey Netto.** To encourage my brothers, the Holy Allies, in their good intentions, and to reward them for their past services, I intend to open a free trade to them with my kingdoms in both Indies; providing however that no mercantile or other ship sail nearer than within one mile of Delhi and Mexico, so that the pestilential breath of heresy may not taint my people. Furthermore I shall authorize my minister of grace and justice, to revoke all diplomas granted to physicians, and all licenses to surgeons, by the pretended Cortes;\* thus permitting every man to recover the money he has paid in fees, taking back his health *in statu quo*.

**Saez.** Sire, the great difficulty is the last.

**Rey Netto.** Long as I have resisted intercession for a general amnesty, I am at last inclined to grant that also, excluding those only who have borne arms against me, voted against me, written against me, and spoken against me.

**Saez.** Generous resolution! Your Majesty with good reason

\* Incredible as it may seem, this ordinance was issued.

rubs yours hands together, and tucks them comfortably between the knees.

*Rey Netto.* The rogue Riego! I have found a confessor for him.

*Saez.* True Christian charity,—to think of our worst enemies in our happiest moments, and to provide for the safety of their souls when the laws demand them!

*Rey Netto.* Father Gil Roncalle is the man: he shall accompany him on the road, and never leave him. I warrant he will make him penitent enough, and as pale in five minutes as a quaresimal fast could do. The father stank so, I had nearly lost the salvation of my soul by him.

*Saez.* How, Sire?

*Rey Netto.* He stood before me and presented the eucharist: such a vapor came up with it into my mouth, I was within a hair's breadth of spitting out my Maker with chocolate and anchovies.

*Saez.* He would have pardoned an involuntary sin, at the intercession of his Church.

*Rey Netto.* Involuntary sin!—what sin, father, may that be?

*Saez.* Unintentional. Those who commit no voluntary sins commit involuntary; for without sin is none, not even the babe. Infants are born in it.

*Rey Netto.* That I knew before; but a little water, and some blessed words, and a cross, so it be not a Greek one—Oh what mercy!

*Saez.* Yes, we may all come into the right way, if our parents and nurses do not look about and chatter at the font, but hold our heads quiet, and take especial care we never sneeze.

*Rey Netto.* Would that quite undo it?

*Saez.* Such a sign of contempt, so early!—there is no hope for it, no office appointed, no ceremony, no procession.

*Rey Netto.* This knowledge is more important than any other; but you will be pleased and surprised, no doubt, to hear that I have a *motu proprio*, by which I can restore my finances and fill my treasury.

*Saez.* Sire, I shall indeed rejoice to learn it.

*Rey Netto.* As King of the Indies, where the people are more tractable than in America, I shall propose to my vassal, the Great

Mogul, his independence of my crown on condition that he pays me immediately one hundred millions of dollars, and twenty millions yearly for ever. From the English I shall demand no more than a few millions, they being powerful and proud, and disinclined to acknowledge my sovereignty *de jure*.

*Sacz.* Your Majesty would perhaps have said *de facto*.

*Rey Netto.* We kings confuse these terms: indeed they are immaterial.

*Sacz.* The plan is admirable: the only difficulty is in the execution. It must ripen a short time yet in your Majesty's royal mind.<sup>5</sup>

[<sup>5</sup> First ed. adds as a postscript, "The Rey Netto is a character of such feelings as absolute power is capable of exciting in a weak uneducated prince, the plaything of a childish religion covered with a poisonous paint, in the hands of an ambitious priest and hypocrite, operating by a kind of Anacyropædia."]

## X. LORD COLERAINE, REV. MR BLOOMBURY, AND REV. MR SWAN.<sup>1</sup>

*Swan.* Whither are you walking so fast, Mr Bloombury?

*Bloombury.* My dear brother in Christ, Mr Swan, I am truly happy to meet you. A fine fresh pleasant day! Any news? I am going to visit Lord Coleraine, who has been attacked by an apoplexy.

*Swan.* Such was the report I heard yesterday. Accidents

[<sup>1</sup> Lord Coleraine, or Colonel George Hanger, as he called himself long after the title had come to him at his brother's death, was one of the Prince Regent's friends. He has left a memoir of himself, which is extraordinary reading. It shows him to have been a man of fashion, and of some intellect, but at the same time very much of an unpolished boor. The style of the book is half fine English of a conventional kind, half rough vigorous onslaughts on dissenters, vice, and other matters on which his experience qualified him to speak with more authority than he could have on the subject of religion. His admiration for George IV. is enthusiastic. But if Landor had read his memoirs, it is possible to understand that he would have liked the man for a roughness of thought not unlike his own. Of the Reverend Mr Bloombury, I can find no more than Landor tells in the dialogue. (Imag. Convers., iii., 1828. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

of this kind, when they befall the light and thoughtless, shock us even more than when it pleases God to inflict them on the graver and the better. What is more awful than to confront so unexpectedly the gay in spirit with the king of terrors? Sincerely as I grieve to hear of this appalling visitation, it is consolatory to think that his lordship has brought himself to such a comfortable and cheery frame of mind.

*Bloombury.* Has he, Mr Swan? Methinks it is rather early, if he has.

*Swan.* He must be sensible of his situation, or he would not have required your spiritual aid.

*Bloombury.* He require it! no more than a rank heathen or unchristened babe. He shall have it though! I will awaken him; I will prick him; I will carry to him the sword of faith; it shall pierce his heart.

*Swan.* Gently with the rowels on a foundered steed.

*Bloombury.* Mr Swan, our pulpits should not smell of the horse-cloth. I never heard that text before.

*Swan.* You have heard many a worse.

*Bloombury.* Profane! There are none but from the Bible.

*Swan.* The application and intent make them more or less good. *Smite* is in that book: *do not smite* is there also. Now which is best?

*Bloombury.* Both are excellent if they are there: we can only know which is best by opening the volume of grace, and the text that we open first is for our occasion the best of the two.

*Swan.* There is no logic to place against this. Of course you are intimately acquainted with Lord Coleraine. You can remind him of faults which it is still in his power to correct; of wrongs—

*Bloombury.* I can, and will. When I was in the Guards he won a trifle of money from me: I shall bring him to a proper sense of his sinfulness in having done it.

*Swan.* In winning your money?

*Bloombury.* He may make some reparation to society for his offence.

*Swan.* He could not have won your money if you had not played with him.

*Bloombury.* I was young: he ought to have taught me better.

*Swan.* He did, if he won much.

*Bloombury.* He won fifty guineas.

*Swan.* How? And were you, Mr Bloombury, ever a gamester?

*Bloombury.* At that time I was not under grace.

*Swan.* Well, really now, I would converse with a dying man on other topics. Comfort him; prepare him for his long journey.

*Bloombury.* Ay, sing to him; read to him Shakspeare and Cervantes and Froissart! Make him believe that man is better than a worm, lovelier than a toad, wiser than a deaf adder. Mr Swan, you are a virtuous man (I mean no offence by calling you so), a good neighbor, a cordial friend; but you are not touched.

*Swan.* Bloombury, if you are sincere you will acknowledge that, among your evangelicals, this touching for the most part begins with the pocket, or its environs.

*Bloombury.* Oh for shame! such indecency I never heard! This comes from your worldly and university view of things, your drinkings and cricketings.

*Swan.* Too frequently. We want drilling in our armor of faith from the Horse-guards: we want teaching from those who pay fifty guineas the lesson. I am not so unchristian as to deny that you are adepts in the practice of humility, but it is quite of a new kind. You are humble while you speak, but the reverse when you are spoken to; and, if it were not for your sanctification, I should call you the most arrogant and self-sufficient of sectarians.

*Bloombury.* We are of the Church, the true English Church.

*Swan.* Few sects are not, opposite as they may be. Take the general spirit and practice of it, and tell me what Church under heaven is more liberal and forbearing?

*Bloombury.* Because you forego and forget the most prominent of the thirty-nine articles. There is the sword in them.

*Swan.* Let it lie there, in God's name!

*Bloombury.* There is doctrine.

*Swan.* I take what I understand of it, and would not give a



pinch of snuff for the rest. Our Saviour has taught me whatever is useful to know in Christianity. If churches, or any members of them, wanted more from his apostles, I hope they enjoyed what they wanted. The coarser Gentiles must needs have cheese and garlic upon their bread of life: my stomach won't digest them. Those who like the same fare may take it; only let them, when their mouths are full of it, sit quiet, and not open them upon me. We are at the house, I think. Good morning.—A word at parting. May not that musk about you hurt the sick man?

*Bloombury.* What musk? I protest I never have used any.

*Swan.* Then the creature that bears it has run between your legs, and rubbed its fur against your dress but lately. Adieu.

*Bloombury (to a servant).* Is my Lord Coleraine at home?

*Servant.* No, sir.

*Bloombury.* Mark me, young man; the ways of the world are at an end so near the chamber of death. Tell his lordship that the Reverend—better tell him that Captain Frederick Bloombury, late of the Guards, has something of great importance to communicate.

*Servant (returning).* My master desires you to walk up, sir.

*Coleraine.* I have had the pleasure, I think, of meeting you formerly, Captain Bloombury; I cannot say exactly where, for we Guardsmen meet in strange places. I had sold out; and, as you are not in uniform, I presume that you too have left the service.

*Bloombury.* On the contrary, I have just entered it.

*Coleraine.* Rather late in the day, is not it? However, if I can serve you, speak. I feel a difficulty in conversing; this apoplexy has twisted my mouth on one side like a turbot's, and Death and I seem to be grinning for a wager. What do you lift up your eyebrows at? My sight is imperfect; they seem to me to be grayish, and fitter for a lieutenant-general than a captain.

*Bloombury.* I am ageing,—that is, I have a whitish or rather a lighter-coloured hair here and there. Sober thinking brings them.

*Coleraine.* Particularly when it comes after the thinking that is not quite so sober,—ay, Bloombury? Excuse me, was it ex-

pedient to enter the service so late in life, and in the midst of peace?

*Bloombury.* There begins our warfare: these are riotous and bloody times.

*Coleraine.* They are getting better, if people will let them. What would they have? Would they tear a new coat to pieces because the old one will not fit? How do you like your brother officers?

*Bloombury.* Reasonably well.

*Coleraine.* And the service at large?

*Bloombury.* The sweetest of services is the service of the Lamb.

*Coleraine.* They told me so—talking does me harm—yet I did not feel it. Gentlemen, it is of no use to bleed me any more. You need not feel my pulse,—I am too weak. I am losing my intellects, such as they are. I seem to see faces and to hear words the strangest in the world.

*Bloombury.* He shuts his eyes, and appears to doze a little. He smiles,—a very bad sign in a dying man!

*Physician.* With deference, I think otherwise, sir. He cannot live the day through, but he is in full possession of his senses. If you have any secret, any thing interesting to his family, any omission to suggest, we will retire. Let me however request of you not to disturb him on matters of business.

*Bloombury.* The Lord forbid!

*Physician.* He seems quite tranquil, and may go off so.

*Bloombury.* In that perilous state? It is the dimple of a whirlpool, at the bottom whereof is hell! I will arouse him: I will wrestle with Christ for him.

*Physician.* In another ring then: I keep the ground here.

*Bloombury.* You physicians are materialists.

*Physician.* Undoubtedly, sir, you would desire to be the contrary?

*Bloombury.* Undoubtedly, indeed.

*Physician.* You Methodists, then, are immaterialists?

*Bloombury.* Ho! ho! Grace and election and sanctification are things immaterial!

*Physician.* Which of you ever has preached gratitude to

God,—in another word, contentment? Which of you ever has told a man that his principal duty is to love his neighbour?

*Bloombury.* Who dares lie, in the face of God? We love the Lamb: the rest follows.

*Physician.* Unless the rest (as you call it) precedes, the Lamb will never be caught by you, whine to him and pipe to him as you may. Love to God must be conveyed and expressed by a mediator.

*Bloombury.* There you talk soundly.

*Physician.* You can show your love to him only through the images he has set on every side of you.

*Bloombury.* Idolater! When I uplift my eyes to heaven and see Jupiter (so called) and Saturn (name of foolishness) and all the starry host—

*Physician.* You see things less worthy of your attention than a gang of gypsies in a grassy lane. You cannot ask Saturn (name of foolishness) nor Jupiter (so called) whether he wants any thing, nor could you give it if he did; but one or other of these poor creatures may be befriended in some way, may in short be made better and honester and cleaner.

*Bloombury.* What! no prayers, I suppose, nor thanksgivings?

*Physician.* Catch the prayer that is rising to God, and act for him; receive in turn the thanksgiving: he authorizes and commands you. If there is a man in your parish who wants a meal while you eat two in the day, let me advise you neither to sing a psalm nor to bend a knee until you have divided your quatern loaf with him.

I must go in and see my patient: if you follow, step gently.

*Coleraine.* I beg your pardon, Captain Bloombury; how long have you been waiting?

*Bloombury.* An instant only, my lord. I hope your lordship has benefited by your easy slumber.

*Coleraine.* I feel no pain.

*Bloombury.* Unhappy man!

*Coleraine.* Thank you: I am sure you are.\*

*Bloombury.* The Lord sends hither me, his unworthy servant, O George Viscount Coleraine, to bring you unto him.

\* Misunderstanding; and supposing he said, "I am glad to hear it," or some such thing.

*Coleraine.* I am obliged to you both.

*Bloombury.* Well may you be. You have led as wild and wicked a life as one could wish. Repent! repent!

*Coleraine.* Of what? For, faith, there are so many things, I cannot see which to take hold on.

*Bloombury.* If I could suggest any other, I would do it in preference. I know but one.

*Coleraine.* Speak out: don't be modest.

*Bloombury.* You had formerly a strange itch for gaming.

*Coleraine.* Not I, indeed: but one can game when one cannot do the pleasanter thing.

*Bloombury.* You led me into, or at least you countenanced me in, that vice.

*Coleraine.* Which?

*Bloombury.* Gaming.

*Coleraine.* Pardon me, my worthy friend; we never were intimate till now. Charmed as I certainly should have been by your acquaintance, it cannot be more than once that we met before: for in good society no one forgets names or faces, unless of tradespeople and Jews.

*Bloombury.* On that one evening I lost fifty guineas to you.

*Coleraine.* Express no uneasiness; do not trouble yourself, Captain Bloombury: lay it upon the table. If it had escaped your recollection, I assure you it has escaped mine too. Do not, I entreat you, make yourself at all uncomfortable about it. I never said a word upon your leaving town and forgetting me.

*Bloombury.* Forgetting you, my lord! I paid the money down in five *rouleaux*. I wish I had kept it for the poor.

*Coleraine.* Pooh! another fifty is just as good as that. What do the poor care whether it is packed in *rouleaux* or not? It is unpacked, I will answer for it, long before they touch it.

*Bloombury.* If I had either that or another to give the broken in spirit, the sick and weary—

*Coleraine.* Oh! I now understand you. Upon my soul, you have a most compassionate and significant eye! Give me your hand, my good fellow; don't distress yourself. Yes, my dear Bloombury, times have been hard with me heretofore; but I never was broken in spirit, and now I want nothing.

*Bloombury.* Many whom I have visited in their last hours have lent money to the Lord, unasked.

*Coleraine.* Impudent dogs!

*Bloombury.* I part with mine willingly : it is only a snare of Satan. Yet those who have no families have thought of me.

*Coleraine.* And those who have families too ; for, I warrant, one of the flock (to say the least) reminded them. You are still a fine stout fellow.

*Bloombury.* I do not understand your lordship : I am, as the Lord made me, a sinner !

*Coleraine.* The deuce you are ! I wish I could be ! Do not groan ; do not be uncomfortable,—I am no worse, though I sighed a little.

*Bloombury.* Ah, my Lord Coleraine ! If you could rightly dispose of your soul and of your superfluities, then might you well exclaim, “O Death ! where is thy sting ?”

*Coleraine.* I should not venture : he might show it me.

*Bloombury.* He could not : I defy him.

*Coleraine.* You are braver : he is one too much for me ; he has got me down.

*Bloombury.* If your lordship would take courage and resolve, it is not even yet too late for the labour of love.

*Coleraine.* It would be a labour indeed for me.

*Bloombury.* Try, strive !

*Coleraine.* I am no more up to it than I am to the labors of Hercules. Ah, my dear Captain Bloombury, you are much more capable of such feats. I wish you joy of them : I have bidden them farewell. I begin to think that the world is a very bad world, and that every thing goes amiss in it.

*Bloombury.* Excellent thought, if it had but come earlier ! We should think so all our lives : it would prepare us for heaven. Let us remove from the sick-room all that ever gave you uneasiness by feeding your vices. I would tear off the old man from you.

*Coleraine.* The vagabond ! What ! is he here ? Who let him in when I was sleeping ? Tear him off, with a vengeance, the old thief ! Downstairs with him !—I paid the rogue fifteen per cent.

*Bloombury.* Be tranquillized, my lord ; you misunderstood

me. I would do as much for your lordship as my brother in Christ, the Reverend Christopher Rawbottom, a rooting man, did in regard to your deceased brother.

*Coleraine.* What did he?

*Bloombury.* Being in prison, a sufferer from false witnesses, he begat him, as Paul begat Onesimus, in his chains.

*Coleraine.* I don't believe it; I never heard it whispered or hinted. My mother was a very different sort of woman, and would hardly run after a fusty old goat, tied by the leg in a court of the Fleet.

*Bloombury.* Oh my lord! how little are you accustomed to the language of the Holy Scriptures! I speak figuratively.

*Coleraine.* Egad! did you, Bloombury?

*Bloombury.* I cannot bring your lordship to think seriously upon death.

*Coleraine.* Excuse me, Captain Bloombury, it is you who think the least seriously. It is you who would ask him where his sting lies, and who would challenge him outright.

*Bloombury.* My lord, if I am so unfortunate that I cannot be of use to your lordship in your interests, should there be remaining any slight matter in the temporal and personal, wherein my humble abilities could be servicable to you, I entreat you to command me.—He meditates! who knows what he may do yet! —It would be but just.

*Coleraine.* Have you a pencil?

*Bloombury.* Yes, my lord, yes; but pen and ink would be better,—let me run and find one.

*Coleraine.* No, no, no.

*Bloombury.* Oh yes, my lord!—Gentlemen, pray walk in again: his lordship is most clear in his intellects,—he has a short codicil to add. I carry the ink.—Is this pen a good one? Could he write legibly with it?

*Physician.* Perfectly. I wrote with it early in the morning.

*Bloombury.* My lord, the gentlemen have returned; they are waiting: here are pen, ink, and paper.

*Coleraine.* Favor me, Captain Bloombury: write.

*Bloombury.* It would not do, my lord: if the learned doctor would undertake it, your lordship might sign it,—and indeed might sign first.

*Coleraine.* Well, then, doctor, write :<sup>2</sup> will you ?

*Physician.* I am ready, my lord.

*Coleraine.*

Death !—We don't halt then I march I must,  
Mortally as I hate the dust,—  
I should have been in rare high glee  
'To make an April-fool of thee'

*Bloombury.* Wordly-minded man ! 'There are no hopes then !

*Physician.* I told you so, sir ; but although he knew it, you might have spoken lower.

# XI. DUKE DE RICHELIEU, SIR FIREBRACE COTES, LADY GLENGRIN, AND MR NORMANBY.†

WHEN the Duke de Richelieu had retired from office, ill health, which is usually the cause of retirement, was the consequence of it. Not that ministers ever care about loss of place,—privation of dignity and emolument is nothing to them ; and if they are excluded from the only arena grand enough for the development of their conceptions, those are much to be pitied, although not in the

[<sup>2</sup> First ed. reads : " write, Death," &c. (3 lines below.)]

\* He died on the 1st of April, 1824.

[† In the 1st ed. Sir Firebrace Cotes is called Sir Fire Coats. For a character of the Duc de Richelieu, see Fyffe's " Modern Europe " ii., pp. 95 and 160. It need only be noted here that he was a man of ability, and that when the Revolution drove him from France, he settled in Russia, was made governor of the Euxine provinces, and founded Odessa. His retirement from office in France was due to the treachery of the Count d'Atrois (Charles X.), who intrigued against him, because his political views were not sufficiently absolutist. Mr Forster (" Life " p. 304) says that Mr Normanby's experiences are, under a slight disguise, Landor's own. It is a pity that he did not explain to what incident in Landor's life he refers. It should be remarked that the second edition of this Conversation has been purified by Landor from several coarse passages. It has not been deemed needful to either reprint these, or to mark where they occur ; further, owing to the very large number of slight alterations between the two texts, it has been necessary to quote only the more important. (Imag. Convers. iii., 1829. Works, i., 1846. Works, v., 1876.)]

least to be blamed (God forbid!), who gave the key for that purpose to some dark designer, at the instant when such conceptions had arrived at their maturity.

He went to Genoa. The narrowness and obscurity of the streets incommoded him, and eighty stairs, which must always be mounted to reach the best apartments, were too many for an invalid. He went to Nice: the *bise* was troublesome. Here, however, he was amused a little at the sight of well-dressed strangers, and was not insensible of pleasure in being looked at, and in hearing his name perpetually mentioned in the same low tone of voice as he passed.

Do you doubt this weakness? Call it as you please and doubt it as you may,—it was this low tone of voice which the many hearts of a Marius and a Cromwell panted for. Vanity and agiotage are to a Parisian the oxygen and hydrogen of life. Richelieu, as honest a man as he was an ill-requited minister, had little of the latter; of the former as much as was requisite.

There were at Nice, at the same time, Sir Firebrace Cotes, an Irish general, and the Countess of Glengrin, an Irish lady inconsolable for her husband. I do not mean the one she had just lost, but the one she feared never to have.

The general thought it his duty to pay his respects to the minister, as none in place was there, and as he had a rich uniform which he never could so well show before, and indeed had never put on. Lady Glengrin, too, left her card.

That is contrary to etiquette.

One among the many reasons why she did it! Confident in her beauty, for she really had been pretty in her youth, and possessing in an eminent degree that facility of reply which, if delivered with sharpness, is called *repartee*, and claims relationship by a left-hand connection with wit, she never lost an opportunity of passing it off the company of distinguished personages. She was of all politics; so that, when rank failed her, nobody was surprised to hear that she had headed a deputation of fishwomen at Paris. Related to one of those who preserve the peace by cocking the pistol, and the gradations of social order by trampling on their equals, she associated and assimilated with the worst in the polar circle as well as the vulgar.

Her petulance and liveliness amused the duke, and mostly



when she talked about her country. He had not been accustomed to Irish society, though he had known some of Irish extraction, and a few born and educated in Ireland. He had found them decorous and graceful, frank and full of humor, not much addicted to study, but respectful to those who were, until some peculiarity caught them and they exploded in loud laughter. He considered them particularly delicate in affairs of love and friendship. One of them, suspected (as it appears most wrongfully) of many amorous intrigues, swore he never had and never would have one with a man's wife or daughter. Richelieu admired his primitive chastity. Among his friends, however, was an elderly gentleman who had meditated long upon the declaration, and felt certain there was some blunder in it. At supper he found it out; and when they were alone, "Faith!" said he, "Marcus, your mischief will lie then in a mighty narrow compass." Being locked up in logic, and unable to put his head through the grating, he agreed at last that the expression, to a man not very acute, might require an explanation. "I meant," said he, "a friend's,—at dinner or over a bottle; for in my mind, whatever others may think, that would be very base."

"You must come among us, duke," said her ladyship.

"I must indeed," answered he.

"Sir Firebrace, you are witness to the promise."

"I am," said Sir Firebrace.

There is no person in the world upon whom idleness hangs so heavily as upon a minister of state dismissed. Reprehended for sighing when he only yawned, and ashamed of being thought to yawn when he really sighed, he accepted the invitation, on condition that he should live privately. "For," said he smiling, "your government would watch me; and I should be sorry to be under martial law in Ireland, my skin being none of the toughest, and suspicious as my character must be, both as a catholic and a minister out of place. I will be colonel—colonel—I wish I could think of some colonel among my old friends who would consent to lend me his name."

"Oh," said Lady Glengrin, "if you want a name and are resolved to be a colonel, I have one for you, now you are so good and tractable: you shall be Colonel Le Doux."

"On receiving our commissions we kiss hands," said he; and

by the gracefulness of his action, if Madame de Genlis had been present, she would have fancied herself in the Louvre some years before the last century.

They embarked. Of all the coasts in the universe of the same extent, those of France for nearly their totality in three seas are the least beautiful, and those which the eye tires the worst upon are in the vicinity of Marseilles. When you are at sea, the hills above the town appear like little mounds which some children have been just whitewashing. Here the party was becalmed two days. The regular beating of time by the waves against the sides of the vessel; the regular creaking as she moved slowly on, heaving and nodding like some bulky churl half-asleep; the flapping of the sail against the mast; the monotonous and wearisome song (there was only one) of the sailors, who being Englishmen could neither dance nor fiddle, and had not even a monkey nor a cat among them for the strangers to joke about and play with,—rendered the colonel and his companions sad and silent. Sir Firebrace was flat and smooth as a billiard-table. Lady Glengrin having no object to attack or defend, at least no person known to Le Doux, turned, as we read of scorpions, upon herself; and her features and conversation languished equally. To relieve her listlessness, she sometimes made a spring at some friend of Sir Firebrace; but alas! she really had lost her elasticity. Le Doux smiled when he should have been serious, and was serious when he should have smiled. “One would think he hardly could have been attentive, though he seemed so,” said her ladyship to herself. Sir Firebrace often begged leave to set her ladyship right upon the character of very good fellows, if she knew them thoroughly, and worthy women enough,—at least he always believed so. He never went beyond in word or thought; excepting that, if he was mistaken, as any man might be, he was certain from her goodness of heart that her ladyship would pardon him.

There was not a book belonging to the party. She asked the captain whether he had any interesting one: he brought her the log-book. Tossing it aside, “Oh that we had a book! though it were the Bible or the Peerage,” said the countess; and observed for the first time a young man whom the duke had noticed before, and whom he had taken for a runaway barber,—his beard being

always close-shaven, and his linen and face quite clean. He smiled with somewhat of concern and sarcasm. "Well, my friend," said she, "let us hear the joke."

"Really, madam," he replied, "I have no joke worth hearing."

"Favor us, at least," added she maliciously, "with the fruits of your reflection."

Sir Firebrace now began to brighten. "They might not please you, madam," replied the sailor.

"Oh yes they would: I insist upon having them."

"In that case, madam, there is no denial. I was thinking it strange that, of all the books in the world, you should pitch upon either of those. On the contrary, I wonder that petitions are not laid before parliament to suppress them, and signed by every person of the first distinction."

"Why so?"

"Because the one shows us their vices, and the other does worse."

"What does the other?"

"It shows us their ages."

"The fellow would be witty," said Sir Firebrace, "as all ignorant people would."

"All?" said the man submissively. "I think I have seen some too modest; but one cannot judge of character in a couple of days."

"Sir Firebrace," said the captain, "you would better let that chap alone: he is too much for you and me. I have no power over him: seaman he is and a right good one; but though he lends a hand at any time, he takes nothing, not a can of grog. The lemon he puts into his water is to blame. He is the quietest and silentest man in the world; but if an oath escapes, you would fancy it was a leak, so quickly is he upon the plank. He has been a scholar not long ago, I mistrust, though he has dollars and better things in his box. As for madam, clever as she is, I would not have her fish for sting-rays."

From<sup>1</sup> his calmness and self-possession, Le Doux now im-

[<sup>1</sup> First ed. reads: "Sir Fire went toward the shaven sailor and said I know not what, which was answered by a bow. Le Doux imagined . . . an Englishman respectful and well-bred . . . sorrow, in very indiffer-ent English, that he could not perhaps make himself understood, and then that a person . . . strength (this he spoke low) where," &c.]

imagined there was something in the man announcing high birth, and thought him for an Englishman well-bred, though satirical. He approached him; and first expressed his sorrow that a person of an appearance so prepossessing should put forth *so much strength* where homage is best becoming. "The changes in my own country, sir," added he, "make me think it probable that they may have partially occurred in others."

"Sir," said the sailor, "your observation, I perceive, is but a delicate and discreet inquiry. There is nothing romantic in my history. I never was what you call noble: I never was better than a school-master in a small market-town. My education has taught me to reprove any open disrespect to the Bible. If the lady had spoken where only her equals were present, I should have gone away quietly; but sailors may be corrupted."

"Without doubt there are good things in the Bible," said Le Doux. "Bossuet has quoted it in the place about the white cemetery. Then you read Latin?"

"No, sir!"

"How! Oh, I forgot: you have a translation of it—have you not? A little<sup>2</sup>—it does not quite correspond with the original?" This he spoke, not so much in his own character as in his country's. One would have supposed that he understood Greek and Hebrew, yet he did not understand a sentence even of Latin. One would have supposed that he had collated the original with the English version, yet it was by an old and obscure report that he knew of its existence.

"I was zealous for my Bible," said the sailor. "I love my country and am proud of my language: the Bible is the best thing in both. Often have I thought of those who translated it, what they were, what their fathers were, what were their friends and teachers. Sir, I would have given my life, when it was a life of hope and happiness, to make by such holy means as this book the English language known through the world. And yet my love of it has done me for a time some harm."

Le Doux was desirous of hearing what it could be: indeed there are few who are not so of hearing any harm,—some from sympathy, some from malignity, some from curiosity, the rest from

\* [2 First ed. reads: "A little—I would not say very unfairly—but it does," &c.]

a wish of excitement. Lady Glengrin beckoned him away. "Favor me another time," said he to the sailor; "I am deeply penetrated."

Lady Glengrin nodded again, and asked him how he could be so ill-natured, when he had a musician with him, as not to call forth his talent. "Oracles are obscure," replied he. "Mac Arthur tells me," she rejoined, "that Michael showed him a flute, made out of a broken cane which he picked up in Genoa." "We will have a dance then, please God!" cried he. "Life is at stake, general! You and I must draw lots for the lady, since I dare not leave it to her choice, and she would not make mortal enemies." This he spoke, bowing in turn to each, appealing to her solicitously, and awaiting with deference her determination.

The proposal was sanctioned: the three stood up. The Russian was commanded to bring out his flute; the seal-skin that contained his clothes and his treasure was unstrapped; he ran upon deck with it in his hand: but this and the other two were raised upon his head and tearing his black bearlike hair; tears ran down his cheeks; and now for the first time after many years was heard from his lips the Russian language.

"What is the matter?" said the Swiss, his comrade, with perfect composure, to the Irish butler, Mac Arthur. "The son of a—is a woman!" answered the butler. "Did you ever hear such a soft language as she makes of her Russian?"

He had not finished when his lady, indignant at some word in the sentence, walked toward him fiercely from behind, and seizing him by the collar gave him a hearty kick in the bull's eye of the pantaloons, with, "I will teach you decency, you reptile!" He retired and sat down by a sailor, who asked him in the universal silence that had succeeded, "Pat, how do you like the new fashion of sharp-toed shoes?"

"Sir," answered he, "I would have you to know my name is not Pat, nor any thing like it; but Agrippa Mac Arthur."

"No offence, I hope, Mr Agrippa Mac Arthur. It would have been uncharitable and unchristianlike, if I could have seen such a sad mischance befall a fellow-creature, and hold my tongue upon it. Suppose you try a pickled herring while the hurt is fresh: a rare thing to bring out the fire that flies from a witch's toe-nail!"

Agrippa was consoled by friendship. "No, thank you," replied he; "she shall never have the satisfaction of seeing it." And then whispered in the sailor's ear, "What a marksman the vixen is!"

We<sup>3</sup> must now endure the griefs and tribulations of the poor Russian whose flute was broken.

"Cannot you repair it, Michael?" said Le Doux, humanely.

"St Nicholas could not!" answered he, with a sigh from the bottom of his heart. And he crossed himself as rapidly as possible, that his contrition might be observed by the saint at the first glance after the derogatory words, and before they could well be written down against him.

"What is all this blubbering about?" said the captain to Le Doux.

"My servant Michael has broken his flute," answered he, "and the poor fellow is inconsolable. Indeed, we could have danced if we had it; the loss is no trifling one to any of us, and heavy to him who made the instrument."

"He made it!" cried the captain incredulously.

"Yes," said Le Doux, "I saw him cutting the cane, now I remember."

"Why then, sir," replied the captain, "he could make such another out of this sugar-stick: let him try his hand."

Joy played upon deck like the sun. Even Lady Glengrin grew calm, and said to Le Doux, "These cursed Irish must be treated like dogs, colonel. I hope, nevertheless, you will excuse my anger."

"Madam," said he, dissembling that he had seen the *vore de fait*, "if you were angry at the accident, I do assure you your servant was not in fault. Renault slept upon it (as I saw) last night, and perhaps cracked it. I would not tell Michael, to make the man more uneasy, and turn friends into enemies."

"But that fellow's impudence, my butler's!"

[<sup>3</sup> In 1st ed. this passage runs: "I am fond of leading away my reader from scenes of sorrow; and of planting in such manner as to break the angles of some prominent objects, not without care, however, that the plants themselves be choice and vigorous no less than apposite. We can now . . . humanely. "Mr Nicholas . . . heart; and his melancholy now grew deeper, for in his despair he had said too much. "What," &c. (9 lines below.)]

"He has been sitting among the sailors, and if indeed he laughed a little, Michael did not see him probably; and I do assure you, if he had, poor Michael is a good creature. They will live again in harmony."

Her ladyship was persuaded that the castigation she had given was unobserved. The flute was made; panniers of grapes and peaches stood ready for any of the three who might be thirsty from the dance; and there was a cask containing the wines of Lunel in bottles, covered over with wet leaves and sail-cloth. In the whole ship there was but one rueful face. An old seaman, whose arms and breast had various marks upon them punctured and inlaid with gunpowder, and whose back too bore sundry transverse white stripes probably from his mother having dreamt of a zebra, was very officious in keeping the leaves and sail-cloth wet. At last he crept away, and whispered to the messmate in whom he placed the most confidence: "Things may happen beyond our reckoning. I have known many such, and have heard of more; but none like this. The *Hecla* has passed us in the night! Captain Parry has been aboard! As I am a Christian, there is ice among the bottles!" Le Doux had ordered a small provision of it, enough for a day or two, and this was only the morning of the second; and Renault had exerted his utmost skill in preserving and preparing it below.

The Biblical sailor was much amused at seeing the colonel, who left him an hour before so "deeply penetrated," dance delightfully. After a few compliments to his partner, who was incommoded by the sea and went to lie down, he returned with a countenance full of interest, just as when "life was at stake."

"I have always heard the Bible," said he, "called a very dangerous book in the hands of the laity, and I am most anxious to know what was the peculiar harm it did you."

"Thomas Paine," answered the sailor, "had written something against it. I had not read this, nor thought of reading it, when I saw in a gazette which I took weekly the advertisement of an *Apology* for it. An *Apology* for the Bible! and by a bishop!

[<sup>4</sup> First ed. reads: "confidence. 'I am not superstitious; but things,'" &c.; and 11 lines below, "delightfully and return to him after a few . . . went to rest, with a countenance full of interest and concern, just as when he left him, and as when 'life was at stake,'" &c.]

The word in Greek, I am informed, does not convey the same idea as with us : but I knew nothing of Greek, and was shocked at what I thought an intimation that the Book of Life required an excuse. I bought it, together with the strictures which provoked it. The fierceness and effrontery of the one, the smooth insincerity and flat yewberry sweetness of the other, equally disgusted me. I had only a single shelf for my books, in all about forty-five or fifty, and never did I think it necessary to conceal one. A neighbor asked me what I thought of these : I answered that I would rather have Paine's pen than Watson's crosier. He entreated me to lend him the volume. Unwilling to propagate the seeds of scepticism, I said, 'I am sorry I cannot ; I have lent it.' This deliberate and cowardly falsehood brought its punishment. I never had refused a book to an acquaintance, or any thing else in my house ; and until that moment I had always thought myself as incapable of a falsehood as a denial. In most of our towns and villages the system has now commenced of that which you Frenchmen call *espionage* : we had no name for it, and have none yet. Before the war we were somewhat different from other nations. This convulsion of Europe joined, morally speaking, the island to the continent. We then began to talk a language we had never learned or heard : we had *aristocrat* and *democrat* ; and, what is worse, our aristocrats and democrats were just like yours."

Le Doux bowed and smiled.

"I am afraid I have said an uncivil thing," continued the sailor, "and I beg pardon. Injuries in one respect hurt the memory ; that is, by contracting it to the narrow point they spring from."

"My friend," said Le Doux, placing his hand with gentleness under the elbow of the apologist, "I have as little reason to be pleased with either of these parties as you have. Continue."

"The story, that my shelf was filled with profane and seditious and indecent books, became current in the parish. My scholars were taken away from me ; even those who came upon the charity disappeared. Parents who had known me from my childhood visited me now only to obtain a glance at my library. They found no other work of ill repute than Paine's, which from a sense of honor and openness I had replaced. Nevertheless, all



who were in business were threatened with a loss of it unless they removed their children from my tuition; others removed them, as they declared to me, that they might not quarrel with their customers, 'for they loved,' they said, 'peace and quiet.' Elias Halliday, that friend who had asked me for the *Age of Reason*, went to the Reverend Mr Chisholm, now curate to his father; and he, immediately on the intelligence, drew on his boots and came to me.

"'Mr Christopher Normanby,' said he, 'I never thought you taught lads blasphemy and sedition.'

"'Sir,' answered I, quietly, 'you, being our spiritual guide, should have inquired into it; for the report, I have reason to believe, is a fortnight old!'

"'A damned pretty fellow!' said he, striking his spur with a switch. 'Well, I must be back to the glebe.'

"Mr Chisholm was never my friend, from the strangest of motives,—from possessing what he thought should have been mine. The rectory was presented to his father by Lord Sandhurst, who resides in another part of the county, and to whom that gentleman was steward. He had been an attorney; but for some wrong erasure, which he made perhaps by candle-light, he was induced to abandon his profession. My father was educated at the expense of the late lord, for having saved his son from drowning in the Trent; and not only was indebted for his education to that worthy peer, but for a legacy of five hundred pounds, bequeathed to him in his last words almost. Never was there a tenderer heart, a humbler soul, than my father's. At Oxford he had made great progress in the mathematics, which brought him many enemies, that study being in his time much discouraged there. He was suspected to be a good classical scholar, but his shyness would not let it appear: those who knew him best were not certain of it, for they could judge only from what they saw at lecture; and to those who knew him little there appeared to be a proof to the contrary. When he was about to take his degree in order that he might be inducted to the rectory of Sandhurst, one of the examining masters was resolved to pluck him."

"A very uncivil interruption!" said Le Doux. "Are the masters themselves so rude?"

"You do not understand the term, sir; you do not know perhaps that any single master can prevent a person from taking a degree. A student a year older than my father, and in competition with whom he had carried off a college-prize, discouraged him so at the examination that he lost his degree. He returned into the country, and told his young patron (for the father was lately dead) what had happened.

"'Pooh, Kit,' cried he, patting him on the shoulder, 'go to Glasgow, man! Jim Towne, my furrier, was made a doctor there in the twinkling of an eye: the rascal was starving on horse-flesh. At present, by a good intelligence with the resurrection-men, he holds up his head like a heron half-a-wing from the marsh, and looks askance in your face fiercer than a caught polecat, as he passes.'

"'My lord,' answered my father, 'their church is different from ours.'

"'Go to Cambridge, then. My word for it, with your figures and two little straight lines betwixt, they will send you back nicked and cropped and spruce enough for the deanery of Durham. Remember, the rectory is a good eighty a-year; — by the bye, would you like the perpetual advowson? At the end of the twelvemonth you have five hundred, you know; and we can sign and seal thereupon,—ay, Kit?'"

"'It would be simoniacal,' answered my father.

"'Simoniacal!' repeated the peer with grave mimicry. 'The word itself in any man's mouth is enough to make him a hypocrite for life. A sand-boy, who does not know the meaning of it, has only to say it, and it turns him into a pick-pocket or swindler. Why, thou cursed fool, simony is every thing in form and nothing in fact! Is there a Father in God upon the bench that has not committed it, if you put the thing in place of the letter?'

"'My father's health declined. 'I tell you what, young man, unless you take a wife it is all over with you,' said the doctor. My father could no more take a wife than he could take a city. He was acquainted with no young woman: he declared it. 'Egad, I thought as much!' cried the doctor: looking at him, nevertheless, as he would have done at an ibis or crocodile just unboxed. 'We will remedy that, too: the drug is as easily found as buckthorn.'

"Doctor Bloom had been surgeon to a ship in the fleet under Rodney, and was the intimate friend of his captain, who, after being in constant service for fifty years, was made an admiral, and, as they call it, *laid on the shelf*. To kill time, when he had nothing else to kill, he married a buxom little quack. They both drank hard, and were so affectionate a couple that one did not survive the other above a twelve-month. They left an infant daughter, all provided for; the doctor took it, and sent it to school. She was now sixteen; he rode over for her, and told her she must come and help him. His garden joined my father's; and the thought of hedgers is always thick on Jaws. 'I have no notion of a hedge,' said he, 'without a gap in it.' His boots were thick, he was stout, and corpulent, he soon made one. 'Have a care!' said he, 'I trust my coat-pocket will mind the onion-sauce!' He moved it my father with his wand, holding a dish in her two hands, and cried, 'Kit, my hearty do, hast any appetite for a young rabbit, clean as a penny, out of my own cub, fed upon bean and sowthistle, and smothered in onions.'

"My father thanked with much courtesy his kind friend, and really felt a good person.

"'If this you like, and your elf will favour me.'

"'Not she, nor I either—we have just eaten the fellow to it.'

"'Miss will it let sit down.'

"'No, thank you, no—I must go.'

"'Who told you that?' cried the doctor, glancing his eye athwart the back of his chair. She looked out of the window, and answered, 'She did not know.'

"'Sit down, then,' cried her grandfather, in the same authoritative tone as before. She was walking toward the only vacant seat, one with a wooden bottom, when my father (in absent mind on many occasions) rose hastily, and placed his, which held his pillow upon it, before her.

"'Oh no, sir!'

"'I beg no excuse of you will, miss!'

"'Oh no!'

"He took her gently by the arm, set it as a flower, and the coolness of it refreshed him to the heart. He seated her, he spoke to her, only that he might stand near her. Was he then so feeble that he could not be heard across a chamber of fourteen feet by twelve?

"When he wanted me to marry, he told me the tale; and added, 'Christopher, there is no such preservative against vice as the recollection of these events. I do believe that beauty, in its early innocence, has something of what, for want of a better and more definite name, we call ethereal; something pure and rapid, something that stands impassably between us and evil, and holds our little world from ruin and corruption; something that unites us here in love and amity, inasmuch as what is mortal can be united, and converts us at last to itself in fulness and perfection.'"

Le Doux heard the sailor with wonder, and looked at his rigid throat, his reddened breast, his hands covered with wiry and inverted hair.

"I am at home again," said he; "I am with my father, and talk freely. If you are tired of me, leave me."

"My friend," said Le Doux, "I hear you with interest: pray proceed."

"Alice hardly ever would enter the bedchamber again, but she was fond of walking in the garden, steep as it was and short and narrow, and containing but one cherry-tree, some gooseberry-bushes, and a Virginian sumach that darkened the casement of the lower room. My father must go down and talk to his little maid.

"Go," said the doctor; "I get fond of reading, and you have a power of books here."

"Alice had been long below; she must now go and see what her guardian was doing: he might want her. She tripped upstairs; my father stopped breathless in the middle. 'Are you coming too, Mr Normanby? Come then. What is the matter? Are you tired, you rky romp?'—for he had thrown a gooseberry at her bonnet.

"No, little Alice; the only fault of this house is that the staircase wants air."

"What! with the door wide open and the windows too, and only the twenty-fourth of May? Indeed, Mr Normanby, I cannot but think you are a very discontented man: you always want something."

"Who makes that noise there?" cried the doctor. Alice ran down, and found in her turn an inconvenience in the staircase to complain of. If my father had not caught her, who knows what might have happened! It was providential.

"‘Alice,’ said my father a few days afterward, ‘I have often seen you eating my gooseberries and cherries, and, what is worse, before they are half-grown.’

"‘It is very true,’ replied she, blushing, ‘but I protest it was not in malice, and that whenever I caught myself doing it I stopped.’

"‘You must pay me.’

"‘How can I? I have only a sampler.’

"‘I will have that, then.’

"She ran like a greyhound through the gap and brought it. It was neatly worked.

"‘Really, Alice, these letters are formed divinely.’

"‘Some of them,’ said she, ‘are better than others.’

"‘I cannot see that,’ said my father.

"‘Oh yes they are: but what do you men know about work?’

"‘Come, my little Alice, show me now the best.’

"She looked over them, and sometimes drew one straighter, and sometimes another, across her fore-finger.

"‘They are not much amiss,’ said she.

"‘But show me the difference.’

"‘I think the N is rather better than those on each side.’

"‘Oh you deserve a coronet for such a present,’ cried my father, seeing her embarrassment; and, running before her that she might not suspect he saw it, leaped up at a flower on the sumach. She laughed that he had missed it, and leaped at it too; nor was it at the first attempt that she reached it, nor without help.

"‘Alice,’ said the doctor one afternoon, ‘you sit working all the day, and work worse than ever; where is your sampler, child? What do you color at?’

"‘I thought I might give it, sir, to Mr Nořmanby; I took so much of his fruit whenever I went there.’

"‘Alice,’ said he, ‘you are seventeen the first of October: I cannot treat you with green gooseberries and pale cherries, but the grapes against the kitchen chimney will soon be ripe, and I have such a rarity for you as you never saw in your life-time.’

"‘Oh dear, sir, do not think of it! And you have patients in the fever who care more about grapes.’

"‘I have one indeed who has such a fever on him, he would

play the devil with the best fruit at table, and have it all to himself."

"“Let him have it, my dear sir.”

"“So I will.”

"“Alice ran and kissed the doctor. ‘Poor Kit!’ cried he. Alice, in the act of starting back, had fainted in his arms. ‘Why! how now, girl! art in love with *me*! ’sblood? I’ll bring thee to thyself again.’ He had no more scruple with her than a child has with a doll, and his remedies were within reach. ‘Simpleton!’ whined he in derision, when she began to recover, ‘he has just as much of a fever as you have.’

"“Sir, it is time I should stop,” said the sailor. “I am relating these things of my mother, just as if she had been an heiress of a thousand a-year, had lived in a turret and run along a corridor from her birth, had married a marquis, and had been presented at court.”

"“She was a pretty girl, I am persuaded,” said Le Doux; “and we will suppose in her favor that she had those advantages. Go on, Mr Normanby; there is little to add, I fancy.”

"“If,” said the doctor, ‘he should have a small matter of ailment, which by neglect is one that might grow violent, would you sit by him?’

"“Willingly.”

"“All day long?”

"“All night too. I have a good deal of courage when nobody frightens me.”

"“And quite alone, you timid thing? Remember how you shrieked when the kitten the other evening purred and rubbed against your legs. Could you stay quite alone?”

"“Quite.”

"“Whether he slept or woke?”

"“I would pray God he might sleep, and would make no noise.”

"The doctor at this burst into what he called a horse-laugh. ‘Come, now,’ said he, ‘you are a good girl, and I will show you the curiosity I mentioned.’

"He walked to my father’s with her, and found him pruning his cherry-tree; he stepped down joyously and ran toward them. ‘Have you done?’ asked the doctor. On the affirmative, ‘Give

me the pruning-knife, then : it is a shame to see that thief of a sumach getting in at the window.'

" 'Oh my dear sir !' cried Alice, 'show me the curiosity. Mr Normanby, I never saw that pruning-knife,—do let me see it.'

"My father placed his back against the sumach, looked tenderly and anxiously at Alice, shut the knife, gave it to her, and whispered, 'Don't let him !'

" 'I will disappoint you, my dear guardian, in your pruning, for frightening me.'

" 'What frightened you, Alice ?' said my father, looking with great solicitude.

" 'He knows,' said Alice, shaking her head.

" 'And Normanby shall know too, deceitful whisperer !'

" 'Oh dear, dear sir, don't let him !'

" 'A truce with pruning,' said the doctor, 'I have other things to do. And now for the curiosity.'

" 'I know what you mean,' said my father : 'several boys were after it.'

" 'And will be, if I don't secure it,' said the doctor.

" 'It was late, I suppose,' said my father, 'for that sort of butterfly ; yet it was only a butterfly after all.'

" 'Oh, foul mouthed-fellow !' cried the doctor.

" 'Really, I never troubled my head about such trifles,' replied my father in vindication.

" 'Here is the curiosity ! Come and take it, Alice. A man who can hardly live a day without you, and dares not say he loves you.'"

*Le Doux.* And you are the only fruit of this marriage ?

*Normanby.* A rough-flavored and worthless one ! I had a sister, three years younger than myself, whose birth caused the death of my mother.

*Le Doux.* Whom you do not remember then ?

*Normanby.* I do, and well. I have before me her clear colorless face, which I have heard was always so : her quiet blue eyes, which she turned on me when I ran out of my bed the morning before her death, hearing her sigh and ask about me. The infant was born weakly, and my mother being weaklier still, it was recommended to find another nurse for it. "The child is mine," exclaimed she in desperation, "she shall not have two mothers."

"And would you rather she should have none, my blessed Alice?"

"I know not, my Normanby. God protect her!"

God did; and, when the parent could not hear her, took her.

Soon after the marriage, Lord Sandhurst pressed my father a second time to enter on the living, which he remarked was holden in trust for him. "Or if you do not like it," said his lordship, before any reply could be given, "you shall have the charity-school instead; it is worth as much within a trifle, and there are no quarrels or trouble about tithes: added to which the house is kept in repair by the trustees." My father thanked him, and accepted the school. Five hundred pounds were paid by his lordship's house-steward, and Mr Chisholm, the land-steward, became rector impropriator of Sandhurst; the bishop having ordained him at the recommendation of his patron, and every necessary preliminary having been legally observed. He was soon appointed his lordship's chaplain, and within the year was doctor of laws. People found that they had been much mistaken in his character. He was a pious, humane, and liberal man; so averse from litigation that no wonder he had not succeeded as a lawyer! He visited the farmers separately; told them he would leave all questions to their discretion and goodness; that they might give him a tenth or a twentieth, as they pleased. Some indeed had pretended, while he was agent, that they from time immemorial had paid a modus or composition: he smiled at that, and said he should be truly sorry to prove the contrary.

"Come," said he to the richest of the tenants, whom he had always favoured most, "what have you paid me?"

"Don't you remember, doctor, you never took more than forty-two shillings, saying that forty-five was too much?"

"We must give and take," said the rector, "like good Christians. You shall pay me forty-eight for fourteen years, or during your residence and your son's; and here are two ten-pound bank-notes."

"A bargain!" exclaimed the farmer.

The rest sent him chickens and ducks; and, finding him wary, said plainly they did not see why one neighbor was more neighbor than another. He declared that he would encourage the civil and industrious; and he would see who was grateful before he



carried his liberality much farther. They brought him their waste paper,—such they called the old receipts; he altered (it was said) such figures as were changed the easiest, and laid them by. In the new agreements those who had large families paid less, those who had none or smaller paid more. Lord Sandhurst, at the recommendation of his new steward, went over to the estate. The steward was of opinion that it could be doubled: the tenants were ejected. The good rector received them like a father, and consoled them. They lent him their teams, they sold him the manure: they would rather give it to him than leave it on the ground. The steward and a surveyor recommended an enclosure of the common and the warren. The doctor would not oppose any plan conducive to the public good, and would be contented for his share to accept the worst part of the common and the poor barren warren, rather than have litigations about tithes.<sup>5</sup> He gave notice, however, that for the future he should take them in kind, until the commissioners had made their award. Lord Sandhurst threatened to litigate; the rector would feel the deepest sorrow at any such thing, and would refer the matter to arbitration: nay, his lordship should appoint both arbiters. Blight and another, who came by accident to visit him, were nominated. Chisholm submitted: he had given his word. On the return of the arbiters they were very melancholic.

“Well, what have you done with him?” said his lordship; they shook their heads. The commissioners, who were neighbors, had left the tithes as they found them. Dr Chisholm had consented to exchange a part of his glebe for only half the common, and that nuisance which in its present state brought so many foxes about it,—the warren.

“He must have seen your lordship’s receipts and other papers.”

“Surely: he was my steward, you know.”

“He should not have taken advantage of his knowledge, if

[<sup>5</sup> Note in 1st ed. “The same thing happened in an estate belonging to my mother. Mr Savage made the rector of his parish his gamekeeper and steward, neglecting all inquiries. The tenants had always paid a modus, a few shillings. The rector showed them many indulgencies in their rents, added a trifle to the tithes, and the estate now pays the rector about two hundred a year: for the church never loses its rights, though acquired by wrongs; and a part of *Saint Peter’s patrimony* lies in England.”]

indeed he did; in other respects nobody could have acted more liberally. His warmest wish was the harmony of the parish."

"A lawyer turned parson," cried Lord Sandylhurst, "has the devil by both horns, and can dance him about as he pleases: however, I will eat him up with my game."

"My lord," said one of them, "I am sorry to inform you he has a right of free warren, which is dependent on the warreners' house. He showed us the document."

"I myself gave him with my own hands that long musty scroll about the warren, to prove the extent and show him his advantages. The rogue said my word was enough, and would hardly throw his eyes over the parchment. I observed that his horse was frightened at it, and went off at full speed."

My father heard these particulars, and thanked God that his lordship had relieved him from such heart-burnings and such imputations.

"A pretty thing to thank God for!" said Dr Broom; "you might have netted a third of what Chisholm does, and have been deemed an honest man. You have now only your school and your five hundred."

The school he had: the five hundred he never had. Dr Broom, of his own accord, went to remind the peer that Mr Normanby of the school had a small matter left by his lordship's worthy father.

"He did say something about five hundred, but he was light-headed in a manner, as you must remember, Broom; and besides I gave Normanby the school. If he had not been the greatest booby in the universe, he might have been rector of Sandylhurst, and kept his carriage."

"My lord, it is easier in our days for a man to keep his carriage than his word I find."

"I shall not ask you what you mean, my friend Broom; but you shall presently see what I mean."

He walked away and returned with a horsewhip. Broom, outrageous at the indignity, forgot that he was by thirty years the older man, and, running at him, knocked him down.

*Le Doux.* A peer of parliament! that is grave!

Normanby did not attend to the observation, but went on.

"Such, sir, is the custom of our country, that a man once down is sacred."

*Le Doux.* You are the strangest people in the world ! The very opposite of the rest !

*Normanby.* His lordship rose, and, casting aside the whip, became the pugilist ; and, not without a long and doubtful contest, threw his adversary. "Do you know who keeps his word now ?" cried he. "Who is the best man now ?"

"The greatest rascal, I must needs confess it," cried the doctor ; "but every dog has his day."

As the late peer had no other child, and was a widower, he made no will : the bequest was verbal. My father could never be induced to apply for the money, and indeed (what he did not know) Lord Sandyhurst swore he never would pay it, lest he should seem to have been bullied out of it. Broom, thinking that he by his rashness had been the cause of this resolution, lost his admirable flow of spirits ; gave up his gun, sat and mused with my parents, whom, he told them, he had ruined, went late to bed, and some say indulged in mild ale. His health, however, did not visibly decline. What then was the astonishment and consternation of his friends, when Phineas, who had taken his boots to his bedside, found him dead from apoplexy ! No work was done in the town that day. He left the little he possessed to my mother and her children, trusting that she would take care of his two servants, who had lived with him all their lives. It amounted to a few hundred pounds, for the tenement was not his own, and he always had been generous. My mother wept over him as over a father,—she had known no other ; my father as over a friend,—no other had he known. They found a better place for their maid, and took his domestics into their house.

My mother followed to the grave her parental guardian before she had completed her twenty-second year. My father lived till I was almost of age. The loss of his companion, of whom he talked to me every day from my sixteenth year, shortened his innocent and useful life. In my earlier boyhood I do not think he ever mentioned her. "Christopher," said he on his death-bed, "I have borne up more manfully than you are aware of. You are now old enough to keep the school ; and see here the kindness of our patron."

Lord Sandyhurst, at the entreaty of the parish, had been prevailed on to appoint me to the place of master, vacant by reason of my father's ill-health.

"The day is sultry," said he, "open the casement. I have kept my bed three weeks. Look out, and see whether the sumach is in flower: it ought to be, or near it."

"There is one."

"Go down and cut it, and bring it me.—Stop a moment.—Yes, I must have it, Christopher."

I ran down and brought it to him. "How sweet it is!" said he, laying it on his face, and smiling as if refreshed by it.

"Father," said I, smiling too,—for he seemed much better,— "I did not know that there was any sweet scent in the sumach;" and would have taken it to smell. One breath shook its feathery flower. It was his last.

The colonel pressed the hand of the mariner; for there are workings of the heart that cast down all distinctions.

*Le Doux.* Lord Sandyhurst, I am afraid, can have but a very bad heart.

*Normanby.* I am unwilling to suppose that his heart is a very bad one; which would be a heavy accusation, since every man who has received the rudiments of culture is in great measure the framer of his own. I am more inclined to believe that there is something in his brain defective or amiss,—an evil which no man can remedy or control.

*Le Doux.* Why do you think so? What you have related is no proof or sign of it, but shows rather that sort of brain which most people have, and which they call the soundest.

*Normanby.* My reason for thinking as I do is this. When his maternal uncle died, who was doatingly fond of him, and at whose house he had passed the greater part of his boyhood and his youth, he received the congratulations of his acquaintance on his increase of fortune.

*Le Doux.* Surely: ought he then to exclude them?

*Normanby.* I should have said, if it had not seemed malicious, that he received their congratulations with pleasure and satisfaction.

*Le Doux.* He inherited as much as he expected, did he not?

*Normanby.* I imagine so; every one knew that Mr Edward

spent his whole income : but the land was unencumbered by debt, and worth about four thousand a-year.

*Le Doux.* Well then ! he might fairly rejoice at coming into possession.

*Normanby.* Good God ! into what possession did he come, which was not his more amply and more delightfully before ? He gained nothing : he lost the hand that gave him it, the heart that welcomed him to it, the voice that cheered him in his use of it, the dispenser that kept it for his sake, the friend in whose conviviality and converse he could and did enjoy it. On what account do the wise and frugal, on what account do even the idlest and most unthinking, wish for property ?

*Le Doux.* To spend it among their friends.

*Normanby.* Are then those who plunder them at the gaming-table, those who sell them an unsound horse or such as they themselves are afraid to ride, those who recommend to them a cast mistress or a cashiered steward, those who seeing them in sickness call them in their tenderest mood "poor devils," and whose most anxious inquiry is, "What ! alive still ?"—are those the friends that a rational soul should prefer to the guardian of his infancy, the director of his adolescence, the crowner of his energies at the goal of manhood, whose eye stiffened on his harder features (and did not find them so) ere it closed in death ? Men have been the richer ; but no man, thinking as he ought, ever inherited a *fortune* from parent or from friend. What mine produces them ; what labor can acquire them ; what regret can recover them once lost ? And shall the only thing worthless that they leave behind compensate us ?

*Le Doux.* My good friend, you did not find any great difference in your fortune, or else perhaps—

*Normanby.* Go on, sir !—Then let me. I possessed so few things that every one of them gave me a distinct sensation, and a painful one, reminding me of him who had left them. In this alone had I to regret the humbleness of my condition. The regret was, however, of such a nature that by degrees I placed myself in its way voluntarily, and even went after it above-stairs and below. When I had nothing else remaining to look at, I looked at the knots in the deal unpainted door, and conned over one of my early lessons on the cause of their transparency in the sunshine.

*Le Doux.* If we retain these weaknesses too long, we are good for little.

*Normanby.* True; and, if we never have them, we are good for nothing. Neither our weaknesses nor our strength should come into play incessantly. Both were given us wisely; which I should say, even if I could think of no other purpose than the necessity of moderating them.

*Le Doux.* I do not think, my honest friend, a man like you could reasonably be suspected of disloyalty or irreligion.

*Normanby.* And if you did think it, sir, my mind would be the same. I have opened my heart to you because it is long since I have seen a countenance I like so well, and because it is a pleasure to be heard attentively.

*Le Doux.* Pity! that your father did not teach you the languages he had acquired.

*Normanby.* He taught me gardening and geometry, which, he used to tell me playfully, are the washing and clear-starching of the mind; while other things for the most part he considered as the rags or ruffles. When<sup>6</sup> I had acquired from him the elements of Latin, he said to me that I was now able to teach as much as was enjoined by the statutes; and that if ever I had leisure I might extend my knowledge. After a pause, he added that he had seen some who had gained nothing from the classics but the right (as they imagined) of repining, when they found those who had made no greater progress in them raised to vicarages and rectories, and even higher; and that he would rather leave to me a moderate sustenance than a defective and fallacious title to one more plentiful.

*Le Doux.* I am charmed at his just views of society, which many men, less prudent than yourself, might turn away from. I must make you better known to my fellow-passengers.

*Normanby.* Sir, I beg you will not bring them hither.

*Le Doux.* Have they offended you past forgiveness?

*Normanby.* They have never offended me at all; but my heart closes at them,—as there are some flowers which, without being delicate, closes against insects.

*Le Doux.* I ought to be much flattered at your reception of me.

[<sup>6</sup> From "When" to "from" (12 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Normanby.* Flattered! no, sir. That is a phrase of your country, and fit for it: let me hear it again, and we converse no longer.

*Le Doux.* A phrase has lost many a man a friend: I will be more cautious in future. I have listened with due attention to your father's history, and now am anxious to hear the rest of yours, which you abandoned as soon almost as you began.

*Normanby.* The ashes were hot underfoot. I flew from myself to my father: my wrongs rose up before me. I have now again lost sight of them, partly by the memory of that saintly man, and partly by your encouragement and compassion. Yes, sir, I am like a child who runs behind its parent,—a child little used to be caressed and fondled,—when at last a stranger bids it come and sit beside him, and is ready and well-pleased to listen to the idle rill of its discourse.

I was pained excessively at the fathers of my boys refusing to visit or receive me; some because they had been so much mistaken in me, and others because, as they said, it really would hurt them. My grief was intolerable when the boys themselves, who had revered and loved me, hissed me on my way home from church, calling me atheist,<sup>7</sup> jacobin, and regicide. I had taught them to love their neighbor, and had never seen in them anything cruel or unkind. Several of them, on my father's decease, said anxiously to me, "And what shall we do if we lose *you*?" awaiting my answer in tears. Mr Chisholm, who had been present at their altered conduct, came up to me just as I was entering my door, and said he hoped what I had heard would be a warning to me. As I returned no answer, but invited him to walk in, "Oh your humble servant! many thanks; is it come to this? It is well for you that there are no press-gangs up the country: they would teach you loyalty at the mast."

Never had I thought to receive a hint out of church from Mr Chisholm, of which I should be likely to make any use in my conduct. Another aided him unconsciously. Phineas Pooley, my old servant, placed the roast veal upon the table, and asked me whether I was satisfied with him and Martha, as my parents and Dr Broom had been.

"Yes, my good Phineas, perfectly."

[<sup>7</sup> "Atheist" added in 2nd ed.]

"Then, sir," said he, "I shall be sorry (God forgive me!) to leave you, though you are now become an enemy to God and man."

"Leave, Phineas?"

"Both of us. We have places for life in the country hospital: we are fitted for the work, and ready to go when you can spare us."

"Dear honest Phineas! who persuaded you?"

"No matter: there are good who were thought bad, and bad who were thought good."

"What evil have you ever seen in me, Phineas?"

"None, sir; unhappily."

"How!"

"We cannot see the heart."

"Ah then, Phineas, you are in the right to leave me. If you have not yet been able to see my heart, I am to the full as bad a man as any one would represent me."

"You have been kind to me, as I told them, in sickness and in health, and never said a cross word to either of us. 'Nor did the Tempter to Eve,' was the reply for this; 'nor again on the exceeding high mountain.' At these words, master, I felt how little I was of a scholar (though I heard them a hundred times) and how entirely in the snares of sin and death."

*Le Doux.* There have been people worse treated than you have been, Mr Normanby, but none more undeservedly. The civility due to your fair countrywoman does not suspend my interest in your recital, yet it obliges me to make inquiries, and, if she is awake, to receive her commands. You will allow me to join you again: you will acknowledge an old acquaintance?

*Normanby.* At any time, and with pleasure.

The colonel found Lady Glengrin just waking. She hoped he would by degrees be fitted for the society it would be his destiny to find in Ireland; and some other such pleasantries passed, which were commented on and explained by Sir Firebrace. They spent together the whole evening. Two of the party never rose before noon; *Le Doux* was of opinion that the only thing tolerable at sea was the rising sun, and always was prepared to greet it.

Does any one remember (ah! who does not remember?) the



first time he ever saw myrtles in blossom on the bleak heath, where they spread the most widely and bloom the most profusely? Does he remember the jolts and jerks, the sands and sudden stops, among the poor cultivation just before he reached them? How gladly folded he his arms upon his breast, and drew the pure air from amid<sup>8</sup> their starry stillness! Not unlike his feeling was the feeling of *Le Doux*. He had noticed<sup>9</sup> for the first time a neglected plant, capable of becoming the ornament (if chance had placed it there) of domestic life in an unthrifty station. He had lived, it is true, among the Russians; but they present no variety: there is a Tartar flat along the whole people. Potemkin and Orloff differed from cooks and porters only in strength of limb, — the pedestal of their greatness.

Uniforms and diamond rings are useful, since without them I should often have forgotten the personages I conversed with, and have ordered them to bring me a glass of water and a biscuit. Resolute to avoid peculiarity, and to conquer that abstraction which is called *absence*, it hardly ever has been my failing unless in the company of such people; and I have usually felt a listlessness to amend, or even to apologise for, my fault.

Normanby saw the head of *Le Doux* mounting from the cabin, and saluted him. The conversation was on various subjects, light and uninteresting. Both felt it. "Come, Mr Normanby," said *Le Doux*, "I am still your persecutor; I hope your last. Let us take our old places, and then to Phincas again and the exceeding high mountain."

Normanby smiled and continued.

"Determined to sell my furniture and leave the country, I gave notice of my intention, and sent for the auctioneer, a civil man. He said he owed me no ill-will, and would do as much by me as by another. Looking over the volumes of which about eight were Greek authors, and fewer Latin, he found hardly any thing else than our old English divines. As you have acquired our language, and as these contain three-fourths of what is excellent

[<sup>8</sup> First ed. reads: "amid the starry stillness of these interminable plants. Not," &c.]

[<sup>9</sup> First ed. reads: "had seen for the first time a wild and neglected one, but sweet and pliant, and the ornament . . . domestic and polished life. He had," &c.]

in it, you must have read them, and must know thoroughly those I am about to mention."

Le Doux bowed, and left no doubt whatever on the mind of Normanby, who thus reported to him the discourse of Edgeware the auctioneer.

"These fetch nothing, Mr Normanby, I do assure you. Let us see: *Lucas on Holiness*,—*Lucas on Happiness*. Lord help us! we have newer things on them by years and years, living as we do in an age of discovery.<sup>10</sup> *Leighton's Sermons*. The style seems mighty low and wretched."

"It was once a good one," I answered, "and will be again when we are fit for it. But crooked thoughts are to be supported by stiff sentences. Let no writer be solicitous of Fame; she is more uncertain and more blind than Fortune: let them do for the best and be prepared for the worst. There are few readers and indeed few critics (we must call men by the names they assume) who tolerate Leighton."

"Why, Mr Normanby, you talk like your father," said the auctioneer.

"I believe, Mr Edgeware," said I, "they are his very words. He used to call the book his milk and honey, and said that if Leighton had lived in the time of Christ he doubted whether John would have been the disciple best beloved. He sighed, I remember, as he added, taking me aside by the sleeve, although we were alone, "We are nothing now but sounding-board and cushion.""

"Taylor—Barrow—"

"Stop, Mr Edgeware," cried I, "do not throw those aside so carelessly. My father, who knew the ancients intimately, said, "Kit, that couple are worth all their philosophers put together, and would be enough they all were Christians. Plato and Xenophon, as men of thought and wisdom, might walk without brushing their skirts between these two covers," striking his hand on a volume of Barrow."

[<sup>10</sup> First ed. reads: "discovery. Bishop Patrick's *Parable of a Pilgrim*. The style," &c. Nine lines below: "assume) who doubt that Johnson is wiser than Patrick: I have even heard it said in conversation that his periods are more harmonious." "Why," &c. Five lines below, for Leighton 1st ed. reads: "Patrick."]

"'May be,' interposed the auctioneer; 'but this Doctor Hugh Blair, with his noble cassock and five-guinea wig, close, trim, and hard as the feathers round an owl's eye, outsells him twenty to one. What did your father say of him?'"

"'That he was a comely man, a well-conditioned Christian, and fair writer; but that he was so unfriendly to what he called involutions and parentheses, and so fond of straightness and uniformity, that he would straighten a fish-hook, and prefer a file of pins in smooth stiff blue paper, to a diamond crescent with its knobs and bends among a set of such riotous curls as it cannot keep in order and subjection.'"

"'The expression is nobler,' replied the auctioneer, 'but the matter is not unlike in the main what I heard from Squire Prew, to whom I knocked down a copy last year. "It comes cheap," said he, "and I know who wants one, or I would never have bought it. I have read the doctor once; and what such a genius says once is quite enough. He is indeed a neat handy sort of a person; but he washes his butter so, and in such saltless water, that one cannot tell whether it is butter or bear-grease. First, he would persuade you that verse has nothing to do with poetry; then that Ossian wrote what M'Pherson fabricated. When you have swallowed this, he thinks you drunk enough to believe it is excellent, carries you across his shoulders to bed, and whispers, 'Well, God bless you!' that is, if you lie quiet, and believe you have found a treasure worth more than Homer and Milton." I made bold to answer: "Then, Mr Prew, you doubt these battles of the *car-borne*—" "Hark ye, honest Edgeware; I believe the stories of few battles,—for where there are two that fight there are ten that lie,—but I believe that in some way or other they were fought. I will admit that these were fought too, when my coachman drives four-in-hand along the eaves of the houses in Sandyhurst: he would do no more than they did, unless he stormed the belfry with 'em." As I knew of Ossian ohly what I had heard Mrs Edgeware read in a rainy day,—the day before I knocked him down to the Squire,—I could make no answer; but I felt hurt at hearing this ridicule at what she distinctly told me was the finest thing in the world,—adding that men in those days were men indeed.'"

"The conversation about my books might have gone on, if

some one had not tapped gently at the door. It was the servant-maid of Miss Penelope Haynes, the lady of whom my father had rented his cottage. The girl desired to have a word in private with the auctioneer. He returned to me and said, 'I am going to speak against my interest; you may have a guinea for your books.'

"No, Edgeware," said I, 'the three bibles and three prayer-books I never sell; nor this Epictetus.'

"You cannot want three bibles and three prayer-books; beside, they are alike, even to the binding."

"And yet," answered I, 'sometimes I read in one with more pleasure, and sometimes in another.' It was so; for often did I think whose manuals two were, and whose gift the third.

"Well," said the auctioneer, 'I fancied now one was too much.'

"Do not let Miss Pen be disappointed," said I; 'take the list; leave the price to her.'

"He went and acted faithfully. She looked over the catalogue, and said with peevishness, 'I do not find that bad book which contains such stuff: I wanted to burn it.' Edgeware ran to me with the answer.

"Tell her," said I, 'that I burned it myself; that Martha covered the veal yesterday with the last pages.'

"She sent for Martha, and asked her.

"No, Miss Haynes!" cried Martha.

"See the effect of such publications!" ejaculated Miss Haynes. 'Until the present time, Mr Normanby, I am certain, was incapable of a falsehood.'

"Miss," added Martha, 'I have no grudge against my master, an upright man until now; and never shall it be said that, whether he ordered it or not, I covered a loin of veal for him with a poisonous book. I threw the remnant of it into the kitchen fire; and even that did the meat no good: he could hardly touch it at dinner.'

"Miss Haynes sent Martha back to me, in order to confer about the library. I waited upon her. She said she was happy to see me, which she could do without the slightest impropriety in the presence of witnesses. Then she added, she was sorry that she might have been thought uncivil to my father

at the decease of his worthy lady, particularly as he had given her a fine magnolia; but people might talk, and she should think long before she changed her condition.

"'Madam,' said I, 'few persons have lived so irreproachably as you have done; and I cannot imagine you have to blame yourself in regard to my father. The magnolia was not a present: you admired it, I have heard him say,<sup>11</sup> and he carried it to your house intending to request your acceptance of it; when seeing a sumach on the gravel-walk, he asked Tobias whether you would make an exchange: you did so.'

"'It was only the stump,' replied she.

"'I preserve it still, madam; and of all the things I leave in the country I leave it with most regret.'

"Penelope blushed deeply and looked timorously. 'You are then really leaving us?' said she.

"'Yes, madam.'

"'And what do you do with your furniture, Mr Normanby?'

"'Sell it.'

"On any other day of her life Penelope would have bargained about it; for she was shrewd, selfish, and the only parishioner of the landholders that did not suffer in some way by the enclosure. She had thirty acres of freehold: four more were stipulated from the waste; and the rector whispered in her ear, 'I should not wonder if, with the little knoll you set your heart upon, they throw the green lane in. Do you know? the hollies are worth twenty pounds!' The rector prognosticated wonderfully: it turned out exactly so. She enlarged the cottage and garden, and called it Eden-place, in preference to Eden-villa, Eden-lodge, or Eden-house; and would have painted the gray stone brick-color, if my father had not designedly lent her a treatise which prevented it. 'We may sometimes pick up an idea from a book,' said she.

"To return. 'As to those volumes, I will take care of them for you, if you please, Mr Normanby, on your giving me your word of honor that there is no indecent print in them—nor blasphemy—nor sedition.' I did so, at each pause, and thanked her warmly.

[<sup>11</sup> First ed. reads: "say, when you condescended to visit my Mother on her marriage. He," &c.]

“‘If you should not be able to dispose of your furniture, I have room in my barn for it.’ I accepted this offer, too, in favor of an arm-chair covered with white dimity, and a bed of crimson-moreen, with two watch-pockets fancifully embroidered, requesting her in my gratitude to accept any volume she chose: she thanked me and declined it. I took my leave, paid my two servants a year’s wages, gave them what clothes and linen I could spare, and left my house an hour before sunrise the next morning. Neither I nor my father had had any acquaintance out of Sandyhurst: I never had been twenty miles from home. When I had walked about that distance, and must be near Nottingham as I fancied, I found myself in a park, in the midst of old pinasters, trees I had never seen before, and observed a water of vast extent. Even this was to me a strange country. I began to feel a desire of wandering; I went toward the water, and (was I awake or dreaming?) I saw before me a monument erected to the memory of Captain Riou,—a naval officer of high merit, as we know better than you can; but not better than some of you do. The sun grew hotter, for it was near mid-day, and I went to lie under the pinasters. I was watching the squirrels on them, playing their tricks and leaping from tree to tree, when a prodigious herd of deer galloped past me. Another strange sight! although I had remarked the same creature in books of natural history. My eyes were pursuing them, when a gentleman on a pony, seeing me cleanly and well dressed, saluted me very courteously, and asked me if I was looking for the road to the house. I rose, answered in the negative, and told him I had been induced to rest there for the pleasure of observing the squirrels. ‘It must be a humane man who suffers them to riot here, seeing the number of holes they have made in these trees.’

“‘They began to make the holes long ago,’ said he, ‘and the property is now theirs.’

“‘But the trees are every day growing worse and worse, and here are many thousands: are they all bored so by these little animals?’

“‘I believe every one.’

“Ah, spare yon emmet—”

“‘I beg your pardon; you were making a remark: have I interrupted?’

“‘Sir,’ answered I, ‘if I had not been here, perhaps I never should have remembered two verses which my father taught me, I am afraid on some childish act of cruelty, and which I began to repeat, and checked myself. They are ill applicable to the occasion.’

“‘What may they be?’ said he.

“‘Ah, spare you emmet. rich in hoarded grain!  
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.”

“‘They are from the Persian,’ said he, ‘and, if we dropped the “hoarded grain,” are among the best thoughts in that poetry, which contains few, and those trivial and distorted. Like the food of the country, they are in themselves the most insipid things in the world, and, to make them palatable, the most highly spiced.’

“‘Our own poets,’ said I, ‘are more original, I am inclined to think, and more natural.’

“‘He replied, ‘We have two schools of poetry: one is kept at the milliner’s, the other at the workhouse. At the former we find imitations of Turkish carpets in moth-eaten plush, Persian robes and Scotch fillibegs, claymores, and scymitars, the sheaths of good varnished kid-skin, and the blades of the best waved paper, with every sort of dress that janizary and spahee, lowlander and highlander, fairy and kelpie, witch and houri, ought to put on in gala. There is also the most elegant assortment of tombs, and the sweetest poisons one’s heart could desire; with wax-candles of peeled elder, and flambeaux of red hair, and polygraphic transparencies (the oil indeed rather rancid and fishy), to be had for next to nothing.’

“‘I perceive, sir, you are not a patron or trustee of this school.’

“‘Nor of the other,’ answered he: ‘I prefer Gray.’

“‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘the other must at least be acknowledged to be nearer to truth and nature. Can poets too much avoid the artificial? We prefer what is past. Gray in his time was less considered than even our tavern toasters, crowned with the parsley of the kitchen and sitting on the tripod of the tap-room. In what manner has the greatest of critics (to pass over the public) treated the greatest of writers?’

"It was my custom in my walks to carry an Epictetus in one pocket, and a Pascal in the other : on a blank leaf of Pascal had my father written these words, which, not being able to pronounce them correctly, I gave to the gentleman on the pony. And I now present them to you in the same volume."

*Le Doux* (reads).

"Pascal est un gentil personnage ; il écrit bien ; il a fait de si jolies prières ; il a esté nourry à Genes ; il est conseiller d'estat."

Who wrote this ?

*Normanby.* Joseph Scaliger.

*Le Doux.* A German critic, was he not ?

*Normanby.* I rather think, a French.

*Le Doux.* He writes then as if he lived a hundred years ago. I have seen exactly such French in an old treaty. Now let me hear more about the gentleman : his remarks are admirable. But you, I imagine, were in the midst of your reply ; pray indulge me with it.

*Normanby.* "I have heard my father say thus," continued I, "when he lent me Potter's *Æschylus* to read. 'Christopher, I doubt not that Thespis was preferred to him by the graver critics,—there was something so unaffected in a cart, and so little of deception in wine-dregs ; and yet, Christopher, the *Prometheus* is the grandest poetical conception that ever entered into the heart of man. Homer could no more have written this tragedy than *Æschylus* could have written the *Iliad*. Mind me, I do not compare them. An elephant could not beget a lion, nor a lion an elephant. Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity,—the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the heart is not shaken, the gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than pity : generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes pity : the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the poet, with or without the gods, can elevate it above the skies. Terror is but the relic of a childish feeling : pity is not given to children.' So said he ; I know not whether rightly. For the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of



which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence. Seldom have I doubted my father's judgment; but as he was not a poet, and as none but the very greatest have a voice on poetry, here I hesitate."

I had paused: the gentleman on the pony looked at me attentively. "If you will take any refreshment," said he, "I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you to the house."

I thanked him and told him that I was on my road to the sea, hoping to serve my country, and impatient to reach my destination.

"I myself was of that profession," said he. "Have you been fortunate in your promotion?"

"To say the truth, sir," answered I, "I never was in the profession, and wish chiefly to try whether the service will benefit my spirits."

"Have you any friend who has a command, or whose credit may recommend you?"

I mentioned my grandfather's name, as the only chance.

"He was a gallant and good creature, I have heard, and must have many friends still living among our older admirals. My recommendation is less weighty, but such as it is you may command it."

I requested to know the name of a person to whose benevolence a stranger was so deeply indebted.

"Not at all," said he. "A few lines are written while you take a sandwich, and Lady Newark will be charmed that I present to her the grandson of so distinguished an officer."

"It is<sup>12</sup> Lord Newark, then, who has condescended to show me this kindness—"

He bowed. "It can hardly be called so, though you accept it; as I trust you will do."

I thanked him; but added that, as I did not intend to remain at sea long, and as my studies had not been nautical, I must decline an introduction which might procure for me eventually what could not belong to me. Whether my words, my resolute but respectful manner, a faltering in a voice that seemed little apt to falter, or the bow, so unlike what I could make again or ever had made, while I placed my right hand upon a breast enlarged with gratitude,—whether one of these or all of them

[<sup>12</sup> Note in 1st ed.: "The late Earl Manvers."]

interested him, as I walked fast away he sat quietly upon his pony. Soon however he came beside me. "I perceive, sir," said he, taking off his hat again, "I have done very ill the honors of the place: we have not always the same presence of mind, seamen or landsmen. You will not favor me with your company, nor permit me to make a trial whether I have a friend in the navy who may recollect me,"—he paused. I was silent.—"If however at any time you should happen to think of our short conversation, allow me to tell you that this place is called Thoresby Park, and that the post town is Ollerton. I wish you a pleasant journey, a prosperous voyage, and a speedy recovery of your health."

Every thing I had seen this day, every thing I had felt, was new and strange to me. Unkindness had pained me; kindness, in such swift succession after it, overthrew me. Little did I then imagine how highly I should have gratified the most amiable and friendly man living, by affording him an opportunity of assisting me! Little did I consider, or know indeed, that I should be the means of enlivening the sweet sense of obligation in some one among the many whom his care had educated, his bounty had fed, and his interest had promoted.

I was hardly on the public road when I perceived a magnificent coach at the door of a public house, and a gentleman in scarlet uniform, whom I supposed to be the general of the district, particularly as he was giving some orders to another in uniform, who held a horn. On seeing me he cried proudly but invitingly, "Are you for the Opposition?"

"No, sir," answered I indignantly and sharply; "I do not rejoice in the misfortunes of my country, nor triumph in its misrule, nor exalt its enemies."

He lifted up his eyebrows scornfully, and addressing himself to a lady in the coach, "The merest fool I ever set eyes upon!" said he aloud. And looking at me again, "What, in the devil's name, has the Opposition to do with politics? Out with fifteen shillings, man, and you sleep at the Swan with Two Necks to-morrow night. Come, jump up; we are off." The passengers explained; I mounted; I arrived in London. The next morning, on the road to my banker's, I bowed to those who looked at me. One returned my civility by the words, "I am surprised at your assurance: I never knew you." In fact, sir,

what is a civility in other countries, in England is the reverse : we have a national antipathy to courtesy and politeness.

*Le Doux.* I would not have ventured to make that remark. Allow me to congratulate you on your candor : you have given me better occasions to pay my compliment on your originality. I attend you.

*Normandy.* On reaching Lombard Street, a place excessively thronged, I stopped several times, begging the persons to pass. One asked me whether I took him for a pick-pocket ; I could not imagine why. Unfortunately I did the same thing, in a gentler tone of voice, to a young lady of great beauty, who had just alighted from her carriage, and who in some confusion took the arm of her brother. He filled me under the nose, threw a card at me, which from the spitefulness of his manner I thought might be some combustible, and said, "Another time you will know a modest woman."

Finding my banker, I told him my business. He inquired if I wished to go as school-master. I answered, "No ; the active life of a sailor is necessary to my health and spirits." He went away and conversed in almost a whisper with a gentleman who often looked at me in great good-humor, insomuch that I was on the point of making my obeisance to him, in despite of the lessons I had received. The banker came to me, and said if I would return in three days I might hear of something. I requested of him to inform me where I could find a private lodging. After a few moments of reflection, he spoke to an elderly clerk, who replied in a low voice, "You think then, sir, he may be trusted ?" He nodded : the clerk took me two miles off, across the river, stopped at a small house, and speaking to a decent woman called to me, and said, "Would you like to dine with the family ?"

"Beyond all things," I replied, "for I do not know a soul within a hundred and fifty miles, and would rather go without a meal than look for one."

The mistress said she had only one spare room ; that if I remained a week the price was one guinea ; but that if I disliked the apartment I should pay the proportion, and not be obliged to keep it. She then asked me when I proposed to come. I told her, if she permitted it I would begin from that moment ; for one hour's walk in London had tired me more than four in the

country. She consented. Shortly came my clothes: I placed them on the little white tent-bed, with my bibles, prayer-books, and my father's black pocket-book, containing some maxims, some feminiscences, and a sampler. Believe who will that there are no amulets against evil, against the very worst of evil, --mad resentments and desires. Never did one of them touch me the day I had but looked upon that sampler. My landlady said that her sitting-room was always at my disposal; that the bed-room was too dark to read conveniently; and that she perceived I had some books. She went downstairs again, and shortly afterward the dinner was served. Two young women entered, courtesied, and took their seats: they were pretty; silent, but not shy. Immediately after dinner they retired. The lady then said, "Those are my daughters, Mr Normanby. I did not introduce them: such is my way; excuse me."

"Madam," said I, "I must blush at my rusticity. I never was much in the society of ladies, and my spirits make me unworthy of theirs. I hope I committed no peculiar act of inattention."

At tea they both spoke to me, and with such gentleness that I was happy. I retired to bed early, and observed over the chest of drawers two little shelves suspended by a green cord, and filled with books. Different were indeed the authors, far different in manner and merit; but those who read them seldom know that; and I hail the family where I find them. Milton, *The Spectator*, Young, Parnell, Hervey's *Meditations*, and Thomson's *Seasons*. Translated from the French were *Telemachus* and the *Travels of Cyrus*.

I returned to my banker at the time appointed: he showed me a letter from Edgeware, by which I learned that, after the sale of my furniture, an addition was made to my fortune of nearly eighty pounds. Incredible! I had in the whole some hundreds; and yet I went to sea!

"Well," said my banker, "you go down to the 'Nore' and sail with Admiral Gambier." I went down, and sailed. The<sup>18</sup> gentleman I had seen at the banker's was commander of the fleet. We made on this cruise the greatest nautical discovery that ever had been made by our countrymen.

[<sup>18</sup> From "The" to "fleet" (3 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

*Le Doux.* I never heard it : you were before Brest, surely, and blockading the harbor.

*Normanby.* We were.

*Le Doux.* Well, then, how make any discovery ?

*Normanby.* We found that we could fight, when occasion was offered us, just as well without the damnation of our eyes, or any limb or faculty about us, as if we had been splitting or blasting the whole day long, and even though we believed that God was with us and helping us. Peace was concluded. The admiral was pleased to say that he had been a witness of my coolness and intrepidity on a service of some enterprise, and thanked me. Perhaps<sup>14</sup> I should not have mentioned this, unless it were to illustrate an observation I made at the time ; namely, that a single good word is quite sufficient to compensate for all the bad that ever were cast against us.

We had two Frenchmen aboard our ship : one of them taught me to pronounce the language so as at least to be understood, and I had permission to go ashore with him at Morlaix. He was a fisherman of St Servan ; his father had been shot by the Republicans at the attack on Dinan, and he himself was thrown among the dead and wounded from the summit of those lofty walls. His brother had been the play-fellow of Lazar Hoche, and, ignorant of his father's fate, accompanied that general in his campaigns, and rose to the rank of colonel. This he learned at Morlaix, and that the regiment was at Paris, where Bonaparte was about to be declared consul for life. The<sup>15</sup> two brothers, though always most brotherly, had taken opposite sides in politics. The sailor was devoted to the cause of Louis, from having heard in his boyhood a little fisher-girl, while she was mending a net, sing a stanza in praise of Henri IV. The colonel was a Republican, because a thumb and finger quite as active, and belonging to a lacemaker quite as pretty as his brother's brown siren, had sewed the tri-color in his hat and bitten off the thread. They who argue and write and fight about politics have seldom such good reasons or such fixed principles.

I accompanied my messmate. The meeting of the brothers

[<sup>14</sup> From " Perhaps " to " us," (4 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>15</sup> From " The " to " principle," (11 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

was ecstatic, and the colonel swore to me that the next to Lazar Hoche, the truest of Republican hearts, he loved his Pierre. I left them and looked for lodgings, it being agreed that we should dine together. The colonel then begged my address, put it into his pocket, and called on me early the next day. "You have done well," said he; one likes one's own countrymen."

Singular, that my lodgings should, within a few houses, be opposite the very man's whose book had caused my exile! Curious to see so celebrated a character, on the departure of my visitor I went across to the door. An old woman met me at it, and on my inquiry said, "Go up, my friend; the third story: he will be at breakfast when I return."

"Oh! I will call another time then."

"Go in, go in."

Saying this she closed the door. I mounted the steps, and saw in the antechamber a somewhat elderly man brushing a gray coat.

"Friend," said I, "is your master at home?"

"Whom do you wish to see? Mr Paine?"

"Yes."

"He will be with you shortly: pray sit down."

He put on his coat, and followed; and, lifting off some leaves from a plate of mulberries, invited me to partake of them. I took two or three, while he waved a clean folded cravat over them, to drive away the flies. He was robust and fresh-complexioned, but every hair was white: his appearance, I thought, was military. The old woman returned, with half a small roll of bread in her hand, passed us, entered the next room, and in answer to a question which I did not hear replied: "I know he is,—your eyebrows are adjusted in a manner quite different from ours,—and he speaks villanous French, like a Low-Breton; otherwise he is a pretty man enough, and does not look so like a fool or an otter as the rest."

Paine entered. His knees were unbuttoned; he had neither coat nor waistcoat on; the white was worn off his shirt; it had recovered the original hue belonging to it before it saw the bleaching-ground, from the flowers of which, if they have any fragrance, it was innocent of stealing any. He was uncombed, unshaven,

and unwashed. He looked at me, and returned my salutation not ungracefully.

"Mr Paine," said I, smiling, "you owe me some reparation."

"If I do, and can make it, I will."

I repeated my story, during which he dipped his bread into a glass of brandy, and eat it: his hand and head trembled. It was noon: martial music was heard in the street. He pushed away the better part of his roll and brandy; his countenance was inflamed; he looked steadfastly at his friend, and said, "I think, Tate, if I may judge, you have heard military music you like better."

"You judge rightly, Thomas!" answered General Tate.

"Wonderful it appears to me," said I, "that a nation of late so enthusiastic for liberty should voluntarily bend to despotism."

"You have not lived among us," answered Paine. "The whole nation may be made as enthusiastic about a salad as about a constitution; about the color of a cockade as about a consul or a king. This fellow has done advisedly in calling himself consul: it will hold for a couple of years; he will then change the name, and be tribune or emperor,—tribune, if prudent, as the more popular, and as the people see emperors in the vilest of their enemies: urchins whipped and promising to be good, very good for ever good, by Christ and Peter! but spitting at the slogger on being let loose, and holding out one fist at a distance, while the other draws up the waistband. Bonaparte wants conduct, foresight, knowledge, experience, and (the Council of Five-hundred knows it) courage. He will do harm, but not long. He lives in terror.—What are you smiling at, Tate?"

"My mother had a proverb of her own," replied he, "that a frightened cat throws down most pewter."

"You will shortly see," resumed Paine, "the real strength and figure of Bonaparte. He is wilful, headstrong, proud, morose, presumptuous. He will be guided no longer; he has pulled the pad from his forehead, and will break his nose or bruise his cranium against every table, chair, and brick in the room, until at last he must be sent to the hospital."

"He has the finest army upon earth," said Tate, "and his enemies are down."

"If it were possible," Paine replied, "to be hurt by such

enemies, he would point at them, nettle them, shout in their ears while they were sleepy, put crumbs in their beds, shorten their sheets, and empty foul water down their throats, till they contrived to break his shins for him by some machination or other. The army, with such means of recruiting it, with Clogy for his crimp and Plutus for his paymaster, seems indestructible. If the earth cannot do it, he will throw it into crucible after crucible; he will melt it in water or evaporate it in air. In other words, navies and climates can and will shake and dissolve it."

"Thomas," answered the general, "I never thought you a visionary; but now, indeed, I must think you one. I do not estimate very highly the man's abilities, and less highly still his prudence; but he is no fool: he will not throw away what he has."

"I will retract my words," said Paine, "at the first wise thing he does. Smile, sir! it is rarely that the wisest man can do any thing better, or any thing on some occasions more difficult."

"Let gazetteers and hawkers be dazzled by the emblazoned names they wave about their ears, and hold out to us with fierce vociferations; but let calmer men ask themselves whether they really think Bonaparte would have surmounted the difficulties and dangers that environed Three-fingered Jack; and whether Three-fingered Jack would have thrown away fifty thousand soldiers so inconsiderately and fruitlessly as Bonaparte? There is not on record one who has committed so many faults and crimes with so little temptation to commit them. There <sup>16</sup> is not a leveret three months old that does not shape its course more sagaciously. Tyrants in general shed blood upon plan or from passion; he seems to have shed it only because he could not be quiet, and from no stronger motive or better reason than he would have had for going to the theatre or the chase. Depend upon it, this giddy and insensate man, deserter of his armies and of his principles, will finish no better than he has been going on.

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. His sword, his mantle, his strut, his swagger, and even things which constitute no part of him, are his greatness; such as his porters, his guards, his soldiers, and the gilding on the

[<sup>16</sup> From "There" to "sagaciously" (2 lines) is part of a note in 1st ed.]



ceilings of his rooms. Not those who need the fewest, but those who have the most about them, are the great ; as though people, like bars of iron, could be mended and magnified by adding one to another. Even in quieter scenes than where such excrescences spring up, if you see a gentleman go out fox-hunting in his scarlet jacket and his velvet cap, on a spirited horse, with merry dogs, and a couple of grooms behind him, you consider him as a personage far more worshipful, than if, ignorant of his condition, you found him catching a rabbit in a hedge-bank with a ferret. Ovid says, 'The girl is the least part of herself': of himself as certainly the man is. I should not wonder if Bonaparte, by his intemperate use of power and thirst of dominion—"

*Le Doux.* I never heard before of this Mr Paine : he appears to be a staunch royalist, an enemy of usurpation ; but his language in regard to the emperors is deficient in that decorum with which we are in the habit of treating friendly powers. What were his prophetic words ?

*Normanby.* "That the people would wish for their old kings."

*Le Doux.* Excellent !

*Normanby.* The words that follow injure them materially.

*Le Doux.* Impossible ! so clear-sighted a politician !—But let me hear the end.

*Normanby.* "Forgetting what beasts they were."

*Le Doux.* The English are much in the practice of using this language, speaking of our kings ; and the same bad taste begins to be imitated on the Continent. What did Mr Tate reply ?

*Normanby.* "They may eat their white beans while turkeys and truffles are before them ; but they will never run and take down the carrion they have thrown aside and left stinking on the hedge."

*Le Doux.* Two fools !—ignorant of French loyalty, of the veneration we bear toward our kings. The Revolution was the work of half-a-dozen philosophers over their coffee ; and its enormities were committed by about as many lawyers and literators, followed by thirty or forty miscreants from Marseilles. The nation was not guilty of it.

*Normanby.* Strange, that the good did not put down the bad !

*Le Doux.* Panic, panic ! We are subject to that and the *migraine*. Mr Paine and the other might have conversed with you upon subjects they understood better than politics, which require a peculiar tact.

*Normanby.* Indeed they left off where I did. Mr Paine expressed his regret that he himself was not the only man persecuted for his writings. He offered me brandy. I declined it. "Tate," said he, "you have some flavored with orange-flowers : bring it."

Tate rose for it. I declared that I never had tasted brandy, nor any other spirit, and could not.

"You are a young man," said he, "and may find perhaps a better remedy for your misfortunes than I could offer you : brandy is mine."

"I wish, Thomas," said the general, "I had been able to persuade you that a glass of claret would have done better. A bottle between us, which is enough, would have given us time for conversation, and warmed us gently and genially as we went on."

"Tate," answered he, "wine is for the indolent and the happy. Say no more : I am not quite well : that cursed music has hurt me. I might go so far as to complain ; I should then lose your esteem, and my own." He raised his head, which for the first time did not tremble : a short silence ensued. I took my leave, requesting his permission to return. He told me that he should be glad to see me, but that he must claim a privilege which literary men and invalids possess in common, and to which, therefore, he had a double right,—an exemption from the obligation of visiting ; adding, "No man who visits can do much, or any thing, well."

On the following day (for I was little disposed to look at the strides of a usurper) I went again to Mr Paine's. "Never mind my face," said he ; "water makes it blister,—there are blisters enough already,—and soap cracks the skin. I needed not have written that book ; they tell me the arguments are found in others : I had no money to buy, nor time to read them. Gibbon was pensioned, I was prosecuted, for one and the same thing : but he was a member of Parliament, and wore powder."

"And if neither you nor he had written any such things, would you or the world have been the worse ?"

"Certainly," said he, "the world would have been the worse, because the less wise."

"Ah, Mr Paine ! he is not over-rich in knowledge who cannot afford to let the greater part lie fallow, and to bring forward his produce according to the season and the demand. Wisdom is only a good as being an instrument of happiness. There have been great masses of it in the world, collected by experience and approved by experiment ; we only survey the fragments, most of which are preserved by religion. The ancients had their sacred groves : pirates and philosophers laughed at them as they passed ; they were cut down : pestilences followed. Experience had evinced their utility to simpler and calmer men. Whenever people meet —"

A grave decent-looking man now entered, whom the general saluted in silence, giving him his hand ; and Mr Paine said, "Take a seat, Zacharias. This young man is as religious as you are, and you will hear him with as much pleasure as I do. There are two good things in the world, reason and sincerity. I am convinced he has the one : we will try him on the other.—Go on, go on ; let us lose no time."

I continued : "Wherever people meet and bring with them good intentions, they humanize more and more at the sight of common wants and common sufferings ; they warm in sympathy, they strengthen in forbearance. You think no religion good : I think all are, from which cruelty, fraud, lucre, and domination are excluded. We mortals want supports : some require a crutch iron-cramped, some are contended if it is well-cushioned, others are kept up fearlessly by the weakest walking-stick. If there is only the probability that a man will be the happier or the honester by one belief than by another, would you hesitate to leave him in possession of it ? Wisdom is not to be hazarded with the same levity or indifference as wit. We may acquire the name of deep-thinkers at too high a price ; which price, like the interest of money, is limited or illicit, rendering the transaction void, and subjecting us to the forfeit of the little we have been toiling to establish. Shall so acute a reasoner, so clear a writer, rub off his hide and canker his flesh to the bone against a tree, striving to push it down, because some people sit beneath it on a Sunday, and return to their supper the more contented ?"

"That is unfair," said he; "the motive is misstated."

"The fact remains," replied I, "under the parable; and I thank you for correcting me on the abuse of language. No man ever argued so fairly as he might have done. We pour in more or fewer words, and weaker or stronger, to gratify our organs, according to our warmth and excitement."

"Carry that home with you," said he, seizing my hand, "and tell the twelve judges, and the score or two of bishops, that they never have said any thing so just. Eloquence is the varnish of falsehood; truth has none!"

"What!" said I, taking from my pocket and giving to him my Pascal and Epictetus. "Are not these eloquent?"

"Neither of them," answered he; "they are only the best-written books in the world, being the plainest and fullest of ratiocination. That is eloquence which moves the reason by working on the passions. Burke is eloquent; I am not. If I write better than he does, it is because I have seen things more distinctly, and have had the courage to take them up, soft or hard, pretty or ugly, and to turn them on their backs in despite of tooth or claw. Plato would give as noble a description of a rhinoceros as Aristoteles could do; ninety-nine in a hundred would prefer it. The only difference is this: while the one has been confounding it with the cameleopardalis, the other has been measuring its joints, counting its teeth, inspecting its belly, and anatomizing the whole animal."<sup>17</sup>

*Le Doux.* He spoke of the celebrated Mr Burke, who wrote that great letter which excited such a strong sensation? Did not he?

*Normanby.* The same.

*Le Doux.* A fine noble letter! full of facts and inferences! brilliant imagination! I must read it. I very much approve of your argument in favor of revelation. Mr Paine can be little short of a Quaker, or Socinian, or Free-thinker.

*Normanby.* I am afraid he remained one.

[<sup>17</sup> First ed. reads: "animal." "Is not Adam Smith eloquent?" "Say elegant—Philosophy does not spurn at elegance—He will open as many eyes, as the other has blinded; for he has ages to work in; Edmund's occupation's gone." *Le Doux*, &c.]

"O Mr Paine!" said I, earnestly, "let me bring you a few good books: let us open the *New Testament* together!"

"What service will that do?"

"It is the plantain," cried I, "which the reptile man may creep to and chew with advantage, while the venom is yet fresh in him."

*Le Doux.* Mighty smart allusion! He ought to have been affected: was he?

*Normanby.* He replied thus:—

"Good books, as you call them, make you comfortable: good brandy makes me so. I have the twelve apostles in this bottle, and they never shall complain that I hold them long imprisoned."

*Le Doux.* Charlatan!

*Normanby.* I was discouraged.

"At least, Mr Paine, leave others their habitudes while they are harmless, and think it equally so to love God as to love brandy."

"Ay, ay," said he, "jog on quietly, and let your neighbor be robbed and plundered by any rogue who may have the impudence to call him 'my son,' or 'my brother,' or 'my sheep.'"

"No, sir," answered I indignantly: "there draw the pen and cry, Stand! For such let there be an *Age of Reason* and *Common Sense*. A branch of a fruit-tree may be so covered with insects, and these insects may have eaten into it so deeply, and have so sucked and blighted it, that the best gardener would cut it off totally."

The general left the room on business. Mr Paine seemed as if he grew tired of the conversation; the gentleman who had entered, and who had taken no part in it, said he would (if I pleased) accompany me. When we were in the street, he thanked me for the defence I had made.

"I wonder," said he, "what motive Mr Paine can have for his good actions, since he avoids society, and disbelieves (I am afraid) the pleasure God takes in virtue. As for conscience, if that alone were sufficient, and perhaps it might be, he deadens both the bad and the good of it with liquor."

"To speak plainly," answered I, "much as I have heard about him I never heard of his good actions. That he is strictly honest and just I have reason to believe."

"Sir," said he, "let me tell you what he did for me. My name is Zachariah Wilkes.\* I was arrested in Paris, and condemned to die. I had no friend here, and it was a time when no friend would have served me: Robespierre ruled. 'I am innocent!' I cried in desperation. 'I am innocent; so help me God! I am condemned for the offence of another.' I wrote a statement of my case with a pencil; thinking at first of addressing it to my judge, then of directing it to the President of the Convention. The jailer, who had been kind to me, gave me a gazette, and told me not to mind seeing my name, so many were there before it.

"'Oh!' said I, 'though you would not lend me your ink, do transmit this paper to the president.'

"'No, my friend!' answered he gayly. 'My head is as good as yours, and looks as well between the shoulders, to my liking. Why not send it (if you send it anywhere) to the deputy Paine here?' pointing to a column in the paper.

"'O God! he must hate and detest the name of Englishman: pelted, insulted, persecuted, plundered—'

"'I could give it to him,' said the jailer.

"'Do then!' said I wildly. 'One man more shall know my innocence.' He came within the half-hour. I told him my name; that my employers were Watt and Boulton, of Birmingham; that I had papers of the greatest consequence; that if I failed to transmit them, not only my life was in question, but my reputation. He replied, 'I know your employers by report only; there are no two men less favorable to the principles I profess, but no two upon earth are honest. You have only one great man among you: it is Watt; for Priestley is gone to America. The church-and-king-men would have jannaped him. He left to these philosophers of the rival school his house to try experi-

\* This anecdote was communicated to me at Florence, by Mr Evans, a painter of merit, who studied under Lawrence, and who knew personally Wilkes and Watt. In religion and politics he differed widely from Paine. [I saw Mr Paine but once; it was at General Tate's; he treated me with distrust; I could not blame him. Many ran to see Bonaparte, many to see Mr Fox; Paine, whose intellectual powers, compared to them, were as a myriad to an unit, was unvisited and avoided. Of his virtues I have only one proof; show me its equal. (Omitted in 2nd ed.)]

ments on ; and you may know better than I do how much they found in it of carbon and calx, of silex and argilla.’

“He examined me closer than my judge had done ; he required my proofs. After a long time I satisfied him. He then said, ‘The leaders of the Convention would rather have my life than yours. If by any means I can obtain your release on my own security, will you promise me to return within twenty days?’ I answered, ‘Sir, the security I can at present give you is trifling, — I should say a mere nothing.’

“‘Then you do not give me your word?’ said he.

“‘I give it, and will redeem it.’

“He went away, and told me I should see him again when he could inform me whether he had succeeded. He returned in the earlier part of the evening, looking fixedly upon me, and said, ‘Zachariah Wilkes ! if you do not return in twenty-four days (four are added) you will be the most unhappy of men ; for, had you not been an honest one, you could not be the agent of Watt and Boulton. I do not think I have hazarded much in offering to take your place on your failure : such is the condition.’ I was speechless : he was unmoved. Silence was first broken by the jailer. ‘He seems to get fond of the spot now he must leave it!’ I had thrown my arms upon the table toward my liberator, who sat opposite ; and I rested my breast and head upon it too, for my temples ached, and tears had not yet relieved them. He said, ‘Zachariah ! follow me to the carriage.’ The soldiers paid the respect due to his scarf, presenting arms, and drawing up in file as we went along. The jailer called for a glass of wine, gave it me ; poured out another, and drank to our next meeting.

“On the fourteenth day I returned to Calais in an American brig. Approaching to Montreuil I saw the girls begin to dance in the meadow ; and party after party came tripping down the declivity that leads from the town to the bridge. Some were sitting on the parapet, and communicating a printed paper to many auditors, who however mostly quitted them when they heard of a private letter on the side opposite. Passing the arch and entering the town-gate, I saw the ruined monastery on the left hand covered with garlands ; and men and women were levelling the floor for the reception of several great tables that were standing on the outside. The youths were better dressed than I had ever

seen them, although their coats were old-fashioned. The moment my carriage stopped I cried, 'What festival is this to-day?' The answer was from fifty voices, 'The monster is dead! the Constitution for ever!' People flocked round a young man, half of whose hair was hidden under his shirt collar, the other half flowed over the shoulder in long ringlets. It appears he was the poet of the city; and he ran along the streets singing this song, which, before I left the place, was presented to me in print:—

"Come, let us dance upon the grass,

Ye maidens of Montreuil!

Sorrows and fears, oh bid them pass!

'Tis better Love should rule.

"If you abuse the power you have,

If you are cruel, know

We too may make the light look grave

And lay the lofty low.

"Frown not in heedlessness or haste,

If any step go wrong;

If too far circled be the waist,

Or hand be held too long.

"In knees yet totteting from a rod

Let failures be forgiven;

Slippery with sunshine is the sod

With tufted flowers uneven.

"Away! in bonnet, coif, or cap,—

To fear it is no use;

Whene'er you meet with such mishap

We'll make the best excuse.

"I cannot dance nor sing alone,—

Haste, haste, my heart Lisette!

Manon! what are you at. Manon?

That frill not plaited yet?

"Nay, never mind what people think,

Too sorrowful Elise!

Let the black skirt be trimm'd with pink,

Lilac, or what you please.

"But put it on and trip away,—

My life! the violin

Never was play'd so as to-day,

Nor was the mead so green.



"Come, let us dance then on the grass,  
Ye maidens of Montreuil!  
Sorrows and fears, oh bid them pass!  
'Tis better Love should rule."

"If in my circumstances I could have been amused at any thing, it would have been at the boasts, the resolutions, and the schemes I witnessed in the groups about me. One swore that, if nobody else had killed Robespierre, he would have done it; for he had formed a plan impossible to fail. Another said he had inscribed his name among the conspirators against the tyrant, which greatly encouraged them, and that he could exhibit a copy to whoever doubted it. A third declared that nobody alive should hinder him from putting on a clean shirt every fourth morning; that he would call Sunday *dimanche*, and would bow to the curate the first instant he met him. 'Happy days, good old times, are come again,' cried an enthusiast; 'one may exclaim *bon dieu!* on this side the guillotine; and one may address one's mistress by the title of *angel*, or even *mademoiselle*.' 'What do you think the girls care for that?' cried his companion, who still wore the red cap. 'Pretty girls,' answered he, 'are aristocrats, and will be so while there is one upon earth. The Goddess of Liberty herself would smile more graciously, if you addressed her, "Madame the Goddess of Liberty."' The republican heard and pondered, and, contrary to my expectation, cried boisterously, 'By Marat! I believe it.—A bitch! she should be watched.'

"Robespierre had shot himself, was the intelligence brought by the postilions; a few lines to a few families and a few handbills announced the same. I hastened to the capital, to the house of my benefactor.

"'You could not have heard it in England?'"

"'No,' replied I, 'I heard it at Montreuil; is it true?'. He did not answer me; but, turning to the general, said, 'Tate! there is yet English blood in England, though it is run and contraband, and found among people who have no right to it. I wish it may do you no harm, Zachariah! Come, while we are well, let me give you joy.'"

*Le Doux.* Did Mr Paine live to the Restoration? I am certain his Majesty would have rewarded his services, and have

pardoned the indiscretion of his former speeches,—the result of inebriety.

*Normanby.* He died before the king's restoration, and was not altogether so good a royalist as one could have wished.

*Le Doux.* Pity! but he might have written some loyal books: nobody asks about opinions. Do you imagine that Soult is a royalist, or Chateaubriand a Christian, or Talleyrand a believer in Providence? They behave well, and abandon their errors; or, if not abandon, abjure them. This in conscience is all that government and society can exact. You must have been charmed with Paris?

*Normanby.* Remaining there eleven days, I wrote to the good lady at whose house I had lodged in London, and told her I should be happy to send any models she might desire for her daughters to copy. I had discovered that they gained their livelihood by working in their own house for the first milliners. She returned me a kind letter, containing the substance of a conversation with my banker, to whom it appears she was related. He was surprised he had not heard from me, if living: it was a proof, however, that I wanted no money. Miss Penelope, who had been treated like a princess from her infancy, offended the Chisholms by telling them that the parishioners began to regret me, and that I had afforded them ample means of judging whether I was disaffected, by becoming a sailor. The curate, now about to marry a woman of distinction, lost common decency in her presence, and told her his father would no longer take three shillings in composition for his capon; that capon was the word, and capon he would have, though she herself made him. "Oh, brute beast!" exclaimed Miss Penelope; and then shrieked, and would have fainted if there had been any one else to support her. Soon after she caught an erysipeias, by sitting in a grotto she had constructed just opposite the door of her new farm-house, and between the cow-pen and cart-shed. There was a weeping willow on each side, and there was water in it, preserved by means of a dripping-pan nicely sanded, with a large sea-shell at every corner. She was so delighted at this rural and romantic scene, that, on the day of its completion, she sat an hour or more in it, and did not dream that the coldness of the mortar on the floor could penetrate the moss; but the moss

had been wetted to fasten it. When she returned home she shivered; the apothecary said he did not like it: the Chisholms would yet be neighbors if a visit should be agreeable. "No," said she, "and if I die to-morrow I will show them how little I value them. She had no idea of dying, and perhaps, if she had lived, would have made a different will from what she did that evening. She bequeathed her library, plate, and china, her house, furniture, and estate, to me; she willed that the remainder of her property, being in money, should be possessed by her nearest male relative, unless there happened to be in the family a female whose Christian name was Penelope. The younger Mr Chisholm was vexed and confounded. The elder was at first silent: at last he said, "The laws of the land will look to that.—The Christian name of Penelope! I hold that there is no such Christian name, and that the name is called Christian by abuse. This is not a misnomer, or it might be good and valid and got over: misnomer means, when a man's real name is Nicholas, for instance, and you call him Nicodemus, having proven, or proving below, that you intend the man, or child, or adult, so mentioned."

His reasoning, if right, was useless: no Penelope was a claimant. The property, amounting to six or seven thousand pounds, went to a day-laborer, who, by the blessing of God and a mandate of a justice of the peace, had eight children. He swore he would bury Miss Penelope as no queen was ever buried, though it cost him ten pounds.

"Say guineas, Giles!" cried his wife; "the charge comes but once."

He drew back, as one who is about to take a leap; admired her high daring, and, rising up from his chair at the decision he was about to pronounce, "Guineas then let it be!"

I returned and took possession of my cottage and free hold. The first door I opened was the barn-door. My arm-chair stood opposite me: I sat down on it, looking on the crimson bed until its colors were absorbed in my eyes, and the form itself had vanished. I did not meditate; I had no thoughts; sensation carried them away half-formed. I did not resist it, nor attempt to alter or direct it. I felt as if I were in the presence of those I loved, and as if any fresh motion of the mind or body would deprive me of it.

Few years had elapsed, and yet what changes! The death of Penelope and the marriage of Mr Chisholm occurred in one week.

There was no turnpike road near Sandyhurst; and the people were much surprised, as they were conversing from window to window one Saturday evening, at the arrival of an elegant chaise and four post-horses at the public house,—which is a very cleanly and commodious one, there being no fewer than six charities the trustees of which dine there yearly, and the commissioners of two inclosures had met there daily for eight months. From the carriage alighted a young lady and her aunt, evidently a woman of fashion, and retaining the remains of beauty. The innkeeper showed them his apartments; they chose two rooms, the aunt remarking that the delicate state of her niece's health made her resolve to attend her, whatever might be the consequence to her own. She desired that her under-butler and her niece's maid might have a parlor to themselves. The innkeeper, curious to know the history of his inmates, went backward and forward in the servants' room; but they paid no attention to him, which produced an observation in the passage that servants are prouder than masters and mistresses. He himself, as he had already done upstairs, brought in a pair of candles, and lighted one. The lady's maid smiled somewhat scornfully, and presumed that the wind had blowed out the other. "Comfortable or not, Edward, we shall at least be beyond the reach of that old housekeeper. It is well that you (instead of the butler) did not drink the Madeira; but the malicious old creature could not get him discharged. I wish my young mistress was half as good as yours: good she is, only that she minds her money. Hardly a gown a month; and of what use are silk stockings to me, if I must not wear them; and shoes, if they are too big?"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, miss," said the innkeeper; "but really I cannot do my duty unless you or this gentleman inform me of your lady's name."

"You may look for it," said the girl, and continued her discourse. "No, Mr Edward, I don't let men put their arms over my chair. Talk and welcome, but I don't see why you should do in the country what is more than your place is worth if you did it in London."

He begged pardon, and hoped she would say nothing; then turning to the landlord, "Her ladyship is particular: I trust you will not hurt me."

"Not I," said the landlord; "but surely you will have the civility to inform me who the ladies are."

"My mistress," answered he, "is Lady Fosset;" and whispered in his ear, "She is only the wife of a knight, let the girl say what she will, a proud minx!"

"And what would you have? Is not a knight enough for you? Do you think I have no ears in my head? Had you such a table, I should like to know, at Lord—the Lord knows who's—the one you served last; he whose face is so like a camel's?"

"I did not complain," said Edward submissively. "Sir Nathaniel kept a better; but—"

"Go on, go on; never be satisfied," said the maid. "Say at once he left your mistress a beggar,—but hold your tongue upon the score of mine; and now I warn you."

"Miss," replied Edward, "I entreat and beg you not to speak so loud: I am as reasonable as any man, and never said that the same can be done with eighteen hundred a-year as with four thousand."

The landlord, when they were silent, hoped he did not interrupt them, but requested the lady's maid to inform him at her leisure (since the ladies were in their bedroom) when they would like tea.

"Have you not asked them?" said she, apparently much surprised.

"No, Miss," he answered; "I have been waiting here."

"God forbid! you poking, prying creature! Well, I said no harm of anybody. And now, Mr Edward, if you catch it, thank yourself: you have always a bad place, have you?"

He left the parlor; the landlord followed. He turned round and whispered in the landlord's ear, "Evil came into the world with the first woman, and will go out with the last, and, by my soul! I believe against her will. What malice in this little black-and-tan terrier!—always on the watch and alert to catch and snap me."

"She is a pretty little creature to my mind," said the landlord.

"Pretty!" cried Edward.

"Her complexion by candlelight is the sweetest in the world." said the inkeeper; "and such eyes and eyebrows I never saw in my born-days. What teeth and lips! psuh! and that slight shade of down on the upper one."

"Zounds!" cried Edward, "kissing her would be like playing on Pan's pipe. Slight shade of down! Why, then a box-coat is a satin slip, and a fox-cover is a grass-plot."

"Do you always ride on the dicky with her, Mr Edward?"

"Ah, woe is me!" replied Mr Edward, and there was an echo to it in the passage,—“there is so little room on our dicky!” The inkeeper sighed again,—“and such jolting roads, and such light short-legged creatures!” said Edward, discontentedly. “It requires all one's patience.”

"Egad, does it?" cried the innkeeper, drawing his breath,—“and more too!”

After some silence, he invited Mr Edward to taste the liquors in the tap-room. “If you please, Mr Edward,—I beg pardon not to know your other name.”

“Horton, at command,” answered he.

“Mr Horton, if you please, as I was saying, we will drink to the good health of Miss.”

“The poor child!” said Edward. “She is not long for this world.”

“I did not mean her,” said the landlord; “though methinks her lips and eyes promise to let alone graves and tombstones for the present: I meant the sweet little creature that was so sharp with me.”

“Ho! Rosaly Rouse,—so the ladies call her: she expects that we should call her Miss Rosaly; the housekeeper and butler may call her Rouse. She has good kin; that must be said for her: but an arm across her chair is a liberty. If you caught her asleep in it—one has a right then, you know—you would sooner dare to kiss a leopard or tiger. Every thing would be topside-turvy; you could not rest for her. You would have laughed if you had seen her coming down the hill into the town here: she was frightened at the horses slipping, and, in spite of the ladies behind, threw her arm round my body; and I verily believe it made her hate me worse than ever: for, to do her justice, I never saw her so bad before, never so desperately proud and capricious.

She loves her mistress and my lady, and would go through fire for them : drink a little wine in the cellar, and you might as well drink black-strap at the Crown and Anchor."

"Really!" said the innkeeper in great surprise,—“then I misunderstood every word about the Madeira."

"Sly creature!" drawled Mr Edward. "Faithful she is," added he smartly, "and acute, and prudent : her only fault is that she never forgives what she calls a liberty, and it puts her out of humor with all the world."

"The very woman!" cried the host unguardedly ; and, being disconcerted at his own exclamation, desired his companion to help himself and spare not, and went upstairs. He had forgotten to take up the tea, and was much relieved at finding the waiter in the act of removing it, and the ladies at cards,—they having thrown a shawl over the table, when the waiter informed them, on their inquiry, that there was no green cloth. He saw several pieces of gold, no silver. His heart was disquieted ; he knew not what to set about ; even his curiosity was enfeebled ; yet he went up again to ask what they would please to have for supper. Lady Fosset desired him to wait a moment ; she then said to her niece, "Come, child, take those five guineas back ; I do not approve of high play, and you could not attend to your game."

"Excuse me, madam," replied the niece, rising from the table, and putting the money in the aunt's reticule.

The landlord was up early the next morning, waited on Dr Chisholm, and told him and his son the curate all that had passed ; adding, as was true, the last thing her ladyship asked was, "At what time begins divine service?"

"Samuel," said the doctor, "I shall preach."

"Father, if you will, you will," replied he ; "but the fairer thing would be to cut for it."

They did : the doctor won. Samuel cried, "By God! sir, there is no dealing with you. I make no doubt all was fair. What I have to say is, you have always good luck."

On returning from church, Lady Fosset thanked the doctor for his very admirable sermon, and declared she never had heard the service read so impressively as by the gentleman who assisted him.

"My son, madam."

They both bowed, and attended the ladies to the inn. Her

ladyship invited them to tea in the evening, expressing her deep regret that she had no gentleman with her who might do the honors of the table at dinner, if they could have pardoned her so short a notice.

"Father," said Samuel, just out of the door, "did you ever hear so strange an excuse? None to do the honors of the table (as she called it), when there are two of us! You might have had the ducks put down."

On the road to the rectory, "Eighteen hundred a-year!" was the exclamation of both at once. "Well, father, on this occasion I hope you will not cut."

"Samuel," said the rector, "I soon enter on the grand climacteric; her ladyship is not five-and-forty."

"True," answered he, "I suspect she has a filly's tooth in her muzzle, and would fain pulp a bean or two yet."

The rector shook his head. "I believe you must have her, Samuel. I have nothing but the rectory: the money is gone in house and improvements. You were born to less than a hundred a-year, and that from the sweat of my brow: I shall leave you a thousand. I will nominally make over the living to you, on your giving me such security as can be drawn up between us."

The son thanked him; was unremitting in his addresses to Lady Fosset; and at last declared his passion, from the utter impossibility of restraining it. She replied that she was sensible of his merits, but that, if he imagined her fortune to be so considerable as it was represented, he was mistaken; that she had retired, in part for the health of her niece, in part for economy, and was sorry to inform him that her *thirds* (her husband having died intestate) were barely eighteen hundred a-year.

He protested that fortune was the last of his consideration; that he himself had somewhat less; that after his worthy father's decease he could not expect many thousands more, beside the rectory.

The rector united them by license, the third week of her ladyship's residence in Sandhurst. She condescended to give away, with her own hand, Rosalia Rouse to Mr Freeman of the Star and Garter, making her a present of a pearl necklace, the finest and evenest pearls ever seen in Sandhurst,—which Mr Edward Horton said he did not so much wonder at her doing, now that



she had resolved to forget poor Sir Nathaniel. He added, "I remember how nobly her ladyship looked in these pearls when she was in full dress, as persons of quality in London are, stark-naked down to the navel."

"Mercy upon us!" cried the host. "Are they taken then for pigeons and plovers?—are folks helped only to the nether parts of them? Why should they neglect themselves? Do not they meet their lovers in this full dress, as you call it? The men must cry out shame upon them, finding them in good company so slovenly and slutish. Our ladies here in the country are educated on other principles. When Squire Alvanley of Beachcroft saw Miss Arabella give Captain Barrowdale, who was fain to marry her, a few maidenly kisses, he said not a word about it; but when he observed, another day, that the captain was desperate to lower the tucker, he called her to him off the green bench, pretending all the while to have seen nothing, and kept her a matter of half an hour in lecture. Nobody knows on what he discoursed in the outset; but Mrs Snipe, the housekeeper, told me that, hearing some grave words, she looked through the key-hole of the study-door, and saw Miss in tears; and saw the old gentleman, relenting a little, pat her cheek with the back of his forefinger; and heard him say, partly in comfort, partly in counsel, 'Be liberal of the cherries, girl, but chary of the peaches.' Whereat Miss wiped her eyes, and rose upon tip-toe and kissed her father, and promised to do always as he had bidden her."

"I have her ladyship's commands," said Edward, "to take her your account."

In an instant, "Take it!" said Mr Freeman.

"You have written received in full," cried Mr Edward Horton; "how is that?"

"It would be a burning shame to act otherwise," said the publican, "after those pearls; and look ye what are these?"

"Oh! they are only garnets: nobody would give you five pounds for them, without the gold."

The niece whose health was surprisingly restored, and whom it was thought indecorous to make the witness of connubial felicity in its first transports, was taken away just before the marriage by her brother, a young ensign; and Mr Edward Horton two days after returned to London, strongly recommended,—for her lady-

ship would rather reduce her establishment than increase it, accommodating her taste in every thing to her dear Chisholm's.

"Samuel!" said the old rector to the new, "while we think of it, suppose you resign to me that instrument of the advowson."

"Father," said Samuel, "I would gladly do it if my conscience would let me. I repent of having committed one action very like a fraud, and nothing upon earth shall make me commit another. If the bishop heard of it we should be ruined."

The father had seldom lost his temper or composure; for as other extremes meet in their effects, so do honesty and roguery in this. He felt assured however, in the midst of his resentment, that he had so drawn up the agreement as to make it voidable, although he hardly had thought Lady Fosset was so noble-minded as to accept his son without referring the title-deeds to her solicitor.

There was a young girl in the parish, the daughter of his laundress, whom he condescended to teach the catechism. He often told her in what manner to hold the book, and often said, "Let me see where you are," and sometimes, "Do not be so frightened," when nobody but himself could see that she was frightened in the least. He went to her, and said without prelude or preface, "Sally, will you marry me?"

"Lord, sir," cried the mother tremulously, "what do you mean?"

"Ask me no questions, or I leave the house," said he, more firmly than impetuously. "Will you marry me, child, or will you not?"

She looked at her mother. "Sally, if the doctor is in earnest, you must not say no."

"Put on your Sunday clothes then; and, Rebecca, while she is putting them on, come you with me."

The mother went out with him.

"Step into that carriage."

"With my shoes on, sir?"

"Step in.—Will<sup>18</sup> the girl come or not? What a quantity of clothes she must be putting on!"

The mother, holding up two pins to hint that she could stick

[<sup>18</sup> First ed. reads: "'Step in.' He followed her, ordered his," &c. (10 lines below.)]

them in if requisite, as they went along, called her thrice with an admixture of coaxing and reproof. She descended the staircase with timidity, and would have walked by the side of the carriage; but the rector caught her up and (somewhat asthmatically) lifted her in. He followed; and putting his arm partly round her, although on the cushion, that he might not be indecorous, he ordered his coachman to drive to Mr Gamaliel Shark's at Ilvington. Alighting there, leaving the daughter and mother in the chaise, he told Mr Shark that he came for a license; and, after the necessary questions, he received it.

"And now, sir," said the doctor,<sup>19</sup> "are you ready to unite us?"

Mr Shark assented: they were united: they returned home at the moment of dinner-time. The<sup>20</sup> mother was left at her own door very carefully, with an affectionate kiss from the daughter, and not without a generous declaration from the doctor that he would really have made her a present, if he had found in his pocket any less piece than a half-crown. The bridegroom placed Sally by his side quietly. The son was civil, and said on their arrival, "I suppose, Sally, you have said your catechism better to-day than usual?"

She looked at her husband. "Yes," answered he placidly, "and read a page more."

After supper he called for his bed-candle, and, wishing Lady Fosset a good-night, conducted Sally upstairs. The elder bride and younger bridegroom at top and bottom looked steadfastly at each other. "Let him go!" said Mr Samuel, "let him have his way and will. I did think better of the wench: she had hardly a courtesy for me. Rectory or laundry, barn or stable, what matters it: it comes to the same thing at last."

"Oh fie, for shame!" cried her ladyship, looking at him and smiling through her fingers, "I cannot sit and hear this." She tripped across the room, opened the door, turned round again and cried, "Positively I have a great mind to lock you out, you rude creature!" Mr Samuel ruminated.

Early the next morning a bailiff entered the rectory, accompanied by two police-officers. The doctor and Sally were fast

[<sup>19</sup> First ed. reads: "Doctor, will you be ready in another hour, to" &c.]

[<sup>20</sup> From "The" to "half-crown" (5 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

asleep ; for they had been (backward and forward) eight miles the day before. Mr Samuel was examining the heel of a horse ; he heard the visitors, and, without looking at them, asked them roughly what they wanted. "Margaret Pollock," said one in a clear voice ; another said, "Parson Chisholm."

"What have you to do with me, pray ?" shouted he furiously.

"Nothing, sir, if you pay these trifles. You have married Margaret Pollock."

"Not I : no such woman has been married in my parish."

"Mr Chisholm, you have taken as your lawful wife Margaret (otherwise called Peg) Pollock."

"Sirrah !" said the divine, going up to him with clenched fist, "I would have you to know I led to the altar Lady Fosset."

"You could not have done better," said the officer, "but she wanted no leading that way. Howsoever we take possession of the rectory."

Mr Chisholm ran to his father, whom he awakened. Sally still slept, as being little used to the motion of the carriage ; and I hardly know a rougher road than the road to Elvington, considering it is so flat."

"Father," said Mr Samuel, "take the resignation,"—throwing it on the bed. While the bailiffs were in the house, he mounted his horse, rode into Rutlandshire, and exchanged his curacy with a sporting friend whom he had known at college. The doctor was surprised to see a neat young clergyman introduce himself the next Friday, and to hear a eulogy on his son's liberality in giving a curacy of a hundred a-year for one of seventy, when the hounds were at equal distances ; and <sup>21</sup> in return was never so uncivil as to gainsay him until a whole twelvemonth had elapsed, when he complimented him on his horses and sermons, his bold leaps and impressive delivery, and on fifty pounds going farther at Sandhurst than seventy at Grantham. "I believe, sir, you will find," added he, "that here are five ten-pound Bank of England notes : do me the favor just to cast your eyes over them, and to give me a receipt."

Lady Fosset, by the account of the bailiff and his attendants, had been a street-walker, a kept mistress, and an actress. Her

[<sup>21</sup> From "and" to "receipt" (7 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

associates at Sandyhurst were of the same strolling company. She escaped by putting on the riding-coat of a groom; exercising first the functions of a butler, taking care of the plate; and not forgetting in the performance of this service that her husband had presented her a brilliant ring and some other ornaments, rich almost as any of those which had devolved on the family of Sir Nathaniel. Seeing her husband gallop off on Blaze, she was contented to mount the horse whose fetlock or hoof had excited such suspicion in her lord, and which he was examining when his guests entered. They obtained nothing from the rector. "My son was my curate," said he; "of his wife I know nothing. Take him; take her; but touch a tin-kettle on your peril. This is the rectory-house, and the rectory is mine." They grumbled; they begged a breakfast, as nobody was up: the rector held his spread hand before his face, and looked aside.

After the harvest, a company of players applied to the magistrate for permission to open a theatre at Sandyhurst, one night only: it was granted. They acted a farce entitled *The Two Rectors*, and were committed to Bridewell for an attack on the Church.<sup>22</sup>

Not long afterwards, it was discovered that the stratagem introductory to the marriage had been devised by a young gentleman who was fond of theatricals, and no less fond of the young lady who played the niece. The inexperience and giddiness of this prodigal Mr Chisholm had turned to account at the university two years before, not without a few sarcasms on his folly, and the inauspicious boast conveyed in the words, "I shall make him remember his rubbers." Hearing that the reverend gentleman was now resident in a village near Grantham, and well surmising that, on market-days and fairs he would be bustling about the town, he drove his curriele thither on the great horse-fair, accompanied by his mistress, the niece; and, meeting Mr Chisholm in the crowd, he drew up his horses, inquired after the health of Lady Fosset, and expressed an earnest wish to pay her his respects.

[<sup>22</sup> First ed. reads: "Church. The doctor sold the perpetual advowson after his decease for twelve thousand pounds, paying six hundred a year during his life to the lady, who had purchased it for an only son. He did not calculate," &c. (61 lines below)].

"Look ye now, Mr Randal," said the curate, "if you aren't off the ground in a twinkling, I'll make the place too hot to hold you."

"I don't doubt your interest in a place too hot to hold me, Mr Chisholm; but I appeal to the gentlemen here present whether my language was other than civil and friendly." The fashionable young traveller was cheered heartily; he was declared to be an over-match for the parson, and his shrewdness in a minute had drawn the clerical mouth awry. Observing the advantage he had gained, he appealed to every lady who did him the unexpected and unmerited honor of listening to him, and who by such politeness had rendered the present hour the brightest of his life, whether a syllable had escaped his lips which could possibly shock the modesty of the most delicate among them, or could justly wound the feelings of the reverend gentleman, whose sensibility was surely too acute for the occasion.

"Cute!" cried a farmer with thin yellow whiskers and white eyebrows. "Cute! 'Sblood! but you have the parson under the short rib there, master! You've doubled him up with that wiper."

"Permit me, gentlemen," said Mr Randal, "permit me to relate the few facts I have collected on the road concerning Mr Chisholm's adventure."

"There's a cross-buttocker for ye!" cried again the same orator as before. "*Venture* you may well call it. The parson has mettle; but what a main did he throw on your game! My eyes!"

Mr Chisholm would have returned homeward, but he had promised to meet somebody at the ordinary, to receive a guinea which he had won in a wager, and which he feared he might lose by want of punctuality. At dinner he told the company that, whatever they might think of it, he never in his "born-days" was the man to be abashed by anybody, and that he defied any "soul alive" to prove he had been choused of one penny by the old carrion.

"But, parson, can you marry again?" was the interrogation of the feeder next him. "Who the devil has the stomach to eat after such a choker?" squeaked a fat man opposite.

"Right!" said his son. "Nevertheless the spring physic has sweated you, parson!" "Dammed ungentee!" cried Mr Chisholm, "to talk about physic at dinner-time. I'll take the sense of the company upon it: is it not so? It would cost a young hound his best appetite. And so, gentlemen, I'm off." At which word he emptied his bottle; and rising (as the cloth was being removed) stiffly and sorely, whistled, wiped his forehead, and drew up with two smart twitches the buckskin from behind.

Toward the end of the year the doctor sold the perpetual advowson of the rectory. He did not calculate on the grand climacteric or its effects, and died about fourteen months after his marriage, leaving only Porphyrogenitus the fruit of it. He called his infant by that name, declaring that among all the names he knew he never knew one but had many rogues under it, and that he was almost out of humor with his own. He bequeathed his whole property to his children by his last wife, to be equally divided among males and females; reserving a maintenance for his widow of one hundred pounds yearly, on condition that she never married again.

I found his successor an unaffected, quiet, good young man; rather idle, and therefore he often visited me at my cottage, and was surprised to see how straight I drew the lines for my winter cabbage, and thought the string a most ingenious contrivance. His sister was fond of walking in the green lane, and said to me the second time I found her there, "Oh, what a mercy it is, Mr Normanby, that Miss Penelope left the hollies: they are so covered with woodbine and travellers'-joy! It seems never to have been a lane; here are no marks of wheel or horse-shoe: it is as hollow as an apple-scoop; and a sheep could not lie cross-wise on it comfortably."

*Le Doux.* The story would end abruptly if it ended thus.

*Normanby.* Yet thus it must end. She has twelve thousand pounds, like her brother.

*Le Doux.* Indeed, my dear sir, I did not ask about the fortune. I<sup>23</sup> have no designs upon her, and will abstain from mentioning it in the country to which I am going.

*Normanby.* I could not walk but I met her: she has done

[<sup>23</sup> From "I" to "going" (2 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

me as much mischief as an *Age of Reason*. A second time I left my country ; and it was for her.

*Le Doux*. And, if I am not greatly mistaken, it is for her you are a second time going back.

*Normanby*. What can be done ? Her brother will have me in the parish.

*Le Doux*. I wish Lady Glengrin and Sir Firebrace were ready for breakfast : I am starving now you have concluded.

—The Swiss, having seen the sailor and his master twice in conversation, and unwilling that any but himself should be familiar with so great a personage, whispered to Mr Normanby the secret of his lord's dignity, and rejoiced at the impression of his whisper. Afterward there always was civility, always frankness, but never confidence, never conversation. *Le Doux* on his part was just as a man is who has read a novel : he has done with it. Princes and kings are often kind, both from constitution and from fulness of power, in which they usually are without fear and jealousy ; but I doubt whether there ever was a minister in the world capable of sincerity and amity, or who, having conversed for years together with any one, cared if he were drowned or hanged when he no longer could amuse or serve him. The possession and maintenance of power occupy such men totally. If the horse they ride will go on with patting, they will not feed him ; if he cares little for patting and much for provender, they curse him heartily and fill the rack. All cunning men who wish for power may have it : but all cunning men are men of narrow views ; and here, when they take possession of power, they must leave some places vacant which are incompatible with it. They are jockeys that sweat themselves to ride light ; and, after they have changed their greatcoat for a calico jacket, they discover that their heart is too large, and must be swathed and contracted.<sup>24</sup> The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious : I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal, dried up by it, and have watched the mind growing black and rancid in its own smoke.

During the voyage the conversation was usually on Ireland. No people talk so much about their country as the Irish ; not

<sup>[24]</sup> First ed. reads : " contracted. Nothing is easier ! astonishing how light they are ! and they still look like other men. The habit," &c.]



because they are more patriotic (I beg pardon for using a word out of use in that acceptation, and should have said more *national*) than others, but because they are less capable of conversing on literature and science. Le Doux was surprised at exalted eulogies and vehement invective, used by the same persons on the same, as high spirits or low prevailed. "Surely," said he to himself, "this is the conflict of light and darkness, of the good principle and the evil, of St Michael and Satan!" On the whole, however, Lady Glengrin and Sir Firebrace agreed on the wretched state of Ireland; but Sir Firebrace insisted that, although the fact was incontrovertible, no fault whatever *attached* to his Majesty's ministers (meaning the king's) or those employed under them, military or civil; and that the clergy and gentlemen of Ireland, resident and non-resident, had done every thing in their power to alleviate the distresses and promote the prosperity of the people. Le Doux was aware, from the roundness and fulness of the period, that the sentence could not be Sir Firebrace's, and attributed it rightly to a minister,—who added that he must also do justice to the *people* of Ireland, in general as orderly and loyal as any in the United Kingdom; that if a little excess had been committed, it was rather the result of conviviality than of discontent; and he trusted that what he had risen to state, was a triumphant answer to the malicious and disaffected in England. He then told a story about a mail-coach and a fur-cap, so convincing to the simplest understanding that the House of Commons voted unanimously any inquiry into the state of Ireland quite unnecessary and useless. Unfortunately, he added that it might be dangerous at the present juncture; which, *out of doors*, raised some alarm.

"For my soul," after a pause ejaculated Le Doux, "I cannot comprehend it: no one is to blame, and the blame is large enough for all." He meditated; and he found what at first appeared the grossest mismanagement, to be in reality the finest stroke of policy. "What admirable calculations of loss and profit! None but a commercial people is capable of this precision and exactness. It costs a great deal of money to keep the Irish in subjection; but to whom does the money go?—To the friends of ministers, to the supporters of government, to the loyal and the rich. Again, if they did not make a very large portion of the people

discontented, how would they find soldiers? Who will leave his family if he can feed it and enjoy it,—unless he has such a sense of honor as a Frenchman, who flies to arms the moment a mayor orders him to be carried off, and <sup>25</sup> a handcuff unites him to a comrade? The English are wanted to labor and pay taxes; the Irish must be kept as they are. Even Cromwell with all his cunning did not see this: his son Henry was the only governor who had made them quiet and contented these six hundred years. The policy now revived is more complex: we cannot attribute the glory of the invention to fellows who never learned, from a dictionary and a smuggler, that Walcheren is a pestilential island and Antwerp a fortified town. O my country! my first wish is that thou mayest have no enemies; my second is that, having them, they may be men like these: but it would be unfair to deny them the merit of walking firmly and undeviatingly in the footsteps of their predecessors.”

It was on the seventh or eighth morning that Le Doux, rising from the cabin, cried, “Mr Normanby! Mr Normanby! what vast harbor are we entering?”

“This is the Strait of Gibraltar,” answered he.

“Oh yes,” said Le Doux, “so it is. We are far from the Barbary coast, yet how wild it looks even at this distance! See the difference between Christian industry and Moorish apathy!”

“Great indeed, sir,” replied Normanby; “but that rock is Gibraltar, and this beautiful country to the left is Barbary. In fact, the Moors are industrious, and always were intelligent on agriculture, even before the Romans, into whose language their books on that science were translated, and at a time when no original one on the subject had appeared at Rome. The <sup>26</sup> Africans on the coast of Mauritania had a custom, claimed as an invention by the Tuscans, of interring corn for its preservation. The writer \* of Cæsar’s war in Africa mentions the practice, but mistakes the cause. Spaniards never were cultivators, in modern

[<sup>25</sup> From “and” to “comrade” added in 2nd ed.]

[<sup>26</sup> From “The” to “cause” (4 lines) is in the note in 1st ed. From “they” to “Moors” added in 2nd ed.]

\* “Est in Africâ consuetudo incolarum, ut in agris et in omnibus fere villis sub terrâ specus, condendi frumenti gratiâ, clam habeant, atque id propter bella maximè hostiumque subitum adventum præparant.”

times or ancient : they only sow in the furrows ploughed for them by the Moors. The southern parts of the Peninsula retain the traces of Moorish enterprise ; and the kingdom of the Moors in Spain, if they had been Christians, would have exhibited the most perfect model ever existing in the world of industry and civilization, gallantry and glory. The men were valiant, and the women were chaste ; robberies and murders were unknown ; music was heard from road to road, from castle to castle ; wars were the sports of valor, jousts and tournaments its idle recreations. At last, divided by faction, they were oppressed by numbers, leaving such monuments behind them as the powerfulest of our empires never will erect."

Michael heard this, and whispered to Renault, " I should not be surprised to see our Englishman turn renegade, if the ship draws nearer the coast."

It was then about one mile off. The harvest was gathered ; still the country seemed a garden. Several boats approached the vessel with pomegranates of unusual size undetached from their bright and glossy leaves ; and the late fig ; and grapes of various forms, sizes, and colors ; and live quails and partridges and doves ; and little kids, that leaped back among them from the deck again, and would not leave them. Suddenly the ship tacked, and a fresh breeze blew them into Gibraltar, where they must take in water.

" This long point of land could surely be cultivated," said Le Doux to the captain ; " it is level and not very rocky."

" Sir," answered the captain, " the inhabitants of the city are three-fourths Jews, and most of the rest Spaniards. These people will never work if they can help it. Monopolies and privileges and exemptions furnish the greater part of the governor's emoluments, which are about five hundred guineas a week in time of war, and in peace little more than fifty a day ; and he would not like to see plantations : they bring no tariff."

" It is nearly a mile in length," said Le Doux ; " and shady walks might be formed upon it for the convenience and health of the garrison."

" No tariff for the governor from shady walks," replied the captain.

Le Doux and Sir Firebrace went ashore in uniform, in order to leave their cards at the governor's.

"Precede them with flambeaux, for they are persons of distinction," said the governor to his valet.

"My lord, it is mid-day," answered the valet.

"Go down then," said his lordship,— "it is time I should think of sleeping." \*

For the distance of many miles inland, and many along the shore, there was hardly a sign of cultivation. "How do the people live?" asked Le Doux.

"By means of the Moors," answered the captain.

Different were the colonel's exclamations all the way from Cape St Vincent to Cape Finisterre. "Is it possible that sea-coasts can be so beautiful? Oh how fine! oh how pretty! superb! magnificent! brilliant!" There were rocks that were charming, and villages that were minions, and vineyards that were tapestry, and meadows that were carpets. "These countries have very worthy kings," said he; "they only want good ministers." A thousand plans in an instant were ready for the consummation of their happiness.

"Oh heaven! this must be France!" exclaimed he one day in ecstasy.

"No, sir," said the captain, "it is the coast of Asturias."

Le Doux thought the rocks prettier even than those of the Petit Trianon. He expressed a second time his admiration of the coast. "We have passed a better," said the captain, "and you never noticed it. There are no harbors in Asturias like Ferrol and Coruna."

Off the Scilly Isles they found themselves in the midst of fishing-boats. Normanby took leave; sailed in one of them to Bristol; two days afterward reached Sandhurst; and had the courage to walk directly toward the green lane, just as if he had never met an intruder.

The vessel that conveyed Lady Glengrin, Sir Firebrace, and Le Doux at length cast anchor in the bay of Dublin, not without another subject of wonder to Le Doux at seeing a pestilential marsh under one of the finest cities in Europe. "If this had been at Odessa, it would have been converted into docks," said he

\* The sages of antiquity have each left an aphorism on human life, and there seemed hardly room for another; but this our sage, if he has not given, causes one: *Vita somni breve intervallum.*

to himself. He passed the Parliament-house, and lifted up his hands in astonishment. "An Englishman I met at Genoa," said he to the general and the countess, "at an old minister's, fond as he was of extolling the public architecture of his country, and preferring the cathedrals and abbeys to any thing antiquity has left us, never said a word about this noble fabric. It was perhaps too modern for him. He was a sort of half-author, a creature so devoted to antiquity that, when he snored, he seemed in drawing his breath to say *grec*, and emitting it to say *romain*. I had the personal proof of it; for whenever he was disposed to sleep he slept, and would have done so had he been called to the levee or to the ministry. I never saw him quite decorous but in church, where he always seemed immersed in the deepest meditation; and if a person but whispered, even during the music, he fixed his eyes upon him with a stern rebuke."

The society introduced to Le Doux was the most select. The beauty of the women held him breathless. "Am I in Poland, or in Paradise?" was his soliloquy. He paid his principal attentions to those who put on a clean pair of gloves every day,<sup>27</sup> because he considered it a test of civilization. Even among these, within the first week, his suspicions were confirmed by his valet that the linen was not always changed so often, but he thought it a scandalous tale, when he heard that some of them came to breakfast in a part of the apparel in which they had slept.

"Do not tell me such nonsense, Renault! Depend upon it, the girl that gave you the information has been discharged: you will see her off soon." "Well, sir," said Renault, sighing, "would you believe it? a few years ago there was not a bidet in the kingdom of Ireland. The Duchess of Rutland, consort of a lord-lieutenant, brought over the first. The duke (some say it was satirically) ordered one from London for the lady of the lord-chancellor. It was of porcelain, as you may suppose, being the present of a lord-lieutenant; and its inauguration was in the centre of the table, filled with green-pea soup, at a cabinet-dinner given to his grace the lord-lieutenant." "A cabinet-dinner!—and a vengeance!—with its green-pea soup, rogue!" cried Le

[<sup>27</sup> First ed. reads: "day, not because he thought them persons of greater distinction, but because . . . civilization, where the means are ample. Even," &c.]

Doux, laughing immoderately. "Sir," said Renault, gravely, "nobody laughed: everybody admired the contrivance for the ladle, and the maker had made his fortune, if the duchess had mystified as well and reasonably as the duke had done."

Opposite to Le Doux one day at dinner sat a nobleman of high rank, a member of every administration for forty years, placid and pliant, and attentive to nobody but him, into whose history he had been admitted by the countess. "Colonel," said he, "in all countries there are discontented; there are even in this." "Is it possible?" answered Le Doux, lifting up his eyebrows with surprise and concern. "But," rejoined the peer, "such is the kindness of Providence,<sup>28</sup> the sounder part of the people is perfectly tranquil, and assured of its being well governed." "His lordship means those that govern," said a worthy major: "none are more open to conviction; the feat stares them in the face. Every country is rich and flourishing if you look at it through claret."

Politics on this occasion were discussed in few words. The illustrious visitor could collect, however, that most complaints were ill-founded; that those who complained of any specific grievance were unfair and partial in not considering the whole: and that those who took a view of the whole, and who proposed an inquiry into it, should state some specific grievance.

In another house, after several glasses were drunk with great cheerfulness, the whole company rose up to a mysterious toast, in silence and sadness. He sipped the wine in doubt, and found that it was the same as he had been drinking from the first, and excellent Bordeaux. He could not conceive what had saddened at a single moment so many vacant and rosy faces. The next morning he heard that two of them had been shot by their antagonists in a quarrel arising from this toast,—the "Immortal memory" of some one they had never seen or thought about. He imagined that silence and sorrow would have come better after; that wine should make men joyous, and duels serious. On

[<sup>28</sup> First ed. reads: "Providence, a certain part of the people, too, in all countries, and that part the sounder, is assured that it is well governed." "His Lordship . . . 'a worthy mayor,' none . . . conviction, but they are not to be run away with, neither. Politics . . . words, which, as he understood but little English, he did not attend to. He could collect," &c. (8 lines below.)]

reflection he feared to be "compromised," and suspected that the "immortal memory" so religiously observed, and with such awe and taciturnity, might be the memory of Bonaparte. To relieve his suspicions, he joked about it with two of the youngest, whom he found at billiards the succeeding day. They laughed aloud at his mistake. "It was King William," said one. "It was William Pitt," said the other. "It was no more Pitt than it was my pointer," rejoined the first. In fact, the "immortal memory" in eighteen hours had as much obscurity and as many thorns about it as the tomb of Archimedes.

Le Doux was walking one day in the streets of Dublin, when the appearance of perfumery in a window reminded him that he wanted a tooth-brush. He went into the shop, and asked for one. The master, a tall, florid, well-dressed, genteel-looking man, took up several, and rubbing them against the extremities of his fingers, recommended one particularly. "Take this: it will keep your teeth clean twenty years at once using. You are a Frenchman, sir, I find by your way of speaking, and I see you have hardly three hairs on a side. In your country they make good pomatum: try mine; but—take the word of a friend—wash your hands well afterward in soap and warm water, or you will have hair upon the palm an inch thick before night. And no razor can touch it."

"What is the price, sir?" "Ah now! is it the price? I never sell for lucre of gain: a half-crown contents me,—and, just for the peg-polisher, a thirteen-penny. Recommend me to your friends, if you have any, and I'll thank you." "Favor me with the number of your shop." "*Magazine*, if you please. The poor beggar of a schoolmaster over the way calls his *seminary*; and sure, then, I might call mine so; but I would be modest: *magazine* does for me."

Le Doux was leaving the door, when he was met on the threshold by a young clergyman, who, flapping his lustrous boot with a thin whip, and drawing up his shirt-collar with his left hand, red as a pigeon's claw and broad as an ostrich's, pushed rudely by him into the shop. Le Doux bowed and begged pardon. At the same moment, the hairdresser, for such he was no less than perfumer, caught him by the arm, and taking the clergyman's too, said, "Brother Joe, I must introduce you to this gentleman, who dines with us."

"A thousand thanks! excuse me to-day." "To-day or never! Now for your name." "My name is Le Doux, sir: but really—" "Le Doux!" said the clergyman, eying him suspiciously; "I'm damned if it is: that's a 'neger's.'" "I would not incommode you, my kind friend," said Le Doux to the hairdresser: "have the goodness to liberate my arm. Another time—"

"Another time I may not have upon the spit a 'cock o' the mountain,' ruddy and lusty as any eagle. You shall have him 'piping-hot,' with his best feather through his nose. Lady Clench gave him me, with a Bologna-sausage, and a note (I would read it you) under. Hams and double-Gloster are plenty. I could tell you too what houses these come from, after dinner; and bright whiskey that widens your nostrils when you smell it, and finds water enough in your mouth for twenty glasses. Honest folks gave me that; who might not like naming. 'Cocks o' the mountain' of another breed; ay, Joe?—you live among 'em. Come, stay; we shall dine gloriously. Joe has a voice, and a song for it. Look at the windows of nine houses on each side, when he sings; and you shall see the old women lug the wenches down, and shall catch many a crimped cap and red wrinkle over the blinds." "Hold your wild colt's tongue, Matthew!" said the clergyman, rebuking him privately; and then in a lower tone, "Sure, are not we two enough for a 'cock o' the mountain,' ay, and a sausage as big as a bolster?"

At the commencement of this pastoral charge, Le Doux, finding his arm released, made his escape. At which the brothers, much as one of them had wished his absence, agreed that he was a *blackguard* and a scamp, and unfit for their society. "Providential!" Joe ejaculated; "you would have talked first about your sausages and cocks o' the mountain and countesses, and then about the whiskey, letting it out by degrees that I had a trifle in the concern. And now, Matthew, about these women. Can't you meet with better and honester?—why then I'll lend you a guinea. My sacred word for it, they all make a fool of you; and with more than their husbands, mind that. If you *must* have such sluts, why then have 'em, in God's name! But prythee be sober-minded and decent; for I am sated and sick of hearing of 'em."



"Only one word, Joe!" said Matthew mildly, and interlacing his arm. "Brother Joe, now, my life and love, who presented you to that little tight pretty living there of Innisgalcraig? And what for?" "Stuff!" cried Joseph. "True enough!" said Matthew. "Are you hungry, brother Joe?" "Hungry as a wolf-dog." "Give tongue upon the women then another time, and not when you would eat what they send us."

Invitations to dinner were frequent; among the rest was a long and elaborate one from Captain Phelim O'Mara; it was accepted. Le Doux was placed at his left, and was informed most politely by the captain that he liked foreigners above all things, and that he himself was half a foreigner.

"Oh no, Captain O'Mara, you are a true Irishman, bred and born," cried Lady Glengrin; "we must not lose our title to you!"

"I am so by father's side and mother's side, and by uncles and aunts," replied the captain; "but I have travelled of late, and the ground makes the foreigner, not the—pray, if one may make so bold as to ask, what do you see in that to chuckle at, ladies and gentlemen? And what made you touch my arm, sir, while<sup>29</sup> I was speaking and had not said the word?"

"Without the slightest idea of offence, I do assure you, Captain O'Mara!" said Le Doux; "on the contrary, it was done in my extreme impatience to second you in so just an observation. You were at Paris, I presume: how long did you remain there?"

"A week," replied the captain. "I had taken my lodgings for a whole week, or I should have gone away directly. Our minister there—would you believe it?—made a difficulty of presenting me to the king. It was explained to me in that way; although, to do him justice, he only said he should embrace some future opportunity."

"Indeed!" replied Le Doux from his heart, and with an expression of deep sorrow on his countenance. "His Majesty has borne many misfortunes: I hope no one will tell him of this."

"I will myself, by the Lord! if ever I go over again and catch his eye," said the captain, striking the table. "I went

[<sup>29</sup> From "while" to "word" added in 2nd ed.]

on to Italy, and at Florence my Lord Burghersh knew better what stuff my coat was made of, and what color this is. The Grand Duke treated me like his own son, and came behind my chair at supper, and hoped I might find at table something to my taste. I replied to him in Irish,—which I had a better right to do than he to speak in French; for Irish is my own language, and French is not his. As there was nothing to be seen at Florence but statues and pictures and other such childish things, I proceeded to Rome in company with a gentleman who said we must have four horses, if we expected clean linen at the inns. ‘As for clean linen,’ said I, ‘let those look to it who are to lie in it; for my part I sleep all the way in the coach.’ Howsoever, to show him that I did not mind my money, I agreed to the four horses.”

“Well, captain,” said Lady Glengrin, “what do you think of the fair Italians?” “You smoke me then, my lady, do you? Who told you about it?”

She protested she knew nothing of the matter: he continued. “The whole way from Florence to Siena I thought every girl prettier than the last: for which reason I kept the blinds up, not wishing to understand my fellow-traveller, who declared he suffered so violently by the sun that he was giddy and could see nothing. On some exclamation of mine, he told me that nearer Rome, on this side of the city, I should not find the females so handsome.

“I do not believe in any thing supernatural, excepting a ghost or two; but there are things that puzzle one. I fell asleep from the violent heat, and from the incessant and intolerable noise of a creature they call ‘grillo,’ against which all the carriage-wheels in Christendom would not defend you; and I did not awake until night. This monkey-faced black devil, of an inch or two in length, with his ‘grill, grill, grill,’ makes one hotter than twenty suns could do, bothering and never aisy. We<sup>80</sup> slept at Siena. In the morning, instead of vineyards and corn-fields, a vast barren country cracked by the heat lay wide open before me. It looked like some starved monster, from whose powerless bones one still wishes one’s self away. No hedge was there, no tree, nor bird of any kind to inhabit them if

[<sup>80</sup> From “we” to “Siena” added in 2nd ed.]

there had been. I saw no animal but one long snake, lying in the middle of the road. Then, again, instead of well-dressed, smiling, beautiful girls, joking with you innocently or wishing you heartily good-day, female devils could not be naked nor bonier nor uglier than those wenches who ran before us begging and screaming, and scratching their heads and blade-bones, and writhing like the damned. I remarked it to my companion, who calmly and indifferently answered me, 'I told you so.' 'Were you ever here before sir?' said I. 'Never,' he replied.

"I trembled—that is—not from fear—but faith! it almost made me say my catechism in the coach; for he threw himself back, as though he had given the order that things should be so, and knew they were so. We entered Rome. He ordered his luggage to remain at the gate, alighted, saluted me. Nobody has met him or heard of him; the people at the gate are afraid of saying a word about him if you ask them; never have I seen him from that hour to this, and God forbid I ever should in future!"

"You<sup>32</sup> must have been highly gratified, sir, in that city, by the noble specimens of the fine arts," observed the colonel. "Oh Lord bless you!" cried the captain, "they make finer lace and cambric, and frippery of all sorts, in your own country." "We have indeed some pretensions," answered Le Doux. Lady Glengrin remarked to the captain that his noble guest only meant statues and pictures. He winked at her, and whistled in a low key, and then whispered, "Why, indeed they do dress out their old dolls in the churches with a sight of finery, as for that." "But," added Le Doux, "their pictures in the Capitol, in the Vatican, and also in many private collections, are master-pieces."

"I do think," replied the captain, "they are up to most of us in painting a face or body. But the devil a notion have they of putting the one in good humor or the other in good clothes. They are all old-fashioned; and most of the men are in dressing-gowns: I have seen some half-naked, and some quite, and others that had never been at the barber's. Then what ruins and rubbish about the *demesne*! Scythe and whetstone never thought of!

[<sup>31</sup> First ed. reads: "fear, but good people that fear tremble just as I did; for he," &c.]

[<sup>32</sup> From "you" to "Lady" (38 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

More gravel than grain, more mountain than clover-field; and ne'er a potato-plot for love or money. No rich water-meadow; no hay-stack nor turf-stack; no tight little cabin, with its window kept nicely in repair with strong substantial paper, and the smoke curling neatly through the doorway over the back of a comfortable pig, black or yellow, blinking at it pleasantly. But I will tell you what there are instead. There are rotten trees, and blighted and blasted ones. There are broken-up roads: you would swear at first sight that they lead to no magistrate's or grand-juryman's. There are ugly broad weeds just before you; and farther on there are cranky old towers covered with pantiles; and there are rivers that are suffered to go undermining them. In all those pictures I never saw a cow fit for the butcher, or a horse that had been groomed, or a sheep with wool about her too good to wipe my boots on. Plenty of goats: but who likes their company? Gentlemen's houses seem quite deserted. Where do you find a hot-house? Where do you find a garden-wall? By my soul! I think the best painter in the whole set would fight shy of a gooseberry bush."

Lady Glengrin then asked the captain whether he had been presented to the Pope.

"As soon as I had put on a clean shirt, and got my boots blacked, I went," said he, "to Cardinal Gonsalvi, as the shoe-black told me I should, and desired to be presented to his master: he recommended me to a countryman of mine, Father Taylor, who did it."

"The cardinal is a man of great politeness and extensive information," said Le Doux.

"Politeness enough," replied the captain; "but information is another thing. The devil a word of English or Irish had he to throw at a dog; and when I tried him at Latin, by my soul! not a syllable could he put down to it, although it is in the breviary,—which I borrowed on purpose to learn it, from the waiter."

"Did you try the Pope at it, captain?" said Lady Glengrin.

"Madam," after a pause answered he, "I beg your pardon; but it is uncivilish to speak to a lady with the leg of a turkey in limbo between the gullet and grinder. Now then at your service. I told his Holiness I hoped I had the pleasure of seeing him very

well, drawing up my pantaloons, and putting my hand at ease in the fob, like a man of fashion. The Pope knows all languages under heaven, they tell me, but he did not hear me at first; and, when my words were repeated to him in Italian by my countryman, he replied, with a smile as hearty as mine, that he was always well in the presence of worthy men, and that he suffered as little as could be expected from his age and infirmities. He continued to smile upon me for a moment when he had done, and then said something quite as obliging to another, who had made no inquiries after his health at all. My free noble Milesian manner gave general satisfaction: people were surprised to see how easily and spiritedly I did it; and an English lady was encouraged to ask him for a lock of his hair, not wishing to be outdone by an Irishman."

"Did he give it her?" asked Lady Glengrin.

"He could not well have made any woman jealous, yet he thought he might; and said gravely that after his death those who esteemed him might wish for such memorials, but that he could not give them, in the grave or out. He seemed to be much affected at the mention of dying, and went away. The English lady was vexed and angry, and said aloud, 'A stiff old prig! I would not give a farthing for it.' Nobody applauded her: women and men looked in her face coldly and fixedly. I began to feel for her; and, to show her that I did, I told her if she drove that way it should go hard with me but I gave her a lock of as good a man's. She<sup>33</sup> stared at me as if she doubted my word. Upon which, to lend her confidence, I said, 'By my soul, miss! I say only what I mean; and you shall cut it your own sweet self.' In spite of every thing I could think of to pacify her, away she went, with old Holiness, sticking in her gizzard; and the last words she uttered were, 'The horrid brute!' Now I do not think the offence she received from him warranted so fierce an expression."

Le Doux had offered many little attentions to the lady next him, from whom he sometimes had an answer, but often none. At last she was tired and impatient, and said to a girl on the other side of her, giving her an elbow-kick, "Christ Jesus! Bess; how

[<sup>33</sup> From "She" to "expression" (8 lines) added in 2nd ed.]

this outlandish man does plague and worry me ! Lord Almighty will he never let me eat ? ”

Le Doux either did not hear or dissembled it ; but the captain who heard it plainly, was not aware of this, and said, “ Let her alone, colonel ; old cats will grumble over their meat, and mean nothing. If you intend civility, she is only my sister ; you need not mind her ; ay, Teresa ? ”

“ I am as much to be minded as another, Phelim. Who soused you that sow’s ear ? There’s no bacon where there’s nobody to salt it. Mind that, and munch genteeler.”

Universal approbation succeeded, excepting from Lady Glengrin, who neither uttered a word nor changed a feature. Le Doux declared that the lady was in the right, and that he himself was the only person to blame ; no correction, he added, could make him moderate his attentions to wit, spirit, and beauty.

“ Lord ! he speaks as good English as the dean,” exclaimed the pacified Teresa to her younger friend ; “ and when one does not eat, one can listen. Mind him ; he is not so old as he seems : he may be forty.”

“ A fig for men of forty ! ” said the other in her ear ; “ and I do not much like him neither ; for his nails are white all the way down, more like a beast’s than a Christian’s.”

The last of these words were interrupted by a violent noise in front of the house ; then at the door ; then within it. Chairs rattled ; imprecations and expostulations clashed, thickened, redoubled.

“ Now for fun ! ” cried the captain, wiping first his hands with his whiskers, and then rubbing them together in raptures. “ But better after our wine.—Moyle, run out and tell them to wait. Lady Glengrin, a thousand to one, among the rebels I find the fellow who stole your peacock, or some of his kin.” “ I hope, captain, if you do,” replied her ladyship, “ you will lay the lash on him smartly.”

“ Have you so many thieves about you, captain ? ” said Le Doux. “ These, and three hundred thousand more of them,” cried he. “ We will whip them howsoever, till we find them out.”

“ What can so many steal ? ” asked Le Doux. “ Steal ! ” replied the captain, “ the thieves for the most part steal nothing ;

but nine in ten of the whole population are rebels, bloody dogs, fiery-hot papists as any in hell, enemies to church and king, tithe and orange; sly Scotch Presbyterians earthed here; fellows who cry out so at the sight of a steeple, one would think you had poked it into the hollow tooth! I have flogged them myself until I have a rheumatism in my shoulder that will last me for life, and until there is a dearth of wire and honest hemp in all the midland parts of the country."

"You seem indeed to have been in active service," said Le Doux. "I have flogged this coat upon my back, and five hundred a-year into my pocket. I shall be major next Christmas, and die commander of a district. These things are not given for nothing."

"From your enthusiasm in your profession, you must have entered it early in life." "I was in the midst of the rogues at the outset." "You remember then the attempt of the revolutionary French, and of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald."

"Oh yes; I was then but a boy though. Often and often has he lifted me above his head, although I was as tall at ten as he was at thirty. He used to say, when people told him to take care of himself, that he had not an enemy that he knew or that knew him. Yet he found one here in Ireland who could do his business.<sup>34</sup> He was such a merry, innocent, ingenuous little devil he could fidget a man's wife before his face, and no *blood-and-bounds* upon it, nor spit nor spade nor shillalah. And yet somehow he was the mischiefullest imp of all father Satan's fireside. Had he lived a couple of years, we should have had barefoot bishops and woollen epaulets; no army, all militia—from bog to parade, from parade to bog, singing and whistling, as who should care for any; and it would have been a month's labor to lift a hat. We have 'United Irishmen' in every county and township; and by my soul! if he had carried his plans into execution, we should have had none at all, at all, but 'United Irishmen.' Our people will always be bad when they can be, sir?"

[<sup>34</sup>First ed. reads: "business, and another who could trample on his bones, and oust his family; and one too of his own kin, the nearest of all, but just as the callous is to the foot, never helping but often coming it. People cried, *shame! no Irishman, by Jesus!* and such like, at it, royalist and rebel at once. Lord Edward was such," &c.]

An Englishman corroborated the observation by the words, "I believe it." At which the captain rose from his chair, and asked him what he meant by speaking ill of Ireland in his presence, which he swore no man should do while he had Irish blood in his veins.

"Nevertheless, they are most incorrigible rogues," said Lady Glengrin, remarking the silence and sorrowfulness of Le Doux.

"The vulgar are subject to error," said he, "and in these matters even the wise. Possibly your Ladyship may find among them some who aspired to your countenance by participating your opinions on civil liberty."

"Civil liberty!" cried she indignantly. "What! among the bogs and mountains? Beside, these fellows have no more right to my opinions than to my property. Colonel Le Doux, I hardly could have expected in you the champion of robbery and revolt. If it were against a minister or king it might be well enough; but when one cannot keep a favorite peacock on the lawn, matters are carried too far."

There was silence for a moment, the first moment there had been hitherto, and this was violently broken by the obstreperous entrance of the cook, lifting up her ladle, which dropped the grease over the same-colored kerchief on her ample bosom.

"A dirty pagan! a dirty pagan!" cried she. "Because your Honor would not let a scurvy lieutenant come to table among the quality! 'What! forsooth!' said the polecat, 'if the daughter of Mother Jibbery is become a countess and picks her teeth here, am not I good enough to lift my jacket-flap upon the chair beside her?' 'No, you are not,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'no sucking-pig for countess or captain this blessed day;' and—oh the foul fox! with a devil in him from muzzle to brush—how do you think he began to baste the poor innocent?"

"Hold hard!" cried Mr Roger Moyle. "Have you no decency, Turtulliana Trench?"

"Decency! the cockroach! I could skin him like an eel, out of the Suire, alive-alive. No roast pig to-day, by my salvation! as, I am true to the Protestant ascendancy, unless your Honor spits the bloody traitor."

"Let me alone for that," said the captain calmly: "I shall see whether his ribs will crackle, and whether he has a handful of thyme and marjoram in his belly."



At this he said grace, and would have risen ; but *Le Doux* took him by the hand, and, pressing it between his, submitted to his sounder judgment whether so trifling a matter were worthy of his exalted courage. The captain would have argued in the affirmative.

"Pooh ! pooh !" said Moyle humanely, "the man was drunk ; and drunken men are up to any thing, pretty nearly ; aren't they, Miss ?" She lifted up her shoulder, and said impatiently, "Let Phelim go his way. Sure we shall have a witty song from Tommy Moore upon it, ringing on the piano from Dublin to Belfast."

"Then let the whelp have both pig and fire for his own share !" exclaimed the captain. "I would rather be in a jail than in a song ; and that witster's are never out of tune or out of fashion. Beside, we had all done with eating ; and as for sucking-pigs, I know where the other seven are. But, right or wrong, I have something to say in Master Ralph's ear another time for his ill manners, and that won't lie like cotton in it, take my word."

The bottle was then pushed round ; and it was announced to the ladies by the captain that they might sit where they were, as no smutty toasts would be given nor merry songs called for ; and as coffee was fitter for Turks and tea for washerwomen ; and, above all, as good claret was not to be had every day in the best houses. "Mine," added he, "never gets into the head, ladies ! It passes like a guinea : don't be shy. 'Church and King,' if you please (what say you, colonel ?) ; and then 'The Ladies,' and afterward, 'The Gentlemen,' from their fair lips ; and now afore God, Roger Moyle, I do desire you will not favor us with any of your explanations."

"Lord help you, O'Mara ?" said Moyle sneering, "they are no bigger fools than you and I. I wave the cap along the ground where the scent lies fainter round cover."

In despite of invitations and precautions, the party broke up early in the evening.

Lady Glengrin had alike sustained her dignity and her affability, and told the captain she did not wonder he was such a favorite at the castle. Her attendant, Lord Purlingstreamdale, was loftier. He looked hard, and did not hear Mr Roger Moyle invite him across the table to drink a glass of claret. Mr Roger

Moyle appeared not to notice it at the time ; but when they rose from table he took him gently by the sleeve and reminded him of it plaintively, in almost a whisper, saying he did not expect it at his hands, having left no less than eighty pounds for five weeks together in his father's bank, when his bailiff Sampson Haft sold the bullocks at Crookhaven. His lordship looked disdainfully.

"I am sorry you look so strange and modest and red, my lord," said Mr Roger Moyle, "as there is a sort of kin between us."

"How so, Mr Moyle?" said his lordship.

"Why, sure then," replied Mr Roger Moyle, "and was not my father's kitchen-wench, poor Phillis, who died at eighty under my roof, own sister to Moll Harness, your grandmother, whom your grandfather, if he had lived, would have made an honest woman ; for there was not one that scoured better nor harder in those parts pewter or brass, though Phillis was never slack.—No drawing up before me ! no waistcoat-button against mine ! I know your height without tape. I have some stray acres, my Lord Purlingstreamdale, and if you beat for me you may know where they lie, and where the house lies upon 'em ; there's ne'er a tree hides it ; it looks you in the face of day, erect and blithe as a bridegroom." Then, offering his hand, "Come, let us part friends, or we shall not sleep soundly ; to-morrow every man to his fancy." He stooped a little and rubbed his palms, as men do before a good fire on coming from the cold, and in higher spirits than before ran to the carriage, the steps of which Lady Glengrin was about to mount, and invited her ladyship and Colonel Le Doux to Moylestown, where he told them he had dogs and some dirt for them if the weather should hold. They laughed heartily and drove off.

"Lord Purlingstreamdale, you do not enjoy Moyle's wit," said Lady Glengrin.

"I did not hear the man," replied he.

"Colonel, I should like to take you over," said her ladyship. "Roger Moyle is a man of ancient family. I may say it you, although, when I mentioned it incidentally in the presence of O'Donoghough, O'Dono told me that he was only a Saxon, if I called that ancient ; and, being informed by a lady that the race was Norman, he scoffed and cried, 'Och ! they are all one ; the same

thing top and bottom,' pitying the ignorance of his interrupter. Moyle possesses an estate of twenty miles or more in extent. At the beginning of our disturbances he was a great paciñicator, although he commanded a body of cavalry; and the major of an English regiment told him that by such misconduct he had become suspected. 'I have one reason to be sorry for that; and only one,' said Roger Moyle. 'What is it, sir?' said the major haughtily. 'Because I shall be more so before night,' replied he. 'How!' exclaimed the major. 'By contriving a window on English ground that shall never pay tax.' 'I don't understand you, sir,' cried the major. 'Come out then, and bring your best pistols, looking first to flint and priming; and, by the grace of God, I make a loop-hole in that pantry there for a wiser man to look through.'

"They met; and he took the major by the hand"—here Lord Purlingstreamdale blushed and breathed hard—"and begged and entreated him, as a Christian, to retract his words. In vain. 'Any word, best or worst; only retract it,' said Moyle. The major told him to stand off, and not beg and pray there, after his insolent and braggart brogue. They fired; and the major fell. 'And now, gentlemen,' said Moyle to the seconds, 'as you have each your servant with you, do me the favor to take this uniform to headquarters, and to tell the general, with my best compliments, that it was Roger Moyle's.' And he stripped off his uniform and rode home in his shirt-sleeves, a distance of twenty-five miles, in the beginning of January."

"Captain O'Mara must be very intimate with him," Le Doux remarked. "He desired him at dinner to take a message out of the room."

"Do you wonder at any thing in O'Mara?" said the countess. "I never heard of a particular intimacy between them; but the maxim of Roger Moye is to go wherever he is invited; for he says that nobody will invite him who does not like him, and that he has neither bad heart nor bad stomach. Obliging as he is, he would have been offended at such a liberty if there had been a servant in the room to deliver the message, or if O'Mara could have left the company. For although his conversation is coarse and clownish, there are certain points upon which, in common with the Irish in general, he is delicate and sensitive in

the extreme. His moderation made him as much suspected by some of the insurgents, after he had laid down his uniform, as to the major. Toward the end of the same month he had been shooting, and was returning homeward when three armed men started up from the gorse, and one of them advancing cried, 'Ho! Moyle! bring us your gun.'

" 'Gentlemen,' replied he, 'it is easier for you to come and fetch it than for me to bring it. I have been out all day, with a brace of hares dangling, as you see, across my shoulder, and fifteen fat partridges in my pouch, if I counted right.'

" 'The man came closer, and cried, 'Off with your belt and down with your fowling-piece, straight forthwith, or—'

" 'Or what?' cried Moyle. 'And now you threaten, friend, the play's fair.' So saying, he discharged the contents through his body, and began to load again. The other two at first were astonished, but after a mutual exhortation, on seeing that the gun was not double-barrelled, they rushed forward against him. He drew a pistol, and shot one; the other begged his life until he could confess.

" 'Draw your charge then,' said Moyle; 'and now give me the ramrod,—and now off my grounds in the twinkling of an eye, or you sleep in the kennel on raw horse-flesh no sweeter than yourself, and such whiskey as curs give curs.'

" 'He broke the ramrod, threw the pieces over the man's head, and, without looking after him, walked home.'

" 'He appeared to me,' said Le Doux, "a very ordinary man; begging his pardon, for my opinion was a most unjust one, and I am happy to correct it. Whatever he says is wrong, and whatever he does is right. Now of all things in a man's character this is the most uncommon, the most opposite to what we find or expect. I regret that I was not near enough to him to lead him into conversation."

" 'His conversation,' said Lady Glengrin, "has usually a tendency to the indelicate, which produces the effect of wit among the uneducated, and which, I am sorry to say, in this country almost always accompanies it. In France and England the dinner-table is the theatre of decorum: in Ireland there are persons of rank and distinction who forget that the table-cloth is still before them, and that the defilement they suffer to escape them may run down and reach their daughters."

“Moyle entertains that contempt for reading and study which is general, not to say universal, among our gentry. Yet, from the little I have seen of him, I do not think him deficient in understanding or acuteness, although there is a story about him which, if true, goes to prove the contrary. On his return home one morning from some appointment with the justices about a road, to <sup>35</sup> be carried (they told him) directly through his estate, his butler heard him repeat to himself by jerks and twitches some sharp oath-like interjections, as he walked up and down the dining-room; and took the liberty of saying, ‘Master, what are you angry at?’ Moyle’s answer was, with a smile, ‘Because, Nan, I was angry. If a man can’t keep his temper, what is he fit to keep?’ Andrew, who had lived with him from a boy, was satisfied; and only said he did not think wrath was worth carrying home, though a man rode.

“That Roger Moyle has not much reflection is proved by an occurrence well known and often related. His mother’s uncle was the catholic bishop of the diocese; a learned and pious man. On his death-bed he was frequently visited by Moyle. One evening he said, ‘Roger, you have an excellent heart, sound sense, and great influence in the county. I am sorry, on leaving the world, to think we shall never meet again.’

“‘Don’t think about that, Uncle Nol,’ said Roger. ‘I will remain with you, and lie upon a rug in this chamber, if you wish it.’ The bishop groaned, ‘Poor Roger! blind still! kind-hearted nephew! in another world then we never must meet!’ and burst into tears. ‘Uncle Nol!’ said Roger, ‘tears are good for the tooth-ache, but may do harm in your complaint. Let us be reasonable, and discourse it over.’

“The bishop pressed his hand, and thanked him for the only act of kindness he never had seemed disposed to. ‘You will then hear me, Roger, upon our holy faith?’ He brought forward all the arguments in its support, every one of which was irrefragable, and pure from the mouth of apostles, doctors, and confessors; and at the conclusion he cried, ‘I have a cloud more of witnesses.’

“‘The cloud we have had is quite enough, Uncle Nol!’ ‘Now, Roger, can you doubt them?’ cried the good man

[<sup>35</sup> From “to” to “estate” added in 2nd ed.]

emphatically. 'I cannot,' said Roger. 'You hold then these blessed truths?' 'I do.' 'And will stand firmly thereby?' 'I will.' 'You abandon then your own pernicious errors?'

"Roger hesitated; and then said tenderly, 'Uncle Nol, turn upon your back again and lie quiet. Sure I may keep my own errors, and take yours too.'

"'O nephew Roger! my last hopes are blighted!'

"'Pooh! pooh! no such thing. I believe all that you have said, Uncle Nol; but I may believe other folks as civilly. Men of honor may differ in opinion, and no harm in it, while they don't contradict. If you tell me what you saw and what you know, why then indeed I take your word rather than another's, as being my next of kin, and aware right well what blood is in your veins.'"

"'Incapable as I have shown myself,' said Le Doux, "of judging the other parts of his character, I will not hazard a word upon his prudence; but it appears wonderful to me that, in the vicinity of those whose relatives he has shot, he rides home alone in the evening, through a country so uninhabited."

"The same thing was remarked to him by Captain O'Mara," said Lady Glengrin, "and he replied that he was mounted on such a horse as no man need be ashamed of; that, if there were few, he would show them his head; and, if the bidders were too many, his tail. Neither expostulation nor experience have altered his custom. Nat Withers, called familiarly from this time forward 'the man of the broken ramrod,' told his story with a few variations, and swore in the presence of several that he would kill the first soldier he met, private or officer, in service or out. The declaration was made before O'Mara, who, in addition to his other offices, is justice of the peace. He watched his opportunity of surrounding Nat's house, which Nat had been just seen entering, and called aloud, 'Nat Withers!' Nat came to the door, and falling on his knees, 'Why sure, captain, your Honor cannot want me; you have so many other brave men about you. For the love of Christ! what are your Worship's commands?'

"'Nat Withers! only just come a step out and be hanged, and hold your tongue upon it. Leave the rest to me: witnessses are sworn; all is ready, just as you could wish it; sentence and service shall be read over you at once. Up upon your legs! be aisy!'

"Nat sprang up, and attempted to run off; but, turning the corner of the house, was shot. 'There may be more of them within,' said the captain! 'lose no time, boys!'

"They were entering the cabin, when the wife met them, and levelled one with her fist, and stabbed another to the heart with a knife. Surrounded and seized by the remainder, she threw it from her, and fixing her eyes upon the captain, 'Och, bloody hound! Och, that it was not thee!' 'Ugly witch!' cried O'Mara, 'who art thou?' 'I am Dinah Shee, Nat Withers's wife these nine years, whose blood be upon thy head!' 'Better there than upon this new pantaloons,' said O'Mara, 'where a braver man's is.' 'A lie in your hound's throat a stride across!' cried Dinah: 'there was no braver man in all Ireland than Nat Withers, though he was not always brave at the right time.'

"The captain smiled; she struck at him with her fist; he caught her arm, and said calmly: 'Dinah Shee! thou hast spoken fair, and done well and bravely. If any one bears false witness against thee on this little matter, I will appear in thy behalf and swear him down to the devil! mind that, boys!'

"At these words she fell upon the ground, and howled tremendously. 'Leave the poor soul in her cabin,' said O'Mara to his men; 'she cannot do less for the dead; and Nat there won't come again and bother her about it.'

Le Doux was saddened at the smile on the countenance of Lady Glengrin, who asked him where were his thoughts.

"I would have reserved them entire for Mr Moyle," replied he, "if your ladyship had not been mistress of them, and given them another direction. Really, I should like to see his town."

"Town!" cried Lady Glengrin with surprise.

"When he did us the honor to invite us, did he not say Moyle's-town?"

"It was always a lone house; although once there was another nearer it, which he pulled down because the tenant had poisoned a fox; saying that he who would poison a fox would, in proper time and place, at last poison a Christian, and after that a child. To explain the subject of your observation: our houses in the country we call *towns* and *boroughs*; we have *castles* and *forts* of one storey high, comfortably thatched, but without wall or ditch, rail or pale, bolt or shutter, and with green sash-windows.

in honor of the shamrock, down to the ground. Our lodges and cottages are at the gates of Dublin, in Merion-square, or Stephen's-green, or wings perhaps to the Custom-house."

During the remainder of their drive homeward, her ladyship commended the prudence of Le Doux, who fearing that some cruelty might be committed in the captain's house on the men arrested, and before the visitors had left it, requested her ladyship to remember that the evenings were damp and chilly; that perhaps more of the disaffected might be abroad; and that, in order to obviate any alarm to herself on the latter subject, and to him principally on the former, as her ladyship's health had been delicate, it might be better to give her commands about the horses. She began to apologise for introducing him to such a creature; adding that, as he had been presented at court, he was a person to be visited, but that still she did not like it. "However, he keeps the rabble in quietness," said she; "and we have had only one robbery in the parish, the most peaceful in Ireland, all the year. Unluckily it was my peacock. As for murders, there have been only seven or eight in as many months, chiefly of middlemen and tithemen,—beside a cow, which indeed died rather from hocking, and from having her tongue cut out unskilfully."

A few days after, Le Doux rode into the country to the distance of twelve or fourteen miles. He found the labors of the husbandman unremitted, his food of the coarsest quality, and proportionately less plentiful than, from calculation of profit, we give our swine and calves. He saw the Catholic faith in all its purity, but without its festivals. On his return he mentioned this; and here both parties and every individual agreed: namely, that the only good thing among them was the absence of holidays.

"The absence of a thing, a good thing!" said he, pondering. "And this absence, *among* them! That is more like an article of faith than an article of logic." He had been accustomed to such inconsequences; but never could he persuade himself that incessant labor is a blessing, or that what is individually bad is nationally good. "Can there be prosperity where there is no happiness?" said he within himself: and it was the first time that a statesman ever had revolved a question the most original and the most important. To be awake is well; but to sleep is well also. To



work is good; but to cease from it is not less. Much is gained to a nation by handicraft and digging: is nothing gained by joy and gladness, and by rendering them the immovable Lares of the poor man's hearth? The assertion was uncontradicted, that there were in Ireland four millions of poor or oppressed. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Le Doux, "four millions! the remainder of the earth does not contain the half. Those educated in slavery are willing slaves. The Mahometans have expeditious, equal, and inexpensive laws, and for the most part a delightful climate,—the two greatest blessings; and they believe in fatality,—no small one! The Pagans hear of nothing better than what they possess and enjoy. The Irish not only hear of it, but are promised it, and have earned it. Fatalism is the only foolish thing they do not believe in. And their climate is such that, rather than bear its inclemency, they eat and drink smoke. What hovels! what food! what beds! what contests of their children and their swine for even these! Shall then their innocent festivals,—the best part of the best religions, and here so requisite as a solace, so acceptable as a compensation,—be forbidden them?"

O Catholicism! thou art verily a syphilis among the moral evils, eating deep into the political, and fatal where unchecked; but thou hast thy truckle-couch for thy sores to lie easy on, and something under it to catch thy drivelling. God help thee if these are removed!

To dance on Sundays, to enjoy the delights of music,—the purest of delights, the greatest, the most humanizing,—are things unlawful: the Catholics and Protestants are covenanters here. They may celebrate the Lord's-day, but they must be as gloomy as if it were the devil's. A gauger comes round, and measures every man's smile; and we may expect the Society for the Suppression of Vice to offer a reward for a gelotometer, which Johnson would have defined, "A diatonic instrument whereby the cachinnations of laughter may be mensurated."

In Ireland, as in England, Sunday is a festival; but he who presumes to enjoy the first course must chew the last in the stocks or in the House of Industry, or acquire an appetite for another such feast by the wholesome exercise of the tread-mill.<sup>86</sup> If

[<sup>86</sup> First ed. reads: "tread-mill under the direction and superintendence of Mr Secretary Peel. If," &c.]

Sundays were holidays as they should be, and Christmas-day and New-year's-day were added, the quantity of time devoted to idleness would be sufficient. At present they are days of dead langrōn, and make the tired laborer wish again for work. To scold is not forbidden on them; to sing is. He may quarrel with his neighbor; he must not play with him. Shall the religion then of no nation be free not only from gross and incoherent but from restless and insulting absurdities? Shall kindness be the basis of none,—loudly as Christianity hath proclaimed it, constantly as its divine and ever-blessed Founder hath practised and commanded it? Intolerant and self-sufficient bigots, the most impudent and crazy of mankind, legislate for churches and gloss for Christ. They do not trouble their heads in what manner the commutative offices of life are executed, the duties of every day, the interests of society in contact with us; and never are quiet on those which they call the *everlasting*, but which in fact are no interests at all, being mere dependencies on belief or unbelief in matters incapable of demonstration, and inapplicable to practice. Much of fanaticism is seen in England, some in Ireland; but fanaticism here is among the lighter curses.

"It appears to me," said Le Doux, "that in this country the features of evil are harsh, the form indefinite."

"We must acknowledge," said Lady Glengrin, "that none of our statesmen has been capable of improving the condition of the Irish."

"What!" cried Le Doux, "does the plague rage perennially? Do the rains of heaven never fall among you? Have you no roads, no rivers, no harbors? Have you no herbage, no cattle, no corn?"

"Of these things," replied she, "we have plenty."

"Bear me witness, Heaven!" exclaimed Le Doux, enthusiastically. "To make men happier requires little wisdom, but much will. What was Odessa? What is it now? Madam, I do not pretend to greater knowledge than many possess in every kingdom: I wished to do good, and, being in authority, I did it. The Russians were not advanced in civilization much farther than the Irish; but the gentry were more humane, the clergy more tolerant, and in consequence the *serfs* more docile."

The Irish friends of Le Doux began to think him some a

visionary, some an incendiary ; and he, who saw only confusion and contradiction from the first, discovered that the same person was the most polite and the rudest, the most hospitable and the most sordid, the most contentious and the best-natured creature in the world.

"It is time to leave this carnival," said he. "The mask in fashion is half-white and half-black : every man finds its inconvenience, yet every man wears it. There is only one exception, and, strangest of contradictions, it is a minister of state. Let me fly from this scene of enchantment while the bristles are not yet out upon me."

## XII. POPE LEO XII. AND HIS VALET GIGI.<sup>1</sup>

*Gigi.* Coughing and spitting, spitting and coughing, what loving and attentive sons will you make the whole sacred college ! Again ? Nay upon my life, Holy Father, this sore throat of your Beatitude returns at an awkward season. An ugly thing at best, and ugliest of all at a jubilee ; though many more will be caught at it than will be ficed. Were I your Holiness, I would excommunicate that nasty Munich girl.

*Leo.* Gigi, her bones were in the grave twenty years ago.

*Gigi.* And rotten thirty. I wonder whether the worms would touch her : mayhap they might, having no palates or noses.

*Leo.* By our Lady, Gigi ! few of those who did touch her had any a short time after. I escaped—as you see me though ! It being the will of our heavenly Shepherd that I should succeed to the chief guidance of his numerous flocks on earth.

Have you seen the pilgrims ?

*Gigi.* Yes, your Beatitude !

*Leo.* Are any fresh ones come in, this morning ?

*Gigi.* No, by my faith, your Holiness ! There is indeed old Gasparo-Simone, who was whipped after the last jubilee, as they report it ; and his daughter Beatrice-Faustina, who is no more of a fresh one than he is.

[<sup>1</sup> *Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1829. *Works*, i., 1846. *Works*, v., 1876.]

*Leo.* I never heard of this Gasparo-Simone.

*Gigi.* I wonder at that, your Holiness!—as celebrated a pimp as any in the city. He was a veterinary surgeon in the swine department, and used to perform to a marvel those operations on the juvenile objects of his studies, which being applied to new-made Christians, whom he also attended on the occasion, has rendered them the peculiar favorites of the Holy Altes in all the cities upon the Continent, and enables them, by the clearer undulation of their voices, to lift up our souls to our Creator in the Sistine Chapel. But the said Gasparo, having been detected in selling the selections of rams and goats, dogs and cats, among the more delicate ones deducted from the Circean herds, and suspected of mingling the porcine and the Christian, was obliged to decline the practice of his profession. “I will now take my fee,” he says, “to serve his Holiness; although,” he adds archly, “I am only a licentiate.” As for the Jew, he swears by Abraham he never will recant again, until fifty more ducats are paid him.

*Leo.* Who is he?

*Gigi.* The same who was to have recanted to the Queen of Etruria, by her royal command, and who had a hundred ducats for it. His late Holiness could not give her Majesty a bull-fight, and was resolute against all flatteries and entreaties to order an *auto-da-fê*: a conversion was the least thing he could do for her, particularly as her children were with her, and she found both sponsor and banker. Gasparo-Simone Levi now protests on his conscience that a jubilee recantation is worth twice as much as a coronation one. We threatened him with imprisonment and cutting his tongue out. “I shall never recant the better for that,” said he, “nor make the more converts;” and then, winking his black almond eye, ask his Beatitude who brought Serafina Dati to him, when he was made a cardinal.”

*Leo.* Pimp and impostor! Does he pretend it was he? Gigi, peace and respect! I desire to hear no more about these idle lusts of the flesh.

*Gigi.* Idle enough, God knows, at our time of life, your Holiness! They are ugly things to hear of, they cost us many a sigh and many a stock-fish, when they are over.

*Leo.* There is a service good for the casting out of all other devils but these.

*Gigi.* Faith! and there is a service good for the casting out of these also, though none for the keeping out.

*Leo.* I know it not, at present.

*Gigi.* Nor I neither; but I did when I was younger, and so did your Holiness.

*Leo.* No trifling, *Gigi*; no trifling, I desire. The German Lutheran is more tractable, I trust, than that impure man Levi?

*Gigi.* Much more: he declares that if the pretty Princess of Lucca would but wash his feet for him, and hold upon her lap the calves of each leg while she is wiping them, he would turn Turk for it.

*Leo.* Unconscionable varlet! who would not?—I mean Catholic. But are there really only thirty-eight pilgrims on this occasion?

*Gigi.* Your Holiness must forget the four hundred you yourself ordered from your States.

*Leo.* I do not count those.

*Gigi.* They have feet that require as much washing, and bellies that want as much filling, as the rest. The fishing-boat that was appointed by his Most Christian Majesty, to convey the faithful of his kingdom to the patrimony of St Peter, arrived last evening. It contains five merry pilgrims from Provence, three nuns of some distinction,—if one may believe their stories, for they assert that they come from the Palais-Royal,—and a sturgeon; which the nuns, unbecoming their condition and consequence, were fighting for, until the crew separated them with little deference, the captain crying out jeeringly, “You have unction enough about you; and I have a cord of St Francis in the cabin, that, with two or three strokes across the buttocks, will bring you, I warrant, into as proper a state of *recueillement* as heart can wish.”

*Leo.* Spouses of Christ! do you pull caps? My sheep! do you eat sturgeon?

*Gigi.* The heretics in Rome think it a singular kind of jubilee to taste nothing but macaroni, week after week.

*Leo.* Many of them would fain have milk in their tea, reprobates!

*Gigi.* They are not terrified by the death of the goat your Holiness commanded to be killed for giving it. If they had seen

it done they would have been : for her little kid ran after the soldier who slew her, sometimes licking his hand, at other times twinkling its ears and rubbing them between its legs, in order to clear itself of the blood that dropped on it from the mother when it leaped up at her teat, and was driven off. The Corsican guard has been called out to repel another of these animals that was seen crossing the Ponte Molle, and, if the male had not accompanied her, it is thought would have succeeded. The Swiss, coming up opportunely, acted with great vigor on the occasion : both male and female were surrounded and disabled, and are now before the police.

*Leo.* I will make an example of them. Take instantly my orders, that the male be reduced to that condition whereto the Society of Jesus reduced the statues of the Prince of Piombino ; and I will seclude the female, just as I secluded the Graces which my predecessor (now in purgatory for it) placed in the Vatican. After which holy function, go and prepare for the *pediluvials*.

*Gigi.* Anon, anon. Ages back the washings from the feet of pilgrims must have poisoned all the fish in the Tiber, from Castel Sant' Angelo to Fiumenica ; so that the Holinesses your predecessors could have fed the poor devils at no cost. Now your Holiness may wash them indeed with a pasty wash-ball made yesterday, and sell it again to-morrow as though it were never handled, so little wear will there have been upon it ; but the fish must be pulled up out of the taxes.

*Leo.* O unbelieving age ! the number of pilgrims is smaller by half than of the choristers and assistants. All their staves put together would not make fiddlesticks enough for my chapel.

*Gigi.* The greater part have chronic rheumatisms and liver complaints, so cruel and desperate that your Holiness must beware of touching the shinbone ; for the rheum and liver have their arches there whence the humors swell and flow out. The twelve pounds of quicksilver which his Most Catholic Majesty, King Ferdinand the purger, sent for the silvering of such saints as were by father's side or mother's side of Spanish extraction, and hidalgos, and had been duly purged, have been employed in pills and unctions for the brethren and sisterhood laboring under these bodily infirmities.

*Leo.* Vile offering of his Majesty ! Twelve pounds of mer-

cury are hardly worth twelve crowns, unless the price has risen since—I forget when. These brethren and sisters must not kiss the Virgin; for she would infect the whole city after them. Where are they?

*Gigi.* They are in that ward of the hospital which the French made so neat and comfortable.

*Leo.* My commands were that the pilgrims should be seen together in their dormitory, to edify the infidel; and I ordered to be placed there four hundred and fifty beds for them.

*Gigi.* Only one was occupied: two were ready; but the two pilgrims the most obedient to the ordinances of your Holiness were found on one pillow, communicating.

*Leo.* I understand you, *Gigi*--and without a license? What an age is this! the most licentious!

*Gigi.* Holiness, my master, I have heard it reported that the present age is a great deal less licentious than any former one since the establishment of the Popedom.

*Leo.* Ay, truly, less licentious indeed in buying licenses.

*Gigi.* Licentiousness is not the word, I see, but luxury. Formerly, I have heard, a cardinal would have his dozen of pages: in our days hardly an Eminence has a couple, and one or other of them is sweaty as a running-footman, or stiff and sedentary as a *maestro di casa*. This is, in comparison, as a sprig of syringa to a posy an ell round, fit for a Madonna in a new satin of Lyons.

*Leo.* I wish they would keep as many pages as formerly to amuse them in their own palace-yards, with skittles and bowls, or any other game, and not be caught on the staircase of the Quirinal, like his Eminence the other day, sticking a petard into the skirt of my grenadier on duty, to the laughter of the rabble and the scandal of Holy Church. Such idleness and levity!

After all, what most afflicts me is the scarcity of my pilgrims.

*Gigi.* I think your Beatitude would have had three or four decently good-looking ones out of Tuscany, if the people could have remained in ignorance of your uncourteous answer to the Grand Duke.

*Leo.* God's liver! uncourteous! *Gigi*, what dost thou mean? Is the successor of Jesus Christ expected to be courteous?

*Gigi.* Pardon me, my master and Beatitude; but of all the men that ever lived upon earth, for man he was, the most courteous was he to whom your Beatitude is successor. He knew who he was as well as we do; yet he was so good-natured and fairspoken both to high and low, that—God forgive me!—but I think him as worthy as the best of the saints; nay, in my mind he is the very next to his sweet mother.

*Leo.* Do you mean Pius the Seventh?

*Gigi.* I thought your Holiness had said, by implication, that you were the successor of Jesus Christ.

*Leo.* Did I? I forgot it. I am so; but times are altered.

*Gigi.* St Peter himself could not improve upon him.

*Leo.* Much may be said on both sides; but, from the elevation on which it has pleased the Holy Ghost to place me, I cannot listen to such subjects. I would remind the powers of Europe that I am their sovereign; and that what I condescend to receive from them is my due, as from vassals.

*Gigi.* But the hundred candied citrons, which the young Grand Duke sent to your Beatitude, had always been sent as an act of mere courtesy. The custom, I have heard, originated with the Medici, who, according to the quaintness of an emblematic age, I imagine, would represent their armorial bearings of the golden balls by a present of citrons. It was customary for the Holiness of our Lord to write a letter of thanks for the politeness shown to him; your Sanctity did not write it, but ordered a secretary to say simply “that your Sanctity had received the citrons, and appeared to be contented with them.”

*Leo.* Well, so I was.

*Gigi.* Next year, if I may prophesy, your Beatitude must be contented without ’em.

*Leo.* I suspect as much. The last present I received from Tuscany, by the connivance, I doubt not, of some in power, prepares me for this affront.

*Gigi.* I should have thought the citrons would have been the last.

*Leo.* No; while you were on my business at Orvieto, the Archbishop of Pisa sent me three large salmons and three codfish,—the latter only salted, the former both salted and smoked,—informing me that, according to the directions he had received



with 'em, they should not be opened, nor cut to pieces, nor washed, as it would be injurious to the flavor and would damage the flakes. One of each was served up at my table on the third day of Lent, and my appetite was sharper than usual. Maria-Fabrizio, on applying the knife, fell at my feet and kissed them, and asked me humbly, with his eyes closed, whether it was my pleasure that it should be a miracle or not. I wondered what the man meant. He brought before me the two fishes; a strong smell of turpentine invaded my nostrils: the two dainties were of pine-wood, a salmon-skin and cod-skin being drawn over them. For this insult, offered to me in the first instance, I understand, by one Ahab Rigworthy of Connecticut, I will forbid the Americans to visit Rome.

*Gigi.* My dear master, your Beatitude, if an American should ever wish to visit Rome, it would only be to try his wits against the Jews; or to speculate, in case St Peter's should come to the hammer, what may be the weight of lead sheeting and brass nails upon the roof, how many iron cramps in the walls, how much lime the pillars and statues would burn into, and what vent he could open for them. I will answer for it, there is more taste for the fine arts, and more knowledge of them, among the galley-slaves in Civita Vecchia than in the most wealthy citizens of the United Provinces.

*Leo.* That I know; and I am surprised how they could carve a fish so like nature.

*Gigi.* An Indian carved it: the Indians both carve and paint; they are the Giottoes and Cimabues of the Anglo-Americans. Your Holiness may exclude the new company of the pine-fishery, and not hurt them. But could not you have invited some of the Christian princes to be present at this solemnity?

*Leo.* I pressed the youngest who are the most ductile, and the oldest who are the most devout: neither age would yield to me.

*Gigi.* No! not a Bourbon!

*Leo.* The Bourbons are either curds or cream: we may lick up a little of them, but they close upon or slip under any impression we would make. Beside, they are never so pious as when they have eaten a good dinner and are going to sleep. The two Infantes of Spain proposed to attend me on condition that I would lend them each three thousand dollars: this, by advice of my

secretaries of the interior and of the finances, I agreed to do on their arrival at Rome. They replied that at Madrid they could enforce credit, but that in the provinces the people would rather leave their houses than accommodate them with a supper or a night's lodging; and that without the money they and their mules would perish upon the road. The reflections were so extremely just, so notoriously true, that I had no suspicion of a latent fraud, until "one of the faith" informed me clandestinely, being in the king's confidence, that his Catholic Majesty had united with his brothers the Infantes in laying a trap for my money, and was, according to the legitimacy of primogeniture, to have above half to his own share. On renewing the negotiations, I proposed to accept a historical piece by Velazquez and another by Vandyck, as my security for the money. They, finding that the sum was below the value of the pictures, and fearing the reward of their perfidy, expressed the utmost sorrow that they could not attend me; assuring me that apprehensions were entertained, from certain symptoms, that they both had caught the goit by a constant attendance on their beloved king and brother, and that their physicians had strongly recommended that they should continue in their native air, without which not one of the Faculty could answer for the consequences.

*Gigi.* If they were not Infantes of Spain, and brothers of Ferdinand the Seventh, one might call them the greatest liars and scoundrels upon earth. Your Holiness would then really have accommodated them, after the first proof-impression of their moral features?

*Leo.* There is nothing I should not rejoice to do for a Bourbon, unless it be to take his bill of exchange or his word. In other respects hardly one in the family would deceive you.

The two Infantes declare to me that they would have come into Italy some time ago, while they had in their pockets some of the money they received for promising the pardon of sundry negroes, but that they could not find in their hearts the resolution to leave behind them so fine a sight as that of Francesco della Torre, who had just been sentenced, as an acquaintance of Riego, to carry round his neck the portrait of that *traga-perro* to the place of execution, and there to behold it burned by the hangman.

*Gigi.* His wife, I read in the gazette, is sentenced to the

galleys for ten years, as being her husband's accomplice.\* I wish some lawyer could explain to me how this is. Accomplice in what? If she were not the accomplice of her husband, she would sin against Holy Church. If she refused to receive and entertain his acquaintance—

*Leo.* She might receive and entertain them: such was her duty; but she ought also to denounce them, together with the husband, before the police or the confessor.

*Gigi.* Ay, ay! now I understand the meaning of reception and entertainment. Without such explanations, from time to time, we should forget our duties and become heretics.

Curse this pin upon my shirt! I needed not to have crossed myself, fool as I was, in talking about these hell-fagots. By Bacchus, it has drawn blood!

Would no prince or princess of Portugal step forward, and lend a hand at the suds?

*Leo.* Prince Michael would perhaps have favored me with his presence if it had not been required at Paris, whither he is gone in order to protect his country from the horrors of a constitution, after valiantly fighting against his father, in defence of legitimacy, under the commands of the Holy Alliance. My regard for the house of Braganza is little less than for the Capets; and I myself advised the king to delay no longer the wishes of his people, and proposed two constitutions. The first and preferable consisted of *one estate*; namely, the king, but subject to the advice of his privy council removable by him at pleasure, with the sole exception of the archbishop of the realm, perpetual president thereof. The second was of *four estates*,—the king, the clergy, the nobility, the populace. The king, as in other free countries, should at his option lay down or reject any law; and every one should originate with him, excepting the ecclesiastical, which are written in heaven from the beginning, and are thence delivered down to me, and from me to the faithful, as occasion may require. The taxes were to be decreed by the king, the clergy, and the nobility; and their impartiality was certain and unavoidable, since they were not parties concerned. A more extensive power was left to the populace; namely, that of paying them. This plan however was considered as affording a bad example; and I was

\* These are facts.

called a *liberal* at the court of Vienna. Hence I was afraid of pressing more urgently a prince or princess of Portugal, lest I should be suspected of an inclination to shake the continental system; which has been declared by all the sovereigns the same for the whole body of them, whatever game they may be playing, in one chamber or two chambers, for the amusement of their idle and unthinking vassals. Constitution-houses and card-built houses serve the same purpose, and are erected on the same foundations.

*Gigi.* Kings sympathize with kings, not with nations. A field of battle, strewed with twenty thousand slain, is only a ticket to their ball-rooms: show them a scaffold with one (lately) crowned head upon it, and the bass-viol stands alone in the orchestra.

*Leo.* This is as it should be, as it always was, and, by the blessing of our Lady, always shall be. I declare to you, Gigi, I am no Liberal, doubt me as they may; and that I proposed a constitution on the firm conviction that, without it, the royal authority can never reach its utmost height in safety.

*Gigi.* Yet your Beatitude stands alone.

*Leo.* I am the ruler of kings, the vicegerent of God; I read no other name in his commission.

*Gigi.* Master, my Holiness, let me look at it.

*Leo.* Gigi, Gigi! thine are eyes of the flesh.

*Gigi.* They can read commissions.

*Leo.* Not such as ours are.

*Gigi.* There is nothing that your Beatitude cannot see and do: yet I now recollect what I heard the other day; which is, that you and the monarchs, your friends and allies, striving to throw back the world upon the remains of Chaos in the bosom of Vacuity, are like the little figures round Greek vases, which strain at one thing and stand in one place for ages, and have no more to do in the supporting or moving of the vases than the worms have.

*Leo.* This language is not your's, is not an Italian's, is not a continental's; it breathes the bluff air of England. If I had the speaker here, I would cast him into a dungeon.

*Gigi.* Oh, for God's sake, your Holiness, do not think of it! The first boat's crew that landed upon the coast would lay Rome in ashes.

*Leo.* I would remove the money and snuff from the custom-house, and the heretics could not keep possession of the country ; no, not if there were a hundred of 'em.

*Gigi.* Alas ! sir, a hundred of them would hold all Italy against the devil. On their landing, the *carbonari* would not want fuel : there is nowhere a hill from Como to Taranto that would not have a fire upon it. The old Bucentaur would be alert as Argo. Every soul that is not cowed and cassocked, and two-thirds of these, would make swords out of soup-ladles encrusted with boiling-hot *menestra*, and bayonets out of spits, though the roast was still in the centre of 'em, sizzling.

*Leo.* Gigi, it is high time to put down these bad humors, when they prevail in ninety-nine out of a hundred ; and yet the princes would not give ear unto me, nor come to my jubilee. A fat boar, weltering in his blood, squeezed an *Ave-Maria* from my late son of Naples. My late son of France thought of Christ and Paradise after a salmi of ten woodcocks ; and would then tell M. Blacas, the Gascon, to feel his heart, how it was beating for the service of the faith. My son of Modena is never so devout as when he thanks the Lord in his mercy, after having taken up and imprisoned a *carbonaro*, who had lost a brother, and who himself had bled, in fighting for the restoration of his Most Serene Highness. Other princes boast that they have larger armies in proportion to the extent of their territory than they : my son of Modena boasts that he has imprisoned, or denounced to the emperor for imprisonment, more suspected subjects than all the heretical kings on the whole Continent ; although he of Prussia is a half-Catholic in this heroism. He in his vigilance keeps up such a well-directed fire against the philosophical and learned, both within his dominions and without, that I suspect in another year I shall have to illuminate St Peter's for him, as a convert to the truth.

*Gigi.* God forbid ! He has not the heart to hold out a single flask of oil toward it. When his wife learned English, he came every day into the room and caught the lessons by stealth, paying only for one scholar, and that meanly. He and his heir-apparent have the two poorest purses, in their way, of any two gentlemen living. Were I your holiness, I would dally with his doubts until my successor should have the cost of his baptism

or I would demand half-a-dozen pieces of brass cannon from him, apprehensive that the payment of such a sum in coined money would break his heart at the font. I myself would not undertake to teach him his catechism, until I had made him count out upon this palm three dollars of his Majesty's, trying them with my nail whether they were all unclipped. Otherwise I might be disappointed, as your Holiness is.

*Leo.* The money spent in the city by strangers, throughout the whole time of the jubilee, will not pay for the three conversions, although the Jew should grow reasonable; and people are so little occupied or concerned in it, that the affair of the Englishman and Irishman, on Ash Wednesday, has excited a good deal of idle conversation, I hear. Do you know the particulars, Gigi? I am afraid they have been misrepresented to me; for, although this is the seat of Sanctity, it is not invariably the seat of Truth.

*Gigi.* If it is, her rump has left no mark on the cushion. The story, as I heard it, is this. An Irishman, of somewhat loose habits, had declared his intention to Father Matthew-Roderic O'Rian of scourging himself in the church among the penitents. Another acquaintance of Father Matthew-Roderic said jocosely, "What will our friend Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman do? If he lays whip to his body, it must have been knotted by some fair hand; and no hair will touch his skin but what he knows how to smoothen." "Sir," replied Father O'Rian, "though Mr O'Gorman loves wine and women, and quarrels and swears occasionally, he is an excellent Christian at bottom, and has declared to me his intention to scourge himself."

On this, M. Tatterel, the Englishman, watched and followed his friend O'Gorman through the crowd, and contrived to place himself just behind him in the church. The candles being extinguished, he heard distinctly the sobs of O'Gorman, for none sobbed louder, and guttural interjections following the most fanciful recommendations (some very pressing and some very fondling) of his sinful soul to the Virgin and her crucified Son. After which, M. Tatterel heard the scourge; but it sounded like the ripple of Lake Agnano on the softest of its sands;\*

\* Scioppius would have given the pious Irishman a capital piece of information, if he had ever read the *Infamia Fumiani*.

and he applied a stout leather, which he had taken down on purpose from behind his carriage, to the shoulders of the Hibernian supplicant. At first, O'Gorman thought it was the devil who did it, and cried, "Oh, Christ, save me! Lord, have mercy upon me!" A laugh ill suppressed, and another smart stroke across the shoulders, undeceived him; and, starting from his liturgical trance, he exclaimed indignantly, "Damn your blood! what are you at?" Seizing at the same moment the offender, he held him, and blasted him every now and then with flashes of oaths, while he repeated the remainder of the litany and lauds. I was not very near, and could only catch a few of his fulminations, as the priests were chanting "Dominus vobiscum, et cum spiritu tuo:" and "Oremus." These words, your Holiness may remember, are so long in chanting, that Signor Emmanuel would not let slip so fair and tempting an opportunity of pouring out his choicest and comminations. Nor did he suffer the irreligious assailant to escape from his grasp, either in the confusion of the service or at the close of it. At the door he recognised the features of M. Tatterel, who whether from apprehension or from decorum had been silent and hid his face, and there Signor Emmanuel challenged him to pistols the next morning. Some of the young Irish, who were present, told of the abomination; and, by order of the police, M. Tatterel, having first been fined three hundred crowns, is sent away from the Roman States. M. Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman has been persuaded by Father Matthew-Roderic to forego his vengeance, as likely to become a stumbling-block and a scandal. "Why, Father Matthew-Roderic, be easy and contented now," said Signor Emmanuel-Roger. "In my own country I must take notice of him, as you know, or there's no living; but I do

"Flagellum ego in monasterio Laurentiano manibus tractavi, et Caroli V. sanguine (ut aiebant) adhuc oblitum vidi. Romæ tamen quotannis quiretâ majoris hebdomadæ feria complures inveniuntur, flagriones et plagipatidæ, sive plagigera hominum genera, ut Plautus loquitur, qui tribus solis denariis conducui possunt, ut in supplicatione publicâ seu processione, longe fortiores Carole viros se præbent in tergo flagris concidendo," &c., p. 18.

Perhaps he would have been of opinion that in the year of jubilee one is bound to scourge himself, although in other years this duty, like all the rest, is vicarious.

faithfully swear and promise, as a Christian and man of honor, to let him alone while I am in the Holy City, and the mean fellow keeps his distance." The good father praised his resolution, and was quite satisfied; saying in the voice of an angel, "If all<sup>9</sup> Christians did so!"









